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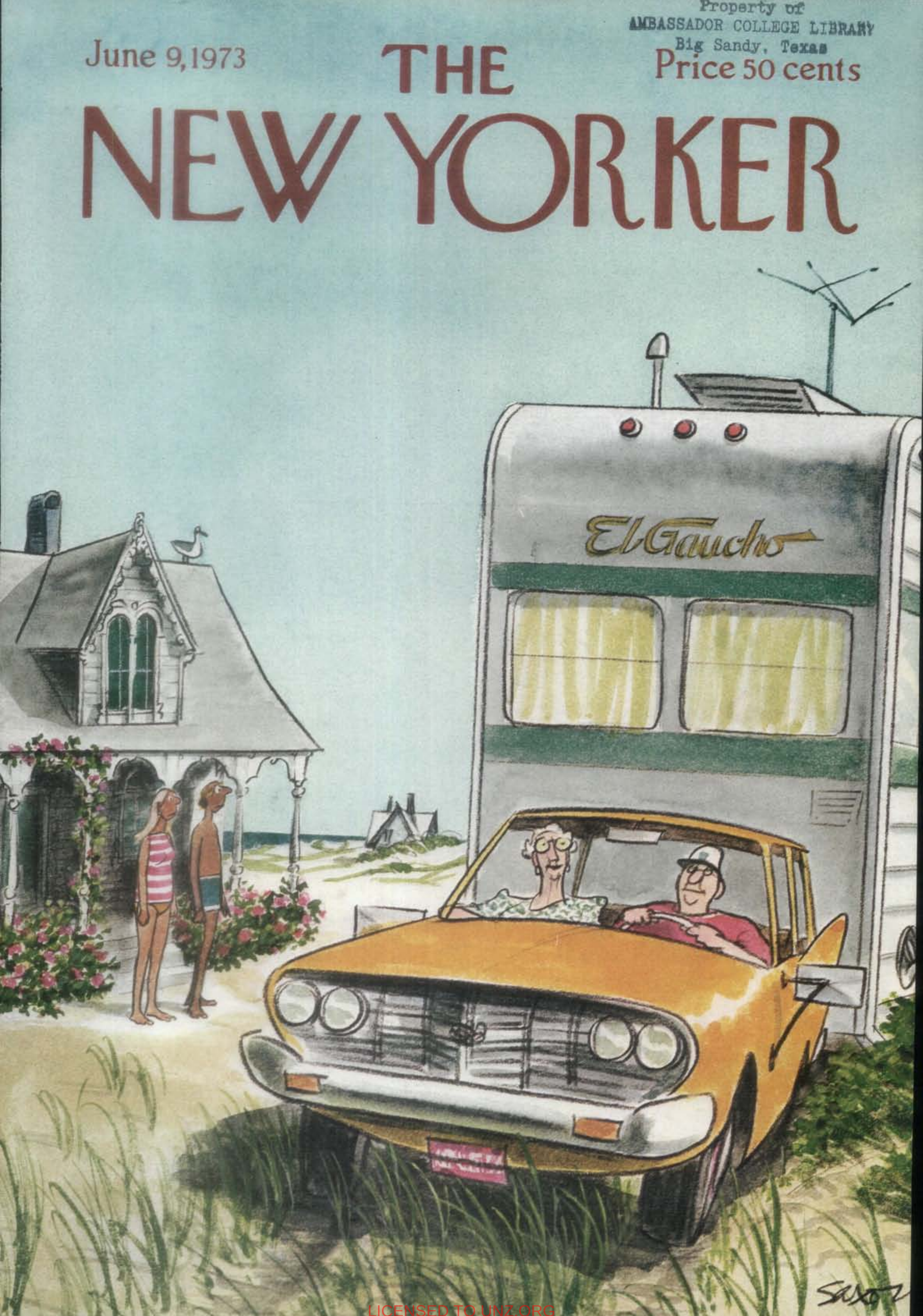
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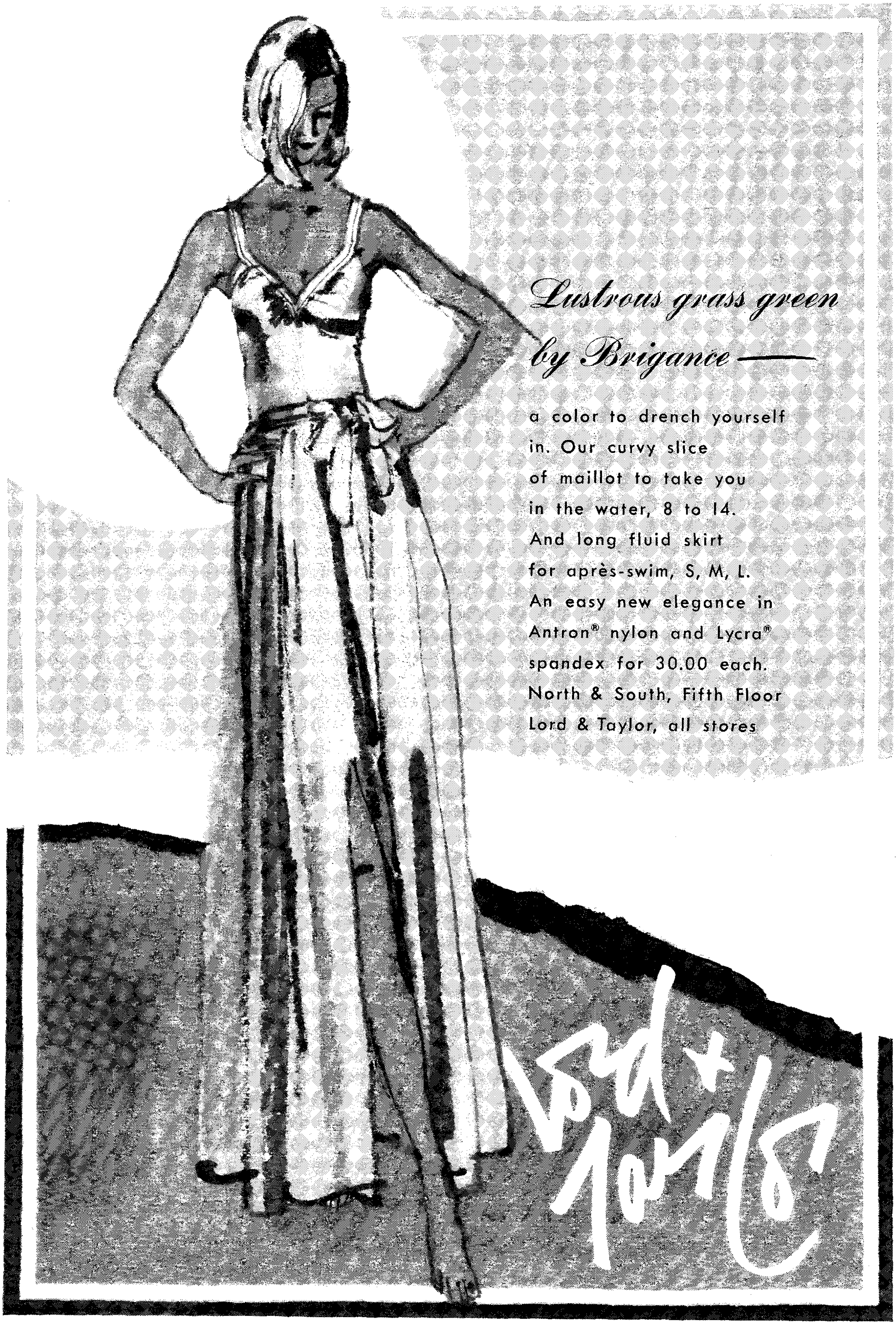

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Alice in Wonderland—A limited return engagement of André Gregory's startling and outrageous production, with no Freudian implication overlooked, and with many references to drugs. The Caterpillar scene is very funny, and the Mad Tea Party is truly mad. (N.Y.U. Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30.)

The Boy Who Came to Leave—A play by Lee Kalcheim. Opens Wednesday, June 6. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Changing Room—How it is with Rugby in the North of England. Despite the skill of the playwright, David Storey, this is a bleak play, whose large cast has been well directed by Michael Rudman. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cyrano—Nobody draws a sword more ably than Christopher Plummer, but Rostand's old warhorse of a heroic comedy is not improved by having been turned into a musical. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Finishing Touches—A *very* domestic comedy by Jean Kerr, who writes marvellous lines but who lets her characters go no farther than to flirt with the promises of life before they wistfully repudiate them. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them comparatively inexperienced, perform very well, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special benefit performance Monday, June 11, at 7:30; for tickets, call 874-1080.)

Irene—A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Debbie Reynolds and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Little Night Music—Love in ¾ time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, and Hermione Gingold. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Manhattan Theatre Club—A five-week series of plays by twenty of the best-known Off Broadway and Off Off Broadway playwrights. Wednesday through Sunday, June 6-10: Rochelle Owens' **THE STRING GAME**, at 7:30; Rosalyn Drexler's **SOFTLY AND CONSIDER THE NEARNESS**, at 7:30; Robert Heide's **MOON**, at 8:30; and Robert Patrick's **PLAY-BY-PLAY**, at 10:30.... ¶ Friday, June 8, at 9:30; Saturday, June 9, at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday, June 10, at 8: A staged reading of LeRoi Jones' **DUTCHMAN**. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as vivacious and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 17.)

Pippin—A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Tennessee Williams' **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, with Rosemary Harris and James Farentino. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées

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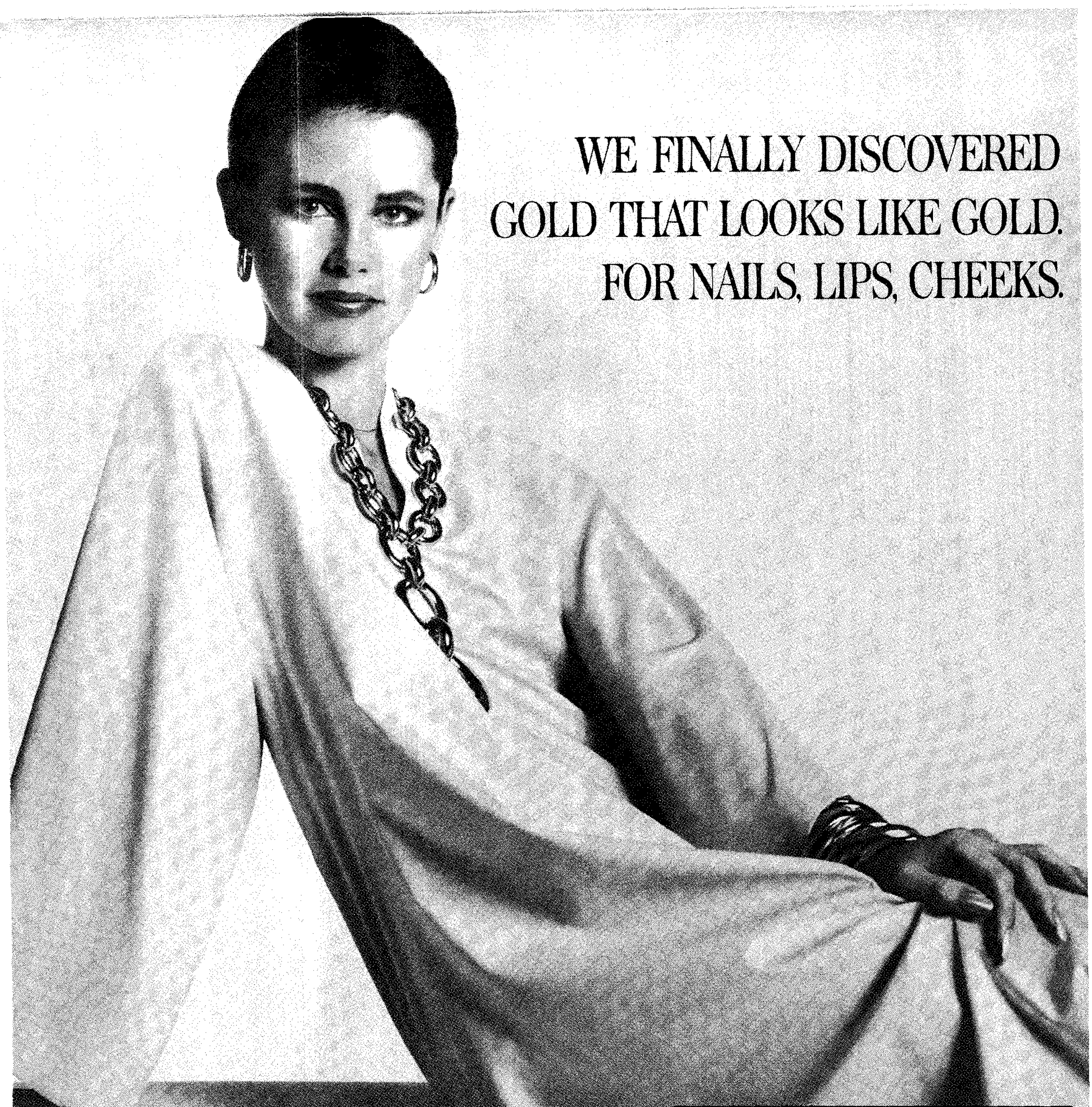

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 17.)

THE RIVER NIGER—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

SEESAW—Michele Lee and Ken Howard make charming, incompatible lovers in this musical version of the Gibson play, "Two for the Seesaw." A flawed but lively production. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SMITH—Don Murray stars in a coarsely conceived and coarsely written musical about a nonentity named Smith. So there you are. (Moves uptown to the Alvin, 52nd St., W., 757-8646, for an opening on Thursday, June 14, at 7:30; previews Monday through Wednesday, June 11-13. Performances nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE SUNSHINE BOYS—Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of acerbic old clowns are sufficient reasons to view this characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

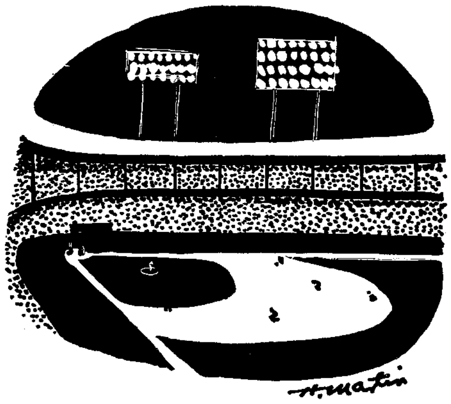
THE TOOTH OF THE CRIME—This new satire by the erratic, highly gifted young dramatist Sam Shepard is here given an "environmental" production, under Richard Schechner's direction. Much coöperation and agility is called for from the spectators, as they literally track the action all over the playing area and up and down ladders. Some scenes and lines are effective, but many are scattered and get lost. The acting is quite good. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

UNCLE VANYA—A superb production, directed by Mike Nichols and starring George C. Scott, Julie Christie, Nicol Williamson, Elizabeth Wilson, Cathleen Nesbitt, Barnard Hughes, Conrad Bain, and Lillian Gish. The engagement is announced as being limited to eight weeks, so get your tickets fast, by hook or by crook. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 28.)

WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

THE WOMEN—A disinterment of a hit play of the thirties, written by Clare Boothe Luce. The large cast consists entirely of women, who have little on their minds except men. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,454 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SUGAR:** A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 6, at 8: "Scènes de Ballet," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Thursday, June 7, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Pas de Deux," "Serenade in A," and "The Concert."... ¶ Friday, June 8, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, June 9, at 2: "Scherzo Fantastique," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "In the Night," and "La Valse." ... ¶ Saturday, June 9, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Sunday, June 10, at 1: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Sunday, June 10, at 7: "Swan Lake," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Firebird."... ¶ Tuesday, June 12, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Illuminations," "Serenade in A," and "Firebird."... ¶ Wednesday, June 13, at 8: "Concerto for Piano and Winds," "Illuminations," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Thursday,. June 14, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird."... ¶ Friday, June 15, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Saturday, June 16, at 2: "Scènes de Ballet," "Dim Lustre," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2."... ¶ Saturday, June 16, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Dim Lustre," "The Song of the Nightingale," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 1.)

LOUIS FALCO DANCE COMPANY—Wednesday, June 6, and Saturday, June 9: "Tub," "The Sleepers," and "Caviar."... ¶ Thursday, June 7, and Sunday, June 10: "Huescape," "Twopenny Portrait," "Nostalgia," and "Soap Opera."... ¶ Friday, June 8: "The Moor's Pavanne," "Rust," and "Avenue." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8.)

KAZUKO HIRABAYASHI DANCE THEATRE—Thursday, June 7, at 8: A new, unnamed work; "Mudai;" and "The Stone Garden."... ¶ Friday, June 8, at 8: "Mudai," "Suite 1," and "Black Angels."... ¶ Saturday, June 9, at 8: The new work, "Suite 1," and "The Stone Garden." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

MISCELLANY

JOSEPHINE BAKER—With her international revue, including Bricktop and George Faison's Universal Dance Experience. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday through Friday, June 6-8, at 8, plus a benefit performance at Loews Victoria Theatre, 125th St., on Saturday, June 9, at midnight. For information about tickets, call 759-2230.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

BARBARA CARROLL—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, from nine to one, except Sunday and Monday.

BLOSSOM DEARIE—Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303). Singing at the piano, between six and eight Thursdays through Saturdays.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

BENNY GOODMAN—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Clarinet, with Bobby Hackett, John Bunch, Milt Hinton, Peter Appleyard, Bucky Pizzarelli, and Bob Rosengarden. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

CHICO HAMILTON—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a trio, Thursdays through Saturdays, June 7-9 and 14-16, from ten to three.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

LEE KONITZ / MARSHALL BROWN—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Saxophone/trombone in a quintet, from ten, through Sunday, June 10.

ELLIS LARKINS—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty.

NELLIE LUTCHER—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano. from eight to one, except Sundays.

MARIAN AND JIMMY MCPARTLAND—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Piano and cornet, respectively, leading a dance quintet (Buddy Tate, Jackie Williams, and Rusty Gilder). Mondays through Saturdays from eight.

MABEL MERCER—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

CHARLES MINGUS—Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Bass,

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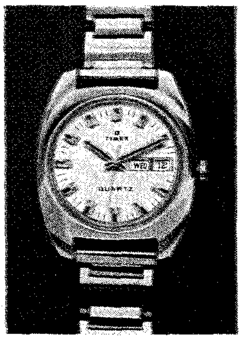

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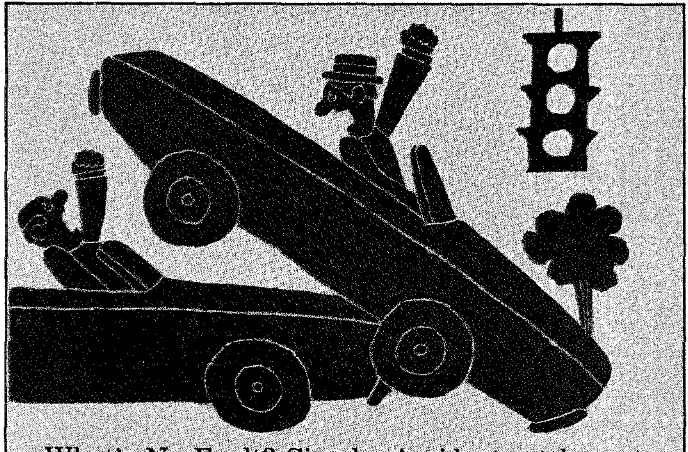

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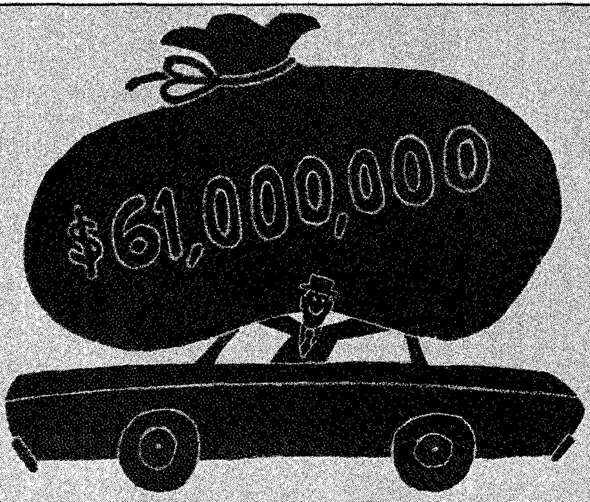

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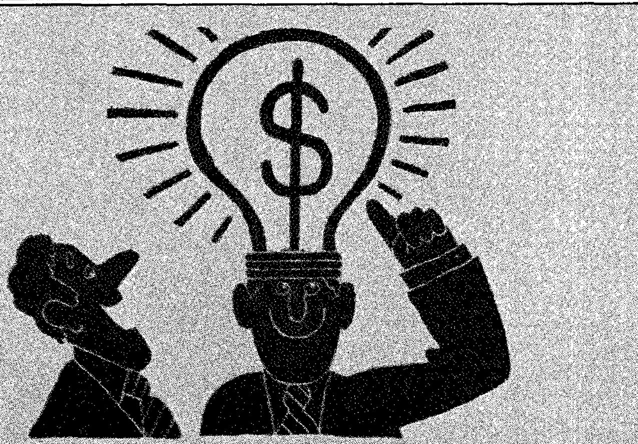

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

leading a quintet Tuesdays through Sundays from nine.

Buddy Rich—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Drums, leading a fifteen-piece band, beginning Friday, June 8, nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven-thirty.

Pharoah Sanders—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophone, leading a quintet nightly at ten, through Sunday, June 10.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday and Monday.

Joe Williams—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Blues singer. Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine, beginning Monday, June 11.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-0066)—An informal sort of bar, with kegs hanging from the ceiling and people hanging around listening to jazz created by bassist Herman Wright, drummer Paris Wright, and pianist Linda Williams. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The Persuasions, propelled by a-cappella soul, occupy the small stage through Monday, June 11. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Tenor saxophonist George Coleman and his quartet mount the promontory-like stage through Saturday, June 9. Pianist Cedar Walton, taking time off as a Jazz Messenger, leads a trio Wednesday through Saturday, June 13-16. Entertainment nightly from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. A large measure of musicianship is added in the form of impressive piano-bass duos. Melodist Duke Jordan works with a bassist through Saturday, June 9. The superlative team of pianist-composer Mike Longo and bassist Ron Carter will grace the premises Monday through Saturday, June 11-16, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, Bill Rubenstein, a very capable man at the keyboard, performs between nine and one.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is here, sitting at the piano and singing songs that in an earlier age would have been compared to Burgundy wine—or possibly New York State champagne. His sidemen are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, and the music commences at nine-forty-five. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9021)—A small, well-lit bar and restaurant overflowing with enthusiasm (and patrons). Veteran cornettist and singer Ray Nance plays with twenty-one-year-old stride pianist Brooks Kerr and trombonist Mathew Gee, Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four, and Saturdays and Sundays from two to five-thirty. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The improbable callin'-over-the-back-fence vocal stylings of singer-pianist Nellie Lutcher are abetted by Morris Edwards on bass and Skeeter Best on guitar. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his chock-full-o'-notes approach to the keyboard. Music from eight until one. Saturdays and Sundays, between three and seven, pianist Roland Hanna does some skillfully structured things. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists—not necessarily folk (and not necessarily first-rate, either)—entertain. The Mission Mountain Wood Band, a country-music collective, and 8 Balls, which tosses rock around, take turns through Saturday, June 9. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

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Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who collaborates with bassist Al Hall Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, June 10, from five-forty-five until eight-thirty—before the regular session—the pair will do an all-Harold Arlen program. On Mondays, pianist Norma Shepherd sings and plays the blues. Snacks.

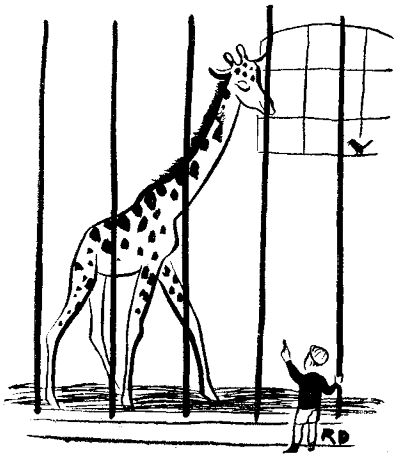
Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, slick midtown home, this club seems to be doing well with a policy that offers two high-level jazz outfits each night. Tenor-sax man Grover Washington, Jr., leads his quartet and Mark Murphy sings through Saturday, June 9. Singer Joe Williams, who laments sunsets and other trying circumstances, trades sets with Hampton Hawes, now playing electric keyboards, and his trio starting Monday, June 11. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Sundays, Leo Ball and Dick Cone lead a nineteen-piece band between eight and two.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward gets some impressive sounds out of the piano every night but Wednesday, when Nina Sheldon takes his seat and sings an occasional song. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, from four to seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, bassoon) plays music of the baroque era.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—A long, narrow bar-and-back-room with seashells and other marine devices on the walls. Reedman Robin Kenyatta probes with his band through Sunday, June 10. On Tuesday, June 12, Cecil Payne and his seasoned flute and saxophone take up residence. Mondays, Joe Lee Wilson sings with a quartet headed by sax man Frank Foster. Music from nine to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge and his cohorts deliver it from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A new, large restaurant (once a Toots Shor establishment) with a ceiling as high as a mastodon's eye. Galloping drummer Buddy Rich energizes a big band in the downstairs room at nine and eleven-thirty nightly except Sundays, starting Friday, June 8. . . . ¶ In the circular bar, pianist Barry Harris and bassist Larry Davis are turning out some well-planned, well-executed jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight until one. Mondays, singer-pianist Dottie Stallworth leads a trio. A comprehensive menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.



Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—A bar with one of the largest pairs of antlers in New York, and a back room that is faintly nautical. Buzzy Linhart sings and accompanies himself on guitar through Sunday, June 10. Shows begin at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring musicians and jesters. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings, and a place of pilgrimage that is considered de rigueur for those who thrive on folk, blues, country, etc. Mose Jones, a Southern rock band, holds forth through Monday, June 11. Al Kooper, the rock scientist now based in Atlanta, will guide the group Thursday through Sunday, June 7-10. On Wednesday, June 13, singer-writer-musician Andy Pratt moves up the stairs, along with country-music singer and composer Jimmy Buffett. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **Blue Room Cabaret**, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing at ten and midnight each night.

Metro, 188 W. Fourth St. (675-0892)—A new Village citadel upholding the doctrines of folk, rock, and pop. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks. Closed Tuesdays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds, the latter supplied by the adroit keyboard work of Barbara Carroll and the steadfast bass of Lisle Atkinson. Music nightly from nine to one, except on Mondays when a Dixieland band plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Drummer Chico Hamilton uncovers early clues to new directions with his trio Thursdays through Saturdays from ten until three. No live entertainment Sundays through Wednesdays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Singer-pianist Bob Brown and bassist Jack Gregg are here Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. Mondays belong to singer-pianist Patti Wicks and her bassist, who perform from seven to twelve. No music Sundays. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—In the Paradise Room—a roofed-over courtyard—New York's supper-club tradition is being kept alive in the following manner: Pianist Sammy Benskin and guitarist Tiger Haynes are present from seven-thirty to one. Singer-host Jimmie Daniels, an entertainer of vast experience and spontaneity, performs nightly at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five with Baby Jane Dexter, who sings blues and humorous material, and Joy Hatton, a vocalist specializing in obscure American songs. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who knows how things were when the world was young, sits and charms her followers with songs—more recited than sung these days—that offer a distillation of wisdom through well-considered experience. Jimmy Lyon is her accompanist. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small and attractive bar (dig the ceiling lights). Richard Clay, on flute and sax, heads up a quartet Friday and Saturday.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 8-9. The trio of guitarist Mark Elf returns Friday and Saturday, June 15-16. No music the rest of the week. Ten to three-thirty are the hours. Snacks.

Three, *314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)*—Blossom Dearie sings, accompanying herself at the piano, with a simplicity that is uncannily deceptive. The hours are Thursdays through Saturdays from six to eight. The whole thing is done concert-style, with a pause or two to enable patrons to replenish their drinks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Charles Mingus is inspiring his quintet in these uninspirational surroundings Tuesdays through Sundays, from nine. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Saxophonist Lee Konitz and trombonist Marshall Brown, innovators and educators, share the leadership of a quintet through Sunday, June 10. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman is also in evidence. The music begins about ten. Closed Mondays.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *bôite* where history is sometimes made. Pharoah Sanders, a musical humanist-explorer who has been out there and back, brings it all home with his quintet through Sunday, June 10. He is followed on Tuesday, June 12, by the weighty young pianist Keith Jarrett. On Mondays, Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater take over. The entertainment begins about ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Hugh Lawson and Duke Cleamons Thursdays through Sundays and by Kenny Brawner and a partner Mondays through Wednesdays. Eight until two.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a portmanteau revue, is on view Thursdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the ROYAL BOX, Marian and Jimmy McPartland's quintet alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio Tuesdays through Saturdays, and with the Roger Steele trio on Mondays. Sundays, the Steele trio is the sole entertainment. Dancing from seven-thirty Mondays through Saturdays, and Sundays from five-thirty.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Muchachos de San Juan, a troupe of singers and dancers, are swarming over the stage; the soprano of the occasion is Sophy. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining FLAMENCO SUITE, a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Stylistics and the First Choice, two rhythm-and-blues groups, will finish on Wednesday, June 6. Next evening, Dawn, a rock trio headed by Tony Orlando, and singer Holly Sherwood will move in. Three shows on Fridays and Saturdays, two the rest of the week. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In LA FORÊT, dance music issues from the Horace Diaz orchestra and a soft-rock group called Boogie. Seven-thirty to two. Closes for the summer after Saturday, June 9. . . . ¶ The CAFÉ has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's dance threesome calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's crew on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the PERSIAN ROOM, the Dick Lewis orchestra is putting forth dance tunes Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Singer January Jones appears at dinner and supper. On Monday, June 11, jazz singer Marilyn Johnson will take over. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the PALM COURT, violin-and-piano music susurrates from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and from eight until midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine until one Fridays and Saturdays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On this height of land, during dinner and supper, Benny Goodman and his six sidemen are reviving memories. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The MAISONETTE, that venerable aristocrat, is setting forth, at dinner and supper, Buddy Greco, a voice of experience, and a lively one. Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio are in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . LA BOITE RUSSE, the across-the-way peace haven, simmers ever so quietly to the violin of Jani Sarkozi during dinner and supper every night but Monday. The menu is Russian.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that might please some playboy of some polyvinyl Western world. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The EMPIRE ROOM returns to action on Friday, June 8, with the arrival of Robert Goulet. That night he sings only at ten; thereafter, he will be a dinner-and-supper item. The dance music will issue from Charles Turecamo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Michael Argov—Painted reliefs of wood or aluminum, plus geometric works on other mediums, by an Israeli; through Wednesday, June 13. (Kulick, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Breer—Five fibre-glass columns that move about the premises, by a leading maker of self-propelled sculptures; starting Monday, June 11. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Jack Bush—Shapes in color on one-color ground by a Canadian; through June 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rhys Caparn—Bronze sculptures, done since 1939, of animal forms and abstractions; through June 29. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Anthony Caro—Table pieces by the noted British sculptor; through June 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carmen Cicero—Small Expressionist collages with suggestions of landscapes and sea; through June 29. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Dubuffet—Studies for costumes and characters made in connection with a theatrical tableau being presented at the Guggenheim as part of his retrospective; through June 23. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Juan Genovés—Paintings by a Spaniard whose theme is the isolation of individuals within public events and actions; through Saturday, June 9. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

Brower Hatcher / David Hockney—Abstract wire sculptures. / Lithographs. (Emmerich, 420

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

West Broadway. Through Saturday, June 16. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Herzog (1831-1932)—Romantic landscapes by an artist who was born in Germany but became an American and lived here about sixty years; through Saturday, June 30. (Chappellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

Al Hirschfeld—Fifty years of drawings, lithographs, and etchings by the theatrical caricaturist of the *Times;* through June 30. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Dianne Nelson—Painted collages with flower themes; through Friday, June 15. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Lloyd Ney (1893-1965)—Nineteen-forties' watercolors and two large oils by a Pennsylvanian who showed at the Museum of Non-Objective Painting; through Saturday, June 9. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Howard Pyle (1853-1911)—Selections of paintings and drawings by one of America's foremost illustrators and teachers; through June 29. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Norman Rockwell—A benefit retrospective covering sixty years of his paintings; through June 30. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 10 to 6.)

James Rosenquist—Two large paintings and some drawings by the well-known pop artist; through Saturday, June 16. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Salerno—Craftsmanlike sculptures in marble and limestone; through Thursday, June 14. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

Roberta Shute—Vacuum-formed plastic sculptures, some with lights; through June 21. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Dick Stark—Drawings by a physician, including a thirty-foot ink drawing of the East River shoreline from the Battery to Gracie Mansion; starting Tuesday, June 12. (Thomson, 19 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

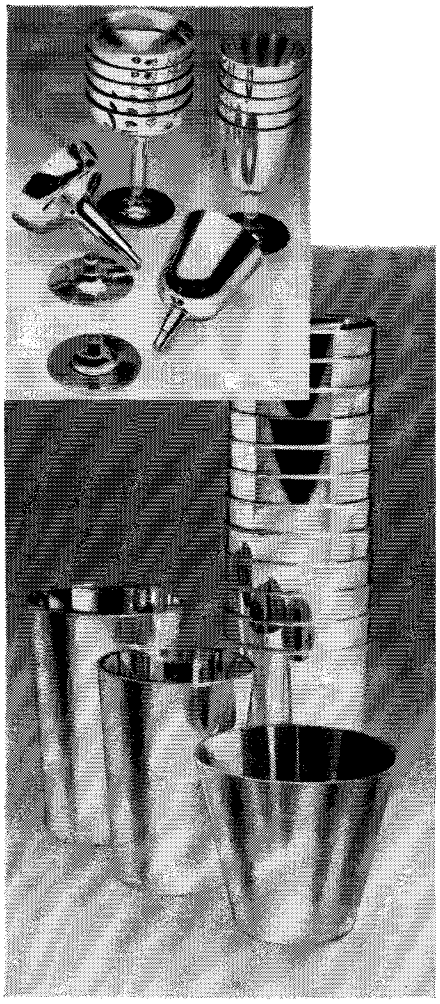
Marina Stern—Precisionist paintings of urban scenes; through Saturday, June 9. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Tomasello—White constructions with cubes; through June 23. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Vázquez—One large (eight feet by thirty) figurative triptych in vibrant colors; through Thursday, June 14. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: The ninetieth anniversary of the Brooklyn Bridge is the pretext for a delightful show of paintings, prints, photographs, memorabilia, and historical documents pertaining to John Roebling's "climactic ornament," as Marianne Moore called it. There are some superb paintings on view here, among them a large abstraction by Joseph Stella; two Ashcan school works, by George Luks and Ernest Lawson; an Impressionist work by Leon Kroll; and a primitive painting by Hesiquio Ramirez. Next to this last painting hangs a print from *Harper's* on which the naïve painter evidently based his view of the bridge—an agreeable and instructive conjunction, and but one of the many good ideas the gallery has had in mounting the show. Another is a page from a 1967 comic book entitled "John Roebling, Artist in Granite and Steel," showing an arrogant Prussian officer, who has just walked into the tobacco shop of John's father in Mulhausen, carelessly stepping on a wooden model little John has been making for his mother's birthday. "I'll make a stone one next time," the child vows. "THEN no old Prussian can smash it!" Photographs by Walker Evans, Wayne Andrews, Paul Katz, and Rudy Burckhardt; pencil drawings by John Marin; and technical drawings by Roebling are other high points. Hart Crane's poem "The Bridge," from which an excerpt is exhibited, does not stand up as well as its subject. Through Friday, June 15. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ABERBACH**, 988 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Twentieth-century artists—Picasso, Bacon, Schiele, Botero, and others; through June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **A.I.R.**, 97 Wooster St.: Works by eight women, among them Perle Fine, Sylvia Sleigh, Buffie Johnson, and Pat Losch; starting Saturday, June 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BENEDEK**, 380 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures; through June 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by Dearing, Evans, Gorchov, Jensen, and Pozzi; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.: Gallery artists; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A benefit show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings relating to the work of Stravinsky, Diaghilev, and their collaborators, by Picasso, Bakst, Larionov, Roerich, and others; through June 22. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and drawings on the theme of the torso, ranging in time from Greece and Rome to such modernists as Maillol, Arp, Magritte, Archipenko, Giacometti, and de Kooning; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CUNINGHAM WARD**, 94 Prince St.: New works by gallery artists Alan Cote, David Diao, John Walker, Lynton Wells, and Robert Zakanych; through June 29. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.) . . . **ESMAN**, 24 E. 80th St.: Wall sculptures and drawings; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FAR GALLERY**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: An exhibition of nineteenth-century salt-glazed stoneware jugs, crocks, jars, churns, and bottles, many of them factory-made, and hand-decorated with cobalt-blue flower or bird motifs; through Friday, June 8. . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty landscape and figure paintings, dating from 1630 to 1680, by Dutch artists who were influenced by the Italian School; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FELDMAN**, 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Arakawa, Beuys, Wilke, and others; through July 16. . . . **14 SCULPTORS GALLERY**, 75 Thompson St.: Works in various modes and mediums; starting Saturday, June 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Gallery artists Natalie Bieser, Jack Tworkov, Fumio Yoshimura, and others; through June 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: A hundred and fifty-five oils, watercolors, and sculptures on themes of the West, by Catlin, Remington, Russell, and others; starting Thursday, June 7. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Gallery artists, including Alechinsky, Jorn, Bury, and Antes; through July 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MYERS**, 50 W. 57th St.: Small paintings by gallery artists, among them Red Grooms, Neil Welliver, Margot Stewart, and Victoria Barr; starting Saturday, June 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by three artists; through Saturday, June 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings, collages, wood carvings, and reliefs by three artists; through Saturday, June 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Sixty-four watercolors by three generations of Burchfields—Charles Burchfield, his daughter Martha Burchfield Richter, and his granddaughter Peggy Richter Turco; through June 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century Western European bronzes with emphasis on techniques of casting; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Seventeen avant-gardists of the gallery, such as Haacke, Smithson, Andre, and Flavin; through Saturday, June 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Eighty-six miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles from the sixteenth century through the beginning of the nineteenth; through Friday, June 15. (Closed Mondays.)

Note—The season for the exhibition of new talent is upon us, and the following galleries are showing it: **POINDEXTER**, 24 E. 84th St.; closed Saturdays. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **HARTLEY**, 50 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays, open Thursday evenings, 7 to 9. . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.; closed Mondays. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays. . . . **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **REHN**, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.; closed Saturdays. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.; closed Saturdays. . . . **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.; closed Saturdays. . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th



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The fan-plastics are in store—goblets borrowed from a banquet to brighten up summer beverages. They're stackable, practical opulents (hand-washable, reusable) by Cache-Cache in high-impact plastic, metalized silvery outside, golden within. One dozen per set, each set **$9.** We've 12 oz. Tumblers, 10 oz. Tumblers, 9 oz. Old Fashioneds, 5 oz. Wine Goblets, and 4 1/2 oz. Champagne Goblets. Please add 95¢ per set to deliver beyond our area. Gifts, Fourth and Street Floors.

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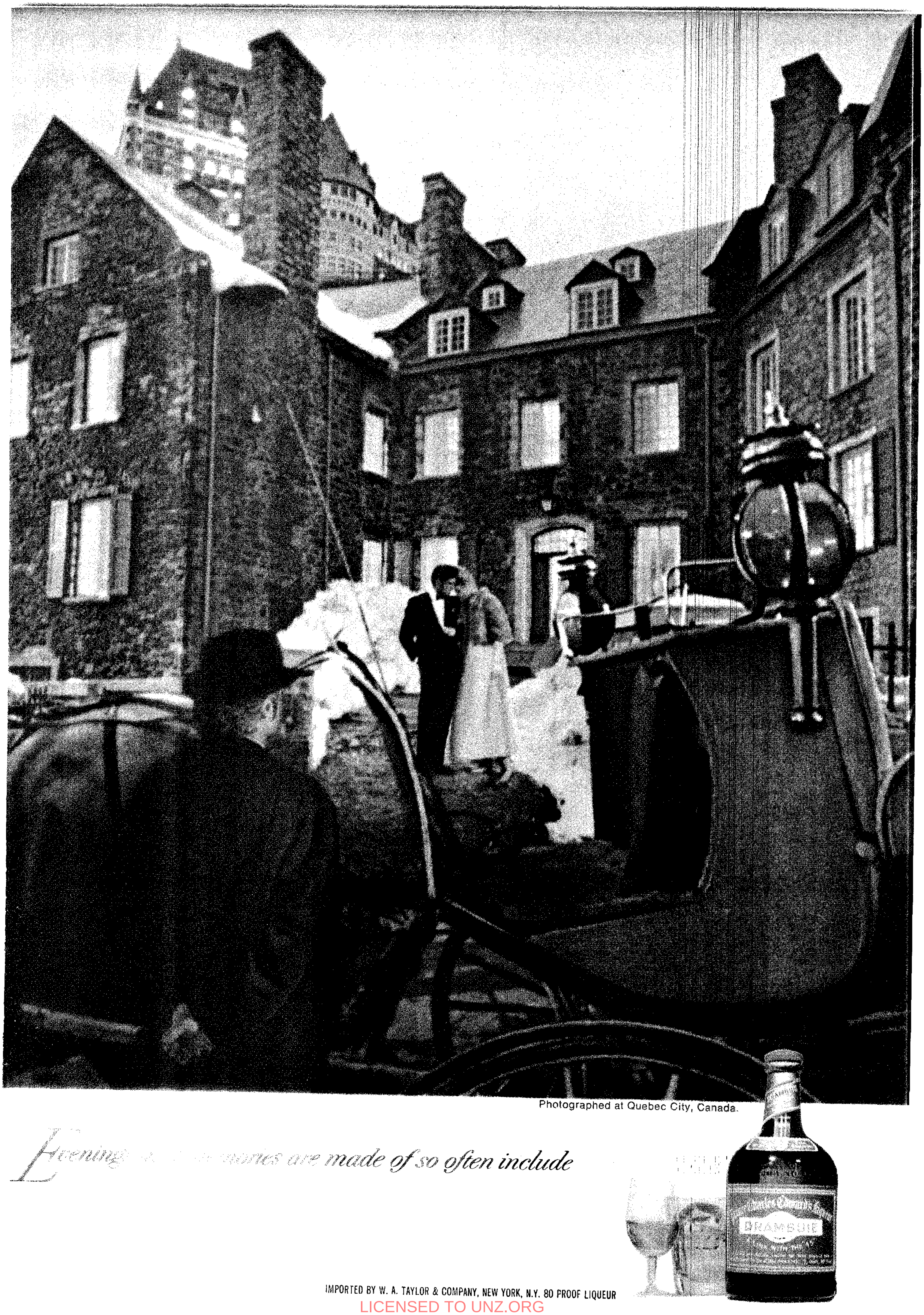

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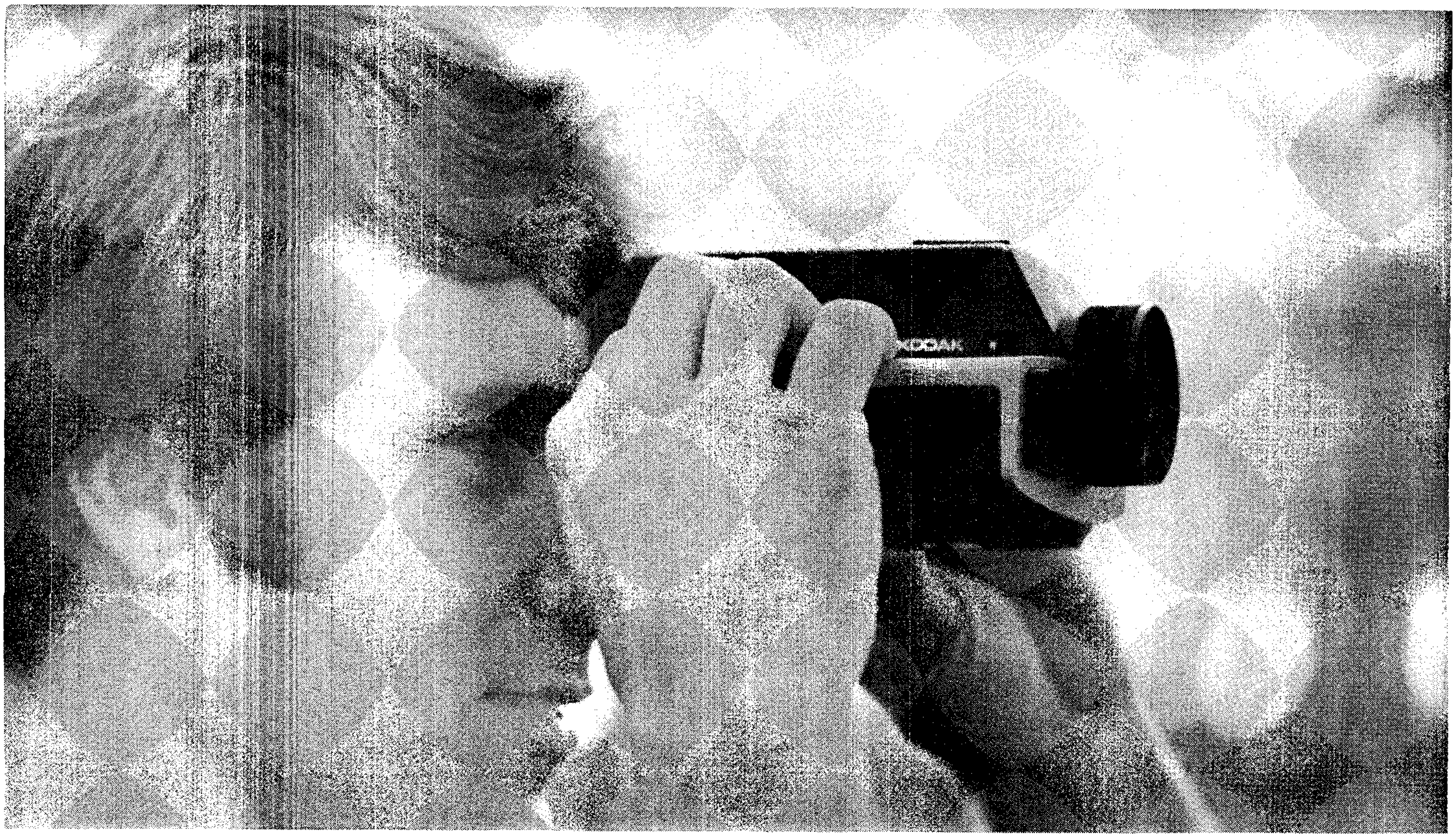
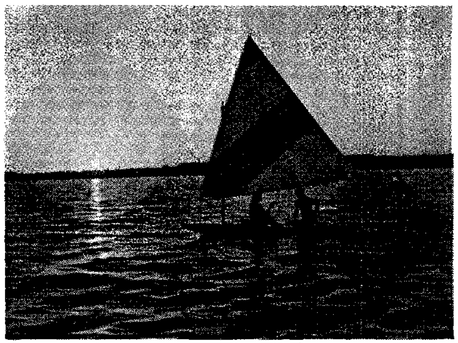


Movies without movie lights. The Kodak XL movie camera lets you take movies you couldn't take before.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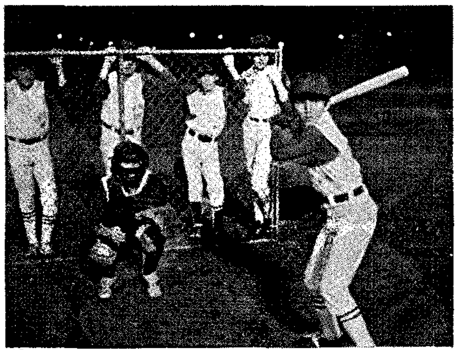
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.; closed Mondays and Saturdays. . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Saturdays. . . . **DE NAGY**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway; closed Mondays. . . . **55 MERCER ST.**; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

VAN DEREN COKE / BETTY HAHN—Manipulated prints, some based on anonymous nineteenth-century negatives, by a well-known historian of photographs. / Photographic images printed on canvas, cotton, and paper, and decorated with hand stitchery. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Through Sunday, June 10. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM—A retrospective of the career of the *grande dame* of twentieth-century American photography, who was ninety in April; through July 1. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

EADWEARD MUYBRIDGE—A number of now historic series of motion studies, taken in 1872 and using animals and people, as well as large, painterly views of Yosemite National Park; through June 30. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Polaroid photographs by Paul Caponigro, Michael DiBiase, Minor White, and twenty others; through June 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.). . . **PACE EDITIONS**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Sharp-Focus Realism: A New Perspective" attempts to establish a connection between the recent Photo-Realist school of painting and the photography of André Kertész, Walker Evans, Berenice Abbott, Harry Callahan, Robert Frank, and other well-known and less well-known contemporary photographers. It only intermittently succeeds. Through Saturday, June 9.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit devoted to gold in many of its aspects, including ancient jewelry and ceremonial vessels, metalwork from the Renaissance to the Napoleonic period, paintings and drawings on gold leaf, and gold used in ceramics, textiles, and manuscripts; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Fifty American Impressionist and realist paintings and drawings, from the eighteen-eighties to the turn of the century, by Chase, Sargent, Twachtman, Hassam, Prendergast, and others; through July 1. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty gowns designed by Cristobal Balenciaga (1895-1972), plus Spanish paintings, tapestries, and prints from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Sixteen paintings from the middle of the sixteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth on the theme of nudes in landscapes; among the paintings are Rubens' "Venus and Adonis," Cézanne's "Bathers," and Carpaccio's "Meditation on the Passion." Through July 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the work of Charles Eames, the furniture designer and architect; through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Thirty recent silk-screens by Agnes Martin, a prominent abstractionist; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ More than a hundred and twenty works on paper, from drawings and watercolors by Van Gogh to examples of symbolism, Art Nouveau, and Cubism; through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ A hundred boots which Eleanor Antin has been moving around various parts of the United States; also photographs of the adventures of these boots in New York and California, and photographic picture postcards in landscapes and odd situations. Through July 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE**: The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than three hundred works by Jean Dubuffet; they consist of a hundred and forty-five paintings, a hundred and fifteen drawings, forty sculptures, six illustrated books, and even a theatrical tableau. Through July 29. A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two hundred paintings, watercolors, wood engravings, and etchings by Winslow Homer (1836-1910); through June 24. . . . ¶ Thirty-nine paintings by Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71), a pioneer American abstractionist; through June 17. . . . ¶ Two hundred and twenty drawings by eighty-seven contemporaries, among them Twombly, Tworkov, Oldenburg, Joan Mitchell, and Agnes Martin; through July 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by William Trost Richards, a nineteenth-century American landscape and marine painter; starting Wednesday, June 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A collection of archeological and ethnological artifacts, photographs, maps, and audiovisual material assembled to explain the cultural past and present of Greenland; through Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, John Crowe Ransom, Leon Edel, Richard Wilbur, Maeve Brennan, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Allen Ginsberg, and Jonathan Schell. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Golub, Pearlstein, Grosvenor, Sullivan, and others. Through June 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty-six rare Indian miniature paintings from private American collections; through Sunday, June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A retrospective show of illustrations by Fritz Kredel, including books, original drawings, maps, watercolors, and working manuscripts, dating from 1923 to the present; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs of a middle-class German-Jewish family, taken between 1873 and 1972 and assembled by Catherine Noren, herself a member of that family; through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Over a hundred and sixty manuscripts (including two notebooks in the hand of Sergei Diaghilev), sculptures, prints, engravings, and watercolors acquired for the Dance Collection in the past ten years; through July 28. (Weekdays, 9 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and twenty drawings from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, the majority by Tiepolo and his son and never before seen on view in New York, from the Lore and Rudolf Heinemann collection; through July 27. . . . ¶ Manuscripts and early printed books, mostly from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; through July 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-seven works in fabric that explore the sculptural potential of the medium; through June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, collages, and other items made by inmates of the prison in Auburn, New York; through June 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of works by and about Copernicus, celebrating the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; included are a first edition of his "De Revolutionibus Orbium Caelestium," as well as works by Galileo, Newton, and Kepler. Through June 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420 and for Philharmonic

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall TR 4-2424. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—A three-week non-subscription festival—Wednesday evening, June 6: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; conducted by Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 7: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, and Fernando Corena; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 8: "Otello," with Pilar Lorengar, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 9: "Faust," with Adriana Maliponte, Judith Forst, John Alexander, Mario Sereni, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 9: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Régine Crespin, Judith Forst, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Matteo Manuguerra, and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 11: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Nell Rankin, Richard Cassilly, Guillermo Sarabia, John Macurdy, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 12: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Tito Gobbi, and Richard Best; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 13: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Régine Crespin, Judith Forst, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 14: "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Colette Boky, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, Jerome Hines, Robert Goodloe, Andrea Velis, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 15: "Faust," with Adriana Maliponte, Judith Forst, John Alexander, Matteo Manuguerra, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; Roberto Benzi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 16: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 16: "Otello," with Pilar Lorengar, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, Leo Goeke, and James Morris; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, June 9, at 2, and Saturday, June 16, at 1. Through Saturday, June 23.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—The final performances of the "Promenades" season. Aaron Copland conducting "Panorama Promenade" on Wednesday, June 6, at 8:30 (with Stanley Drucker, clarinet). . . . Andre Kostelanetz conducting "Promenade in Vienna" Thursday through Saturday, June 7-9, at 8:30 (with Mary Costa, soprano). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting a week-long series of "Rug Concerts," at 8. The orchestra will be in the round, and the audience will be seated on the floor (covered with rugs, what else?). The Philharmonic will be divided into Orchestra A, consisting of seventy musicians, and Orchestra B, consisting of thirty-five musicians. Tuesday, June 12, Orchestra A (no soloists); Wednesday, June 13, Orchestra B (with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano); Thursday, June 14, Orchestra A (no soloists); Friday, June 15, Orchestra B (with Myor Rosen, harp); Saturday, June 16, Orchestra A (no soloists); and Sunday, June 17, Orchestra B (with Julius Baker, flute; Mr. Rosen; Michael Best and Robert Johnson, tenors; and Raymond Michalski and Robert Shiesley, basses).

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jazz Concert—Betty Carter, with the Danny Mixon Trio; the Barry Harris Quartet, with George Coleman; and the Charles McPherson Quartet, with an eleven-piece string ensemble conducted by Ernie Wilkins. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, June 10, at 7:30.)

Chicago, with Bruce Springsteen—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, June 14-15, at 8.

Earth, Wind & Fire and Eddie Kendricks—With the Ohio Players. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 15, at 7 and 10:30.)

Johnny Winter—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, June 16, at 8.

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, June 8, at 8:05; Saturday, June 9, at about 2:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe DiMaggio, Ralph Branca, Carl Erskine, Clem Labine, Monte Irvin, and other major-league stars of past years); and Sunday, June 10, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Monday through Wednesday, June 11-13, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Diego, Friday and Saturday, June 15-16, at 8:05.

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regetta. (New London. Saturday, June 16; varsity race at 6:45.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 9.)

Golf—United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Round Hill Club, Greenwich. Wednesday, June 6.). . . ¶ Hochster Memorial Tournament. (Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Scarsdale. Wednesday, June 6.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, June 7-10.)

Horse Shows—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Middleburg, Va. Thursday through Sunday, June 7-10.). . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Wednesday through Sunday, June 13-17.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 16. The Youthful, Friday, June 8; the Belmont, Saturday, June 9; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Aug. 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 24. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17.

Yachting—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 16.

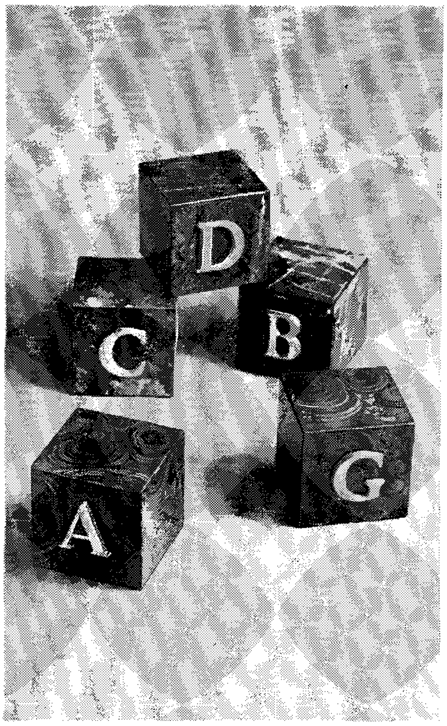
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

The Great Outdoors—Through Sunday, June 10, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Wednesday, June 13, there will be a walking tour of the Gramercy Park area, conducted by Brendan Gill. Meets in front of the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S., at 5; rain date, Thursday, July 5. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.), an antiques show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 10 to 6. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Saturday Nights with the Filmmakers—The last in a series of programs, this one consisting of film clips from movies directed by Francis Ford Coppola, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Coppola.



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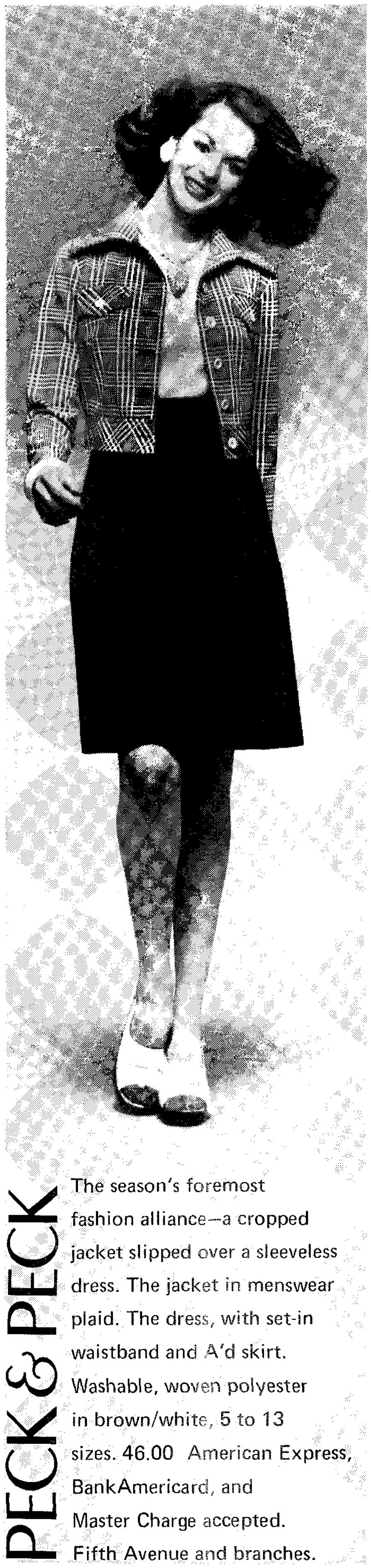

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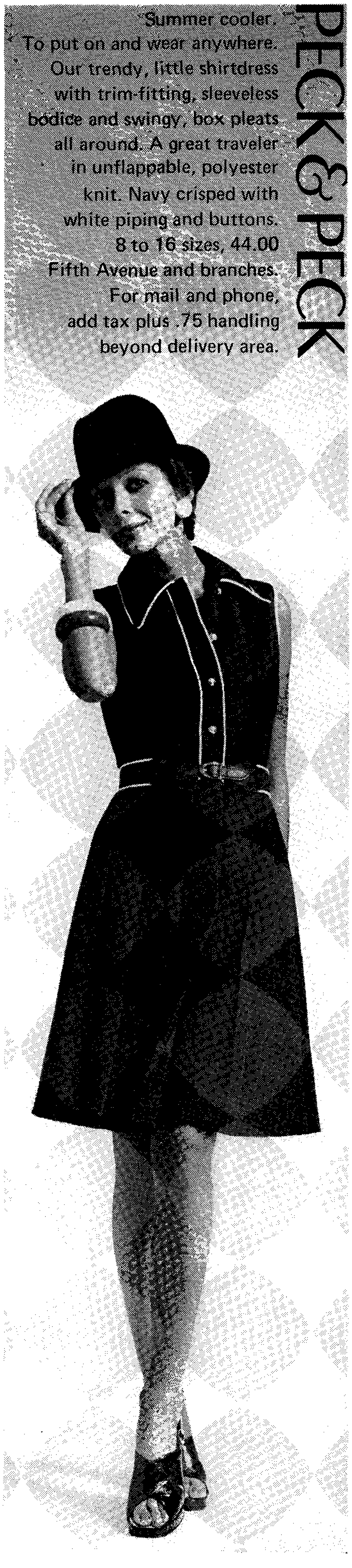
(Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, June 9, at 8.)

FLOWER SHOW—The June Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, June 13, from noon to 4.

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 6, at 2: Continental porcelains, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Friday, June 8, at 2: Tapestries, textiles, and Renaissance works of art and furniture; from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 12, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, from several sources. Exhibition starts Friday, June 8. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 13, at 2: Jewelry, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, June 8. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 14, at 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century paintings, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, June 8. . . . ¶ Friday, June 15, at 2: Animalier bronzes, chess sets, and nineteenth-century works of art, furniture, and decorations; from several sources. Exhibition starts Friday, June 8.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 6; Dartmouth, Sunday, June 10; Princeton, Tuesday, June 12; and Harvard, Thursday, June 14.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 6 at 5:30: "The Thomas Crown Affair" (1968), directed by Norman Jewison, with Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway. . . . ¶ June 7 at 5:30: "Most Holy Brotherhood" (1971), in Spanish, directed by Gabriella Samper, no English titles; and "The Last of the Cuiva" (1972), directed by Brian Moser. . . . ¶ June 7 at 8 and June 8 at 2: "Most Holy Brotherhood" (1971); "Medieval Moderns" (1928), directed by J. A. Haeseler; and "Salt for Svanetia" (1930), directed by Mikhail Kalatozov, Russian titles only. . . . ¶ June 8 at 5:30 and June 9 at noon: "Earth" (1930), a silent film, directed by A. Dovzhenko; Russian titles only. . . . ¶ June 9 at 3: "The Wedding of Palo" (1937), directed by F. Dalsheim and Knud Rasmussen; and "The Netsilik Eskimo Today" (1972), directed by Gilles Blais. . . . ¶ June 9 at 5:30: "Most Holy Brotherhood" (1971), "Medieval Moderns" (1928), and "Salt for Svanetia" (1930). . . . ¶ June 10 at 12:30 and 3: "Safety Last" (1923), directed by Hal Roach, Fred Newmeyer, and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ June 10 at 5:30 and June 11 at 2: Four films from the "Netsilik Eskimo" series directed by Asen Balikci and Quenton Brown between 1963 and 1973. . . . ¶ June 11 at 5:30: "Regard sur l'Afrique Noire" (1947), in French, directed by A. Mahuzier, no English titles; and "To Live with Herds" (1972), directed by David MacDougall. . . . ¶ June 12 at 2: "Three Bad Men" (1926), directed by John Ford, with George O'Brien. . . . ¶ June 12 at 5:30: "El Umbracle" (1973), directed by Pedro Portabella, with Christopher Lee; in Spanish and English. . . . ¶ June 13 at 5:30: "Three Bad Men" (1926). . . . ¶ June 14 at 5:30: "Regard sur l'Afrique Noire" (1947) and "To Live with Herds" (1972). . . . ¶ June 14 at 8: "Choreometrics," a work in progress, directed by Alan Lomax. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showings or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of films starring James Cagney: Through June 7: "The Gallant Hours" (1960), directed by Robert Montgomery. . . . June 9-10: "One, Two, Three" (1961), directed by Billy Wilder. . . . June 13-14: "White Heat" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh. . . . ¶ June 8: "Madame Bovary" (1934), in French, directed by Jean Renoir. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by von Stroheim, Warhol, Anger, Brakhage, Breer, Broughton, and others. Showings at 6, 8 (except June 7 and 13), and 10 (except June 6, 7, and 13). No Mondays. On Friday, June 8, at 6 and 8, special screenings of films by Sonbert.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 12: "Cries and Whispers."
From June 13: "Memories of Underdevelopment."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 9: "A Date with Judy" and "Nancy Goes to Rio."
June 10-12: "Marianne" and "The Floradora Girl."
From June 13: "Colleen" and "Go Into Your Dance."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through June 12: "Slither" and "Zabriskie Point."
From June 13: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" and "Play It Again, Sam."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 7: "Save the Tiger" and "Take the Money and Run."
From June 8: "Slither" and "Zabriskie Point."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 12: "Dirty Little Billy."
From June 13, at 8: "Interval." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through the afternoon of June 13: "Class of '44."
From June 14: "The Last of Sheila."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"A Doll's House."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 12: "Carnal Knowledge" and "The Graduate."
From June 13: To be announced.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Harrad Experiment."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Paper Moon."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Elvis on Tour."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Save the Tiger."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through June 12: "Scarecrow."
From June 13: "O Lucky Man!"

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cries and Whispers."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
June 6: "First Position."
June 7-13: "Funeral Parade of Roses."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Emperor of the North Pole."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Godspell."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"State of Siege."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 9: "Memories of Underdevelopment."
From June 10: "The Hireling."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Let the Good Times Roll."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 12: "Pete 'n' Tillie."
From June 13: "Save the Tiger."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sound of Music."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Day of the Jackal."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Day of the Jackal."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Warm December."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Soul of Nigger Charley."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Mack."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 12: "The Offence" and "The Mechanic."
From June 13: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" and "Bed and Board."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 12: "L'Amour."
From June 13: A program of films by François Truffaut.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through June 12: "An Autumn Afternoon."
From June 13: "Love."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 12: "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
From June 13: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through June 12 at one or another of the theatres: "Ten from Your Show of Shows" and "The Twelve Chairs"/"Slither" and "Little Murders"/"Payday" and "Hammersmith Is Out"/"Lola Montès" and "I Vitelloni" (through June 9)/"Women in Revolt" and "A Man and a Woman" (June 10-12).
From June 13: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 6: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" and "Bananas."
June 7-12: "Play It Again, Sam" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"
From June 13: "The Erotic Adventures of Zorro."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 12: "Payday" and "Hammersmith Is Out."
From June 13: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Lost Horizon."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mary Poppins."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cinerama."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
From June 6, at 8: Three Chinese documentaries—"Acupuncture Anaesthesia," "Historical Relics," and "2100 Year Old Tomb Excavated." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 12: "Slither."
From June 13: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Mattei Affair."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Money, Money, Money."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 12: "Cries and Whispers."
From June 13: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 14: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "The Diary of a Chambermaid."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 12: "Payday" and "Hammersmith Is Out."
From June 13: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 6: "Lola Montès" and "Live for Life."
June 7: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Last Year at Marienbad."
June 8: "Rosemary's Baby" and "Tropic of Cancer."
June 9: "Belle de Jour" and "A Man and a Woman."
June 10: "Dr. Strangelove" and "The Deadly Affair."
June 11: "The Grapes of Wrath" and "High Sierra."
June 12: "Nights of Cabiria" and "Viridiana."
June 13: "The French Connection" and "M*A*S*H."
June 14: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through June 12: "The French Connection" and "M*A*S*H."
From June 13: "The Nelson Affair."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"Sleuth."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 12: "Slither" and "Brewster McCloud."
From June 13: "Save the Tiger" and "The Sterile Cuckoo."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

L'Amour—With Michael Sklar, directed by Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 12.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Thalia; June 14.)

An Autumn Afternoon (1962)—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now marriageable daughter who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic and beautiful about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema; through June 12.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to avoid an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. (Elgin; June 6.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Waverly; starting June 13.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Thalia; June 9.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic

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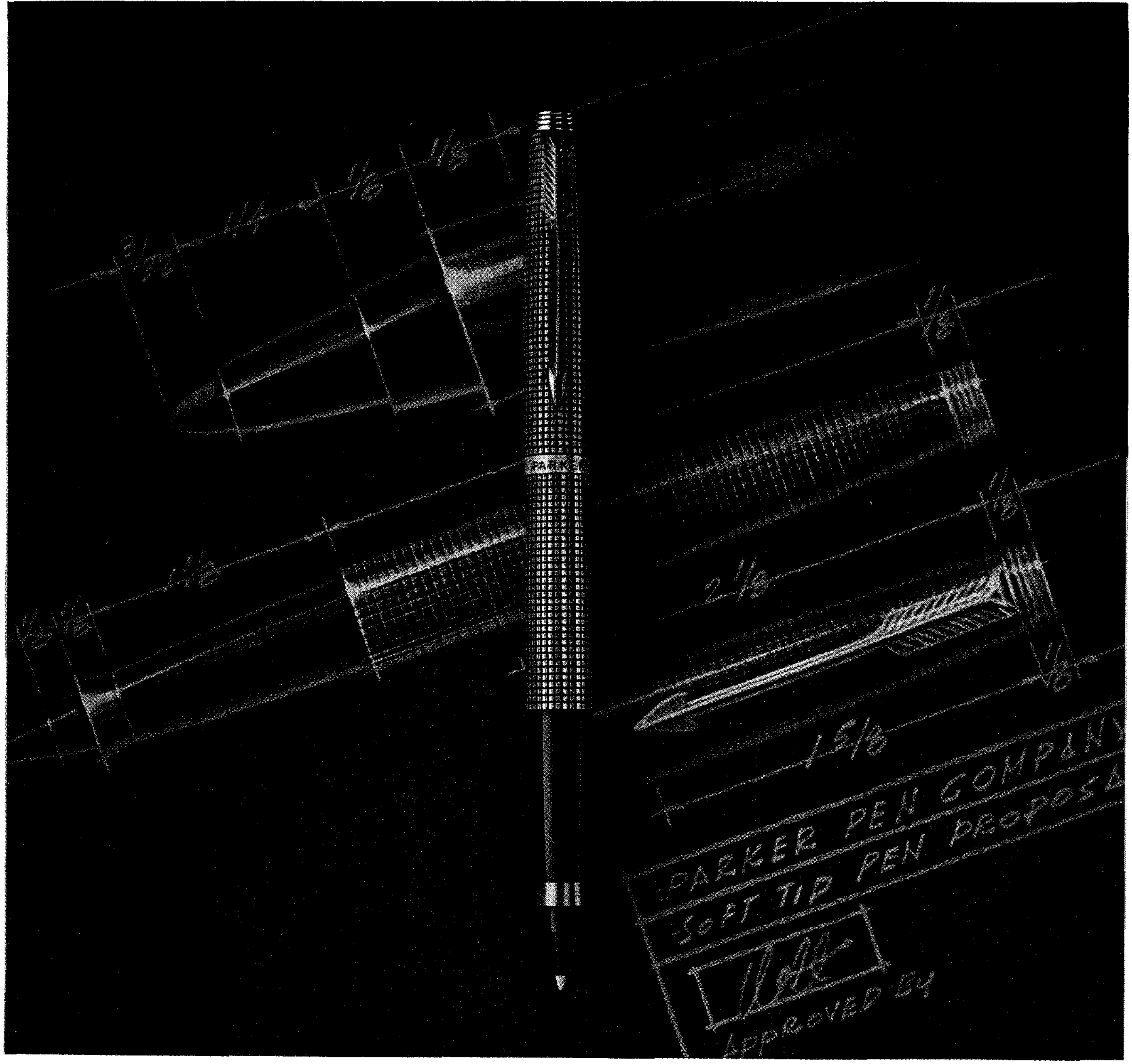

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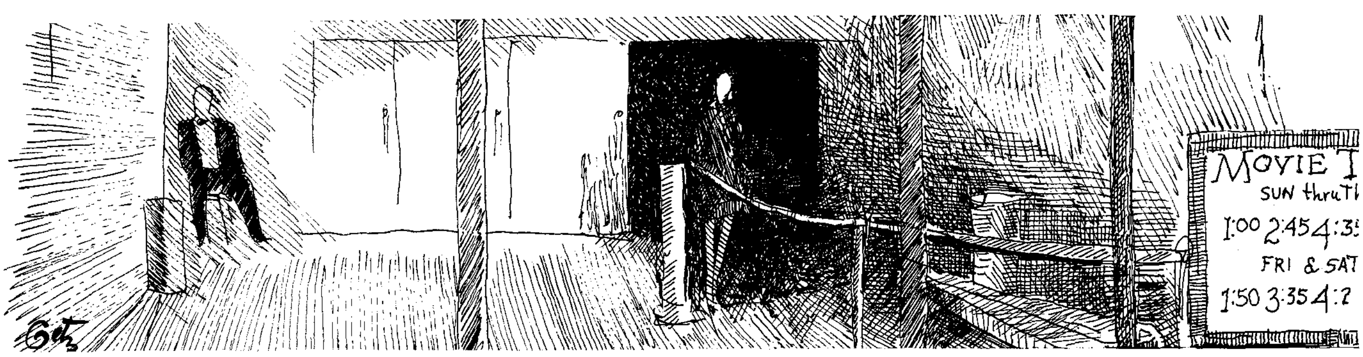

and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Olympia; through June 12.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (St. Marks Cinema; starting June 13.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Plaza; through June 12.)

Cinerama (1952)—If you want to feel that you are riding in the lunatic van of a roller coaster, or sitting in La Scala when the Triumphal March from "Aida" is being played, or participating in a Florida water carnival, or . . . (Ziegfeld.)

Class of '44—A sequel to "Summer of '42," with Gary Grimes and Jerry Houser. Directed by Paul Bogart. (Sutton; through the afternoon of June 13.)

Colleen (1936)—A Warner Brothers' musical, with a bunch of the regulars (Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert) plus Paul Draper and Jack Oakie. Not exactly a dazzler. Al Dubin and Harry Warren have written better songs; Alfred E. Green directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 13.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Art and Embassy 72nd St.; through June 12.)

A Date with Judy (1948)—A Joe Pasternak-M-G-M musical intended for the whole family; deliberately corny, shiny clean, and cheery, but with some redeeming energy. Elizabeth Taylor and Jane Powell are the ingenues, and Robert Stack, looking like a Greek god, junior division, is the juvenile. Tolerable score, with one nice number ("It's a Most Unusual Day"); Richard Thorpe directed. With Wallace Beery, Carmen Miranda, and Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 9.)

The Day of the Jackal—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by Cabinet Ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (Loews Orpheum and Loews Cine.)

The Deadly Affair (1967)—A stylish thriller, directed by Sidney Lumet and boasting a cast that includes James Mason, Harriet Andersson, Simone Signoret, Maximilian Schell, Kenneth Haigh, and Lynn Redgrave. (Thalia; June 10.)

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The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, pernickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (New Yorker; through June 14.)

Dirty Little Billy—With Michael J. Pollard and Lee Purcell, directed by Stan Dragoti. (34th St. East; through June 12.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (New Yorker; through June 14.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Thalia; June 10.)

A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (Fine Arts.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Greenwich; through June 12.)

Elvis on Tour—Directed by Pierre Adidge and Robert Abel. (East 59th Street II.)

Emperor of the North Pole—Robert Aldrich directs a crass adventure about a train-ride-bumming hobo (Lee Marvin) at loggerheads with a vicious freight conductor (Ernest Borgnine) during the Depression. Blood flows, pity and sense are nowhere, and the actors' faces begin to look like packing cases waiting to be thrown. (Columbia I.)

The Erotic Adventures of Zorro—With Douglas Frey and Robyn Whiting, directed by Robert Freeman. X-rated. (Elgin; starting June 13.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Elgin; June 6.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Thalia; June 7.)

First Position—William Richert's film about the daily lives of several students and teachers at a ballet school. (First Avenue Screening Room; June 6.)

The Floradora Girl (1930)—Marion Davies as a member of a "Floradora" Sextette in what used to be called "The Gay Nineties." She falls in love with a millionaire (Lawrence Gray) and sticks by him when he loses his fortune. A lavish production, with a large cast including Ilka Chase, Walter Catlett, Claude Allister, and Anita Louise when she was a beautiful child. Harry Beaumont directed; the story is by Gene Markey; the gowns are by Adrian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 10-12.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (Riverside; through June 12. . . . ¶ Thalia; June 13.)

Funeral Parade of Roses (1970)—Directed by Toshio Matsumoto. In Japanese. (First Avenue Screening Room; June 7-13.)

Godspell—The Gospels designed to be read as their very own literature by the Woodstock generation. This is mostly St. Matthew, in a very fanatic and peculiarly dated happy-happy mode, with Jesus doing music-hall turns. The whole thing generates a powerfully anti-intellectual fundamentalist mood, photographed with a scrappy technique that sums up the ruling coarseness. Show-biz religiosity; the bloom has gone off these flower children. Directed by David Greene in summery New York City settings, with music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. (Columbia II.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Wini Shaw sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The cast isn't topnotch, but it does include Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 13.)

The Graduate (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Plaza; through June 12.)

The Grapes of Wrath (1940)—One of John Ford's classic pictures, based on Steinbeck's novel about people trekking from the dust bowl to California during the Depression. Some of the exterior locations look dated and wrong, but the passion is still there, and Henry Fonda is very fine. There is a certain amount of innate conservatism in Ford's humanization of Steinbeck's economic ants into champions of agrarianism. (Thalia; June 11.)

Hammersmith Is Out (1972)—A thoroughly mistaken allegory about the lunacy of modern success and sudden wealth, enacted by Richard Burton as an escaped inmate of a mental home. Elizabeth Taylor is a floozy waitress who jumps up into riches along with the fugitive, and Peter Ustinov is a pretty mad foreign doctor with an accent you couldn't cut with a carving knife. (Quad Cinema, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Symphony; through June 12.)

The Harrad Experiment—With James Whitmore and Tippi Hedren, directed by Ted Post. (Baronet.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Murray Hill and Paramount.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, which has been imitated widely both abroad and here, set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half of the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Thalia; June 11.)

The Hireling—With Robert Shaw and Sarah Miles, directed by Alan Bridges. (68th St. Playhouse; starting June 10.)

Interval—With Merle Oberon and Robert Wolders, directed by Daniel Mann. (34th St. East; starting June 13, at 8.)

The Last of Sheila—A mystery film, with Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Coburn, Joan Hackett, James Mason, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch. Written by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins, directed by Herbert Ross. (Sutton; starting June 14.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Sundays through Thursdays at 2, 6, and 8:45, and Fridays and Saturdays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Thalia; June 7.)

Let the Good Times Roll—Music of the fifties: Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Fats Domino, Chubby Checker, and others. Directed by Sid Levin and Robert Abel. (Loews Tower East.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Quad Cinema; through June 12.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyable soppy goes. In French. (Thalia; June 6.)

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Lost Horizon—A middle-class geriatric utopia high in the Himalayas. In this new Ross Hunter musical version, directed by Charles Jarrott, Shangri-La is about as alluring as Forest Lawn. The generally embarrassed residents include Peter Finch, Liv Ullmann, Sally Kellerman, John Gielgud, Charles Boyer, and Michael York. (Guild.)

Love—If you suggest going to a Hungarian film to almost anyone but a Hungarian, you are apt to face mutiny, but this film—by Károly Makk—is much recommended. Reviving and vivid about the true nature of aristocraticism. In Hungarian. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting June 13.)

The Mack—With Max Julien and Don Gordon, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Thalia; June 9. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 3; June 10-12.)

Marianne (1929)—Marion Davies, as a French girl during the First World War, in a flimsy story involving a pet pig, four orphans, and a company of American soldiers. The M-G-M movie was made in a silent version and in this talking and singing version, which has a charming, lighthearted score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown that includes "Just You, Just Me." With Lawrence Gray, Cliff Edwards, and Benny Rubin. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 10-12.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This remorselessly breezy, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with some parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owens, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Music Hall.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Riverside; through June 12. . . . ¶ Thalia; June 13.)

The Mattei Affair—Francesco Rosi's film about a hero to the Italians who fights for control of the oil wells. The picture, posing as Socialist, seems rather confused about the nature of monopoly, and ends with the line, "Now I'm in India. . . . If they throw me out I'll go to Australia," after Mattei has said solemnly on an oil rig in the middle of the Indian Ocean, "It's not easy to live here. We've had cases of madness, and of homosexuality." In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Mechanic—With Charles Bronson and Jan-Michael Vincent, directed by Michael Winner. (Waverly; through June 12.)

Memories of Underdevelopment—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (68th St. Playhouse; through June 9. . . . ¶ Art; starting June 13.)

Money, Money, Money—Claude Lelouch's knockabout comedy concerning a set of farcical urban pirates whose most rewarding theft lies in kidnapping the Pope. The picture is not funny, funny, funny, but fairly. In French. (Paris.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Thalia; June 6. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 3; through June 9.)

Nancy Goes to Rio (1950)—One of the vacuous, bright-colored, wholesome musicals featuring Jane Powell that Joe Pasternak produced for M-G-M. With Ann Sothern, Barry Sullivan, Carmen Miranda, and Hans Conried. An abysmal score, featuring such songs as "Nancy's Goin' to Rio." Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 9.)

The Nelson Affair—Written by Terence Rattigan, who seems to relish almost exclusively Emma Hamilton's boozing, her swearing, and the loss of her figure. The posthumous gossip column has come to the movies. Nelson is played by Peter Finch, who must get some of the lousiest film parts any great actor ever had. (He was a wonderful Trigorin onstage in London.) Glenda Jackson belts bravely into the foolishly written role of Lady Hamilton. Margaret Leighton, looking beautiful, imbues Lady Nelson with true gallantry. James Cellan Jones, a Welshman trained mostly in TV, directs the vulgar-minded business, which is to be trusted chiefly on details of rigging. (Riverside; starting June 13.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style became overpowering, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Thalia; June 12.)

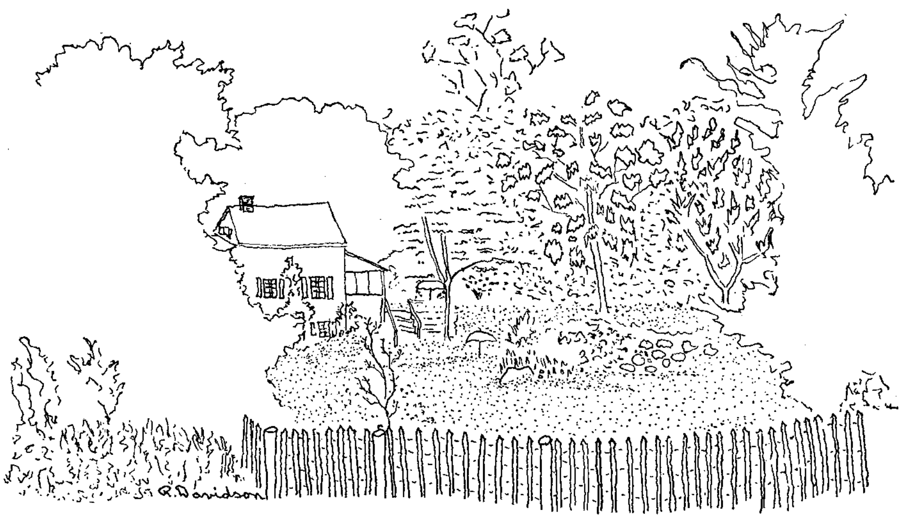
The Offence—Sidney Lumet directs a psychological thriller set on an English common in Buckinghamshire, with Sean Connery and Ian Bannen as the two halves of a man whose ambitions are split between his desire to do well in the police force and his urges as a rapist of children. The script, which has very interesting, clipped dialogue, is by John Hopkins, best known as a writer of distinguished English TV plays and at the Royal Court Theatre, in London. Trevor Howard is fine, as always, commanding a marvellous ebb and flow of gesture. (Waverly; through June 12.)

O Lucky Man!—With Malcolm McDowell and Ralph Richardson, directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Cinema I; starting June 13.)

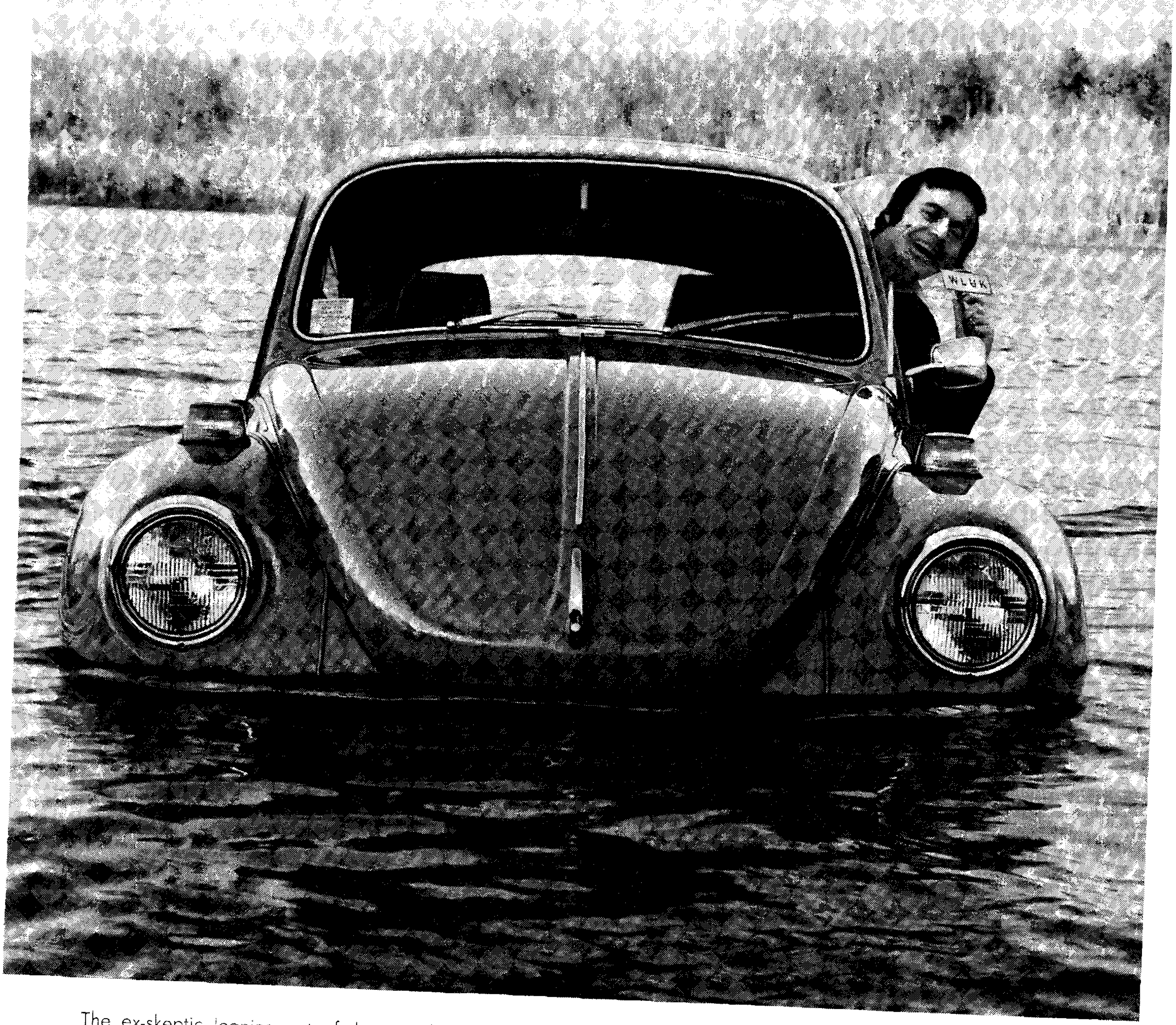
Paper Moon—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who sells to new widows Bibles that have been quickly "personalized" in gold on the covers, and an eleven-year-old tomboy played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (Coronet.)

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid—With James Coburn and Kris Kristofferson in the title roles. Directed by Sam Peckinpah. (East 59th Street I and Loews 83rd St.)

Payday—An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter, makes it possi-



"A funny thing happened when I decided to expose that phony floating Volkswagen commercial."



The ex-skeptic leaning out of the Volkswagen window is a television reporter named Stanley Siegel.

Like a lot of other people he saw our floating car commercial.

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He didn't really believe that our car is made so well, it's practically airtight.

So he borrowed a Volkswagen from a local dealer; went out with a camera crew; and hoped to come back with pictures of it lying on the bottom of something called, believe it or not, Beetle Creek.

Fortunately, as you can see in the re-enactment above, that's not how things worked out.

What people watching station WLUK in Green Bay, Wis. saw on the news that night wasn't a sunken Volkswagen.

It was a surprised Stanley Siegel.

In fact, as he put it himself, "These things really do float."*

What's more, the VW even started up. Without any trouble. On the first try.

So as far as we're concerned, while Stanley Siegel may not have come back with the exposé he went out for, he still produced something very worthwhile.

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ble for the director, Daryl Duke, to cover the grimy country-music scene of a small-time recording star—Maury Dann (Rip Torn), a goaty, rancidly unromantic third-rate Johnny Cash. Shot entirely on location in Alabama, this is an acrid, hardboiled melodrama with a feeling for authentic characters and details. Rip Torn, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better. (Quad Cinema, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Symphony; through June 12.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (72nd Street East; through June 12.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Elgin; June 7-12. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting June 13.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller twinges. (Thalia; June 8.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling these orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through June 7. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East and Olympia; starting June 13.)

Scarecrow—With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema I; through June 12.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Riviera.)

Slither—This first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (St. Marks Cinema, Quad Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; through June 12. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting June 8.)

The Soul of Nigger Charley—A sequel to "The Legend of Nigger Charley," with Fred Williamson again playing Charley. Directed by Larry G. Spangler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (U. A. East.)

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Mitrione, who worked for A.I.D., was trained in the U.S., and worked in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Beekman.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—Liza Minnelli's sad, quizzical persona—the gangling body and the features that look too big for the face—are ideal equipment for the role of a desperate, funny, imaginative college girl in this surprisingly gentle, surprisingly good film, directed by Alan J. Pakula. With Wendell Burton. (Olympia; starting June 13.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me—Truffaut's newest, and not by any means his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too-easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (Waverly, Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 13.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Gramercy; through June 7.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Quad Cinema; through June 12.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immortal Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Thalia; June 8.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Quad Cinema; through June 12.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Thalia; June 12.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Quad Cinema 3; through June 9.)

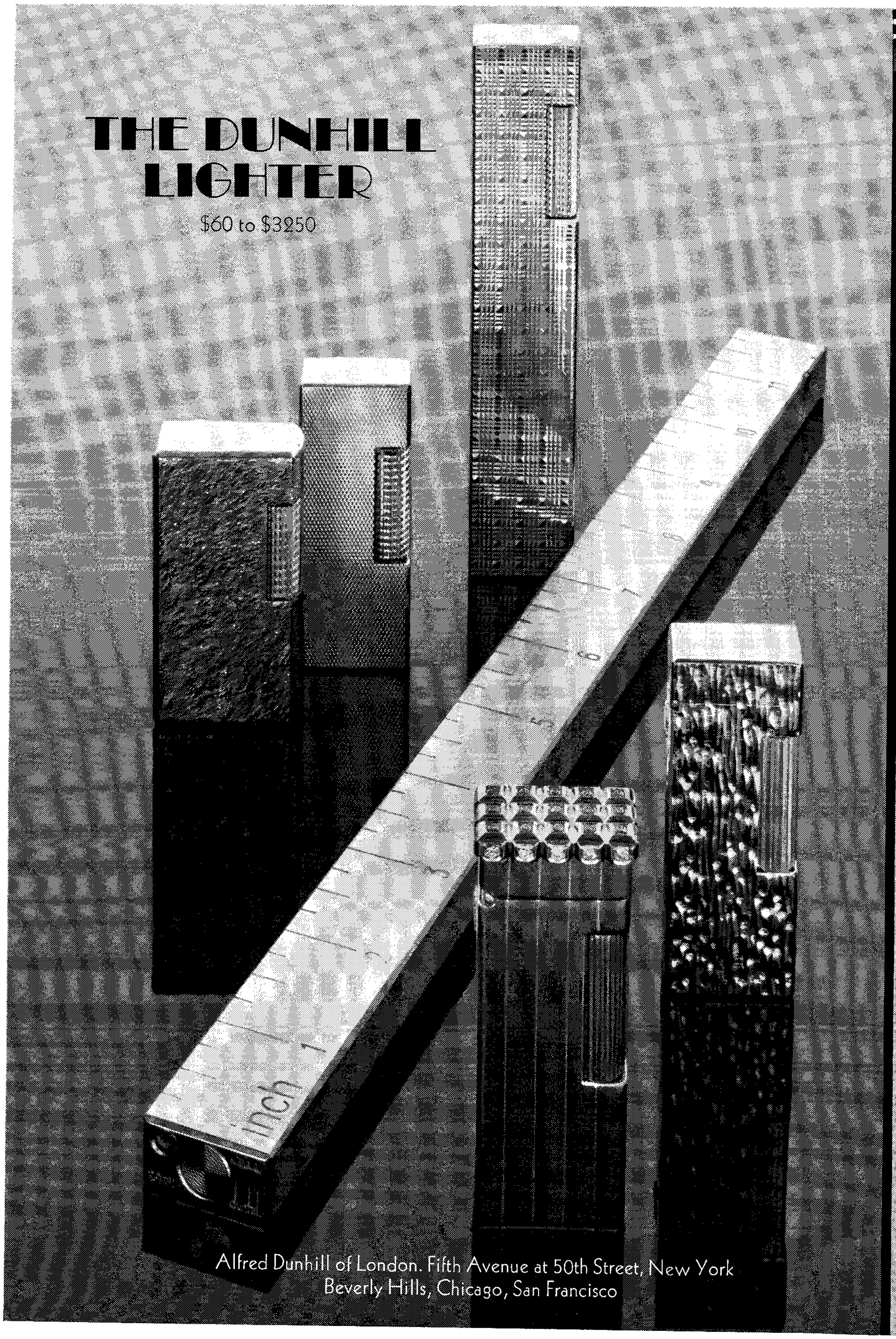
A Warm December—Directed by, and with, Sidney Poitier. (86th St. East.)

What's Up, Tiger Lily? (1966)—(The discreet comma was not always in the title.) Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Elgin; June 7-12.)

Women in Revolt (1972)—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno-burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the junk fantasies of Andy Warhol's "superstars." (Quad Cinema 3; June 10-12.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 12. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting June 8.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Thalia; June 14.)



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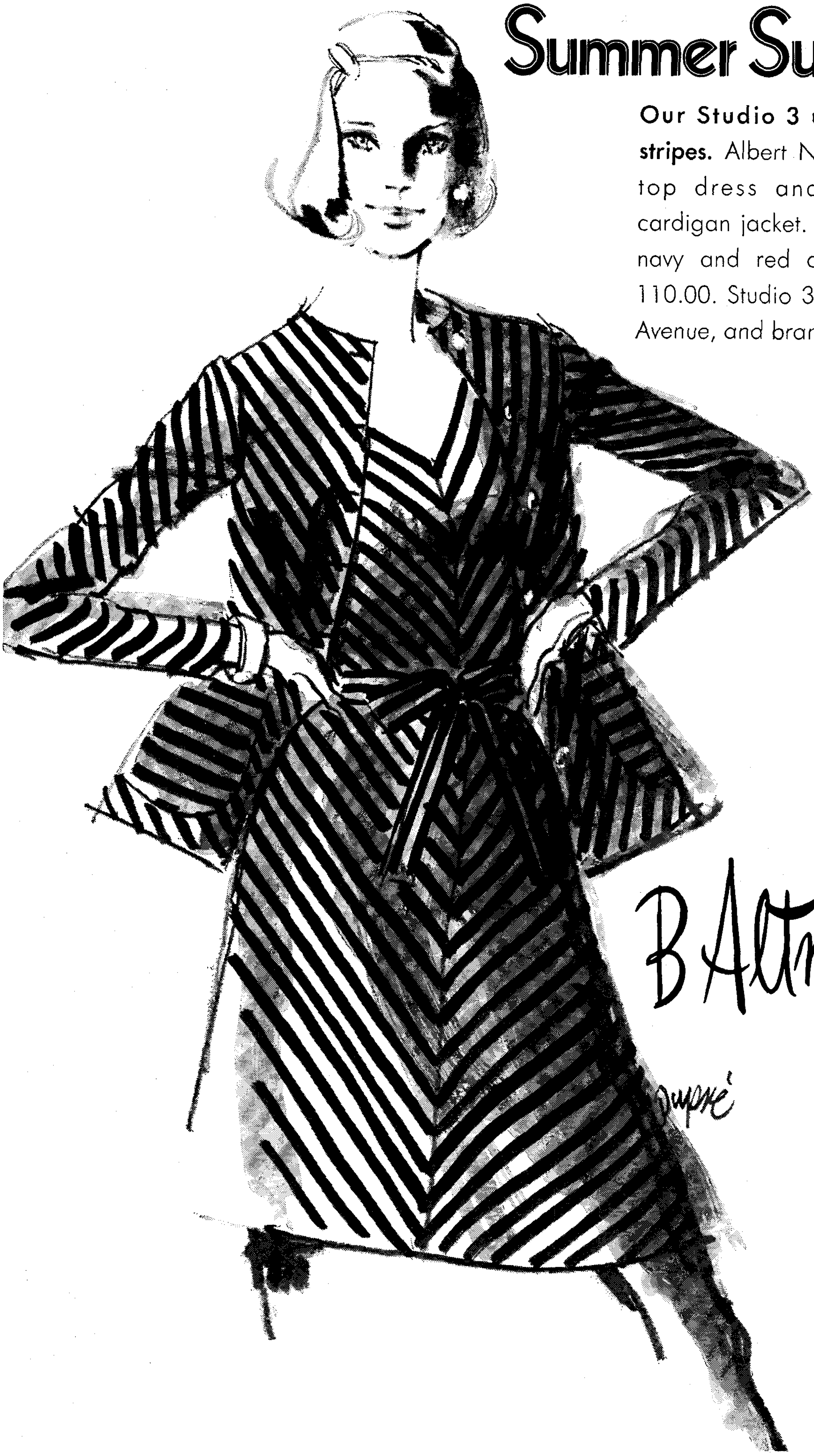

Summer Sum-Up

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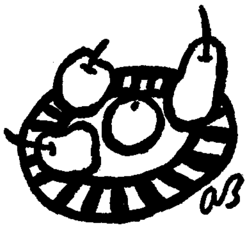
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN James W. McCord, Jr., according to his testimony, declined to obey a clandestine White House instruction that he plead guilty at the trial of the Watergate burglars, a White House emissary warned him, "Everybody else is on track but you. You are not following the game plan." If there was one thing the Nixon men could not stand, it was someone who refused to follow the game plan. Another of the Watergate defendants, Bernard L. Barker, had a better idea of what was required of him. On being asked at the Senate Watergate hearings what he thought he had been put up to when he was told to break into the Democratic National Committee Headquarters, he answered, "I was not there to think; I was there to follow orders, not to think." Later, speaking of his superior, E. Howard Hunt, Jr., whom he greatly revered, Barker said, even more self-effacingly, "I was part of Mr. Hunt's image." Last summer, the country had a long look at another piece of the Administration game plan, in the form of the Republican National Convention. What was presented as an outpouring of spontaneous enthusiasm for the President turned out—when a script fell into the hands of the press—to be a three-day display of carefully staged, minutely controlled political theatre. Every word, every gale of laughter, every patter of applause, every cry of enthusiasm had been planned and approved at the White House weeks before. Even instances of uncontrol had been planned, for at one point the script indicated cheering and applause so vigorous that the chairman's gavel blows—also indicated in the script—would fail, for an allotted time, to bring order.

With the Watergate revelations flooding the news, the country is learning about still more pieces of the Administration game plan. The full extent of the staging and manipulation is still unknown, but what we have already learned throws a great deal of the rest of the record in doubt. Settled or forgotten questions open up again. We know that the 1972 election was heavily sabotaged. The Administration, far from sincerely struggling against the influence of long-haired radicals, was pushing them to the center of the stage. Far from working to subdue them, it was hiring replacements for their depleted ranks to create disorder at the Conventions and elsewhere, the better to divide and conquer the electorate. One unkempt young man is reported to have been hired to sit in front of the White House wearing a McGovern button. And if the real radicals were not committing enough crimes the F.B.I. encouraged them to commit more, and taught them how. The Nixon men were flooding the mails with fake letters. They sent them out to the people under the names of opposition candidates. They sent them *from* the people *to* the candidates, and to the press. They even sent themselves fake letters. False information was leaked to the press; phony ads were put in the newspapers; phony samplings were sent in to the polls. Doubtful scenes from earlier periods float out of memory: Nixon, just before the 1970 elections, standing up to face a mob of "demonstrators" in California, then making an angry televised address; the hardhats attacking demonstrators in New York, then receiving an invitation to the White House; the P.O.W.s stepping off the plane with words of praise for the President on their lips—words that he now repeats in his public addresses. Nothing in the Nixon years has been quite what it seemed to be. Much of the public record, from which we all take our bearings, was a deliberate sham. People and institutions that were thought to be acting independently turn out to have been acting under orders. Americans, more and more, were falling in with the White House game plan. And the script of this plan was not just for a political convention, or even for an election; it was for the whole political life of the nation. As one revelation follows another, a factual seasickness sets in. Half a decade of our history spins before our eyes and then dissolves.



Mays at St. Bernard's

A YOUNG friend of ours in the fifth grade at St. Bernard's School, on East Ninety-eighth Street, called us up the other day to tell us that Willie Mays was coming there that afternoon to talk to the students about baseball. Our friend offered to cover the story for us and to write it after he came home from the dentist. His report arrived, as promised, and here it is:

Willie Mays spoke to the boys in the gym, where about a hundred and twenty-five of us sat around on the floor. Willie Mays stood up, looking very individual. He has great posture. He wore a beautiful suit of blue-and-white checks and a bright-blue shirt with a tie of many colors. Our headmaster, who usually wears a tweed jacket, was standing on the sidelines, and he kept smiling at Willie Mays happily. One of our older teachers stood at the entrance to the gym, peeking in, and she looked puzzled but terribly interested. Willie Mays said he loved to talk about baseball and the best way of talking about it now would be for him to answer questions. Everybody in the place, almost, raised his hand to ask a question, so Willie Mays started with a guy on one side, and then seemed to work his way over to the other side. The first question was "How come you don't use an aluminum bat?" Willie Mays said he liked wood better. He has a surprisingly light-sounding voice. He talked so fast, and the guys asked so many questions so fast, I caught about one question in five. I'll give you the questions I caught, with the answers Willie Mays gave:

Q: "What's the greatest play you ever made?"

A: "The greatest play I ever made was in high school or kindergarten. It was my first hit."

Q: "Do you think you could beat Babe Ruth's record?"

A: "I don't think I could beat anybody's record with my shoulders and legs in the shape they're in now."

Q: "Did you ever make a triple play?"

A: "Not yet."

Q: "When did you first know you were good?"

A: "Every time the ball went up in the air, I felt I could catch it."

Q: "What was your longest home run?"

A: "Well, I always felt this way—I never worry as long as the ball goes over the fence."

Q: "Did you want to get traded?"

A: "I don't have anything to say about it. My gosh, man! Do you want to get homework? You don't have anything to say about it—right, man?"

Q: "Who is your favorite pitcher?"

A: "It never made any difference to me as long as I could hit the balls."

Q: "Who'd you hit your six-hundredth home run off of?"

A: "Mike Corkins, of San Diego. Now, you didn't think I'd remember that, did you?"

Q: "What made you become a baseball player?"

A: "I just liked baseball."

Q: "How many kids do you have?"

A: "One. He's thirteen."

Q: "How many good seasons have you had?"

A: "Eight."

Q: "Which do you like better—grass or that composition stuff they play on?"

A: "I like grass better. I know my legs and what they do according to the way the ball bounces. But on this new stuff you find the ball bounces all kinds of ways. It's not reliable. On grass, you *know*."

Q: "Do you feel sorry about anything you ever did in baseball?"

A: "The way I feel about anything I've ever done, I feel you can't look back. Always look forward."

Q: "How do you keep yourself in such good condition?" (Our gym teacher asked this one.)

A: "I sleep a lot. I don't eat too much. I eat a big breakfast—three eggs, sausage, coffee, juice. All that kind of stuff. But I eat only two meals a day. Most guys eat three. Some eat four. I play golf. I walk a lot. But eating and sleeping, those are the main things. I sleep during the day. I don't mean you have to *sleep*. Just lie down. Rest. Relax yourself. Do you guys realize how old I am?"

"Forty-two!" (This was yelled by almost everybody in the gym.)

Q: "What do you do when you're sitting on the bench?"

A: "We talk a lot."

Q: "How long did it take before you got famous?"

A: "I never think about things like that. When you're playing a sport, you don't worry about being famous. You think about catching the ball, doing the best you can at that particular moment."

Q: "Do you think baseball is a rough sport?"

A: "It *is* a rough sport, man! That ball is coming at you at ninety miles per hour. Man, that's rough."

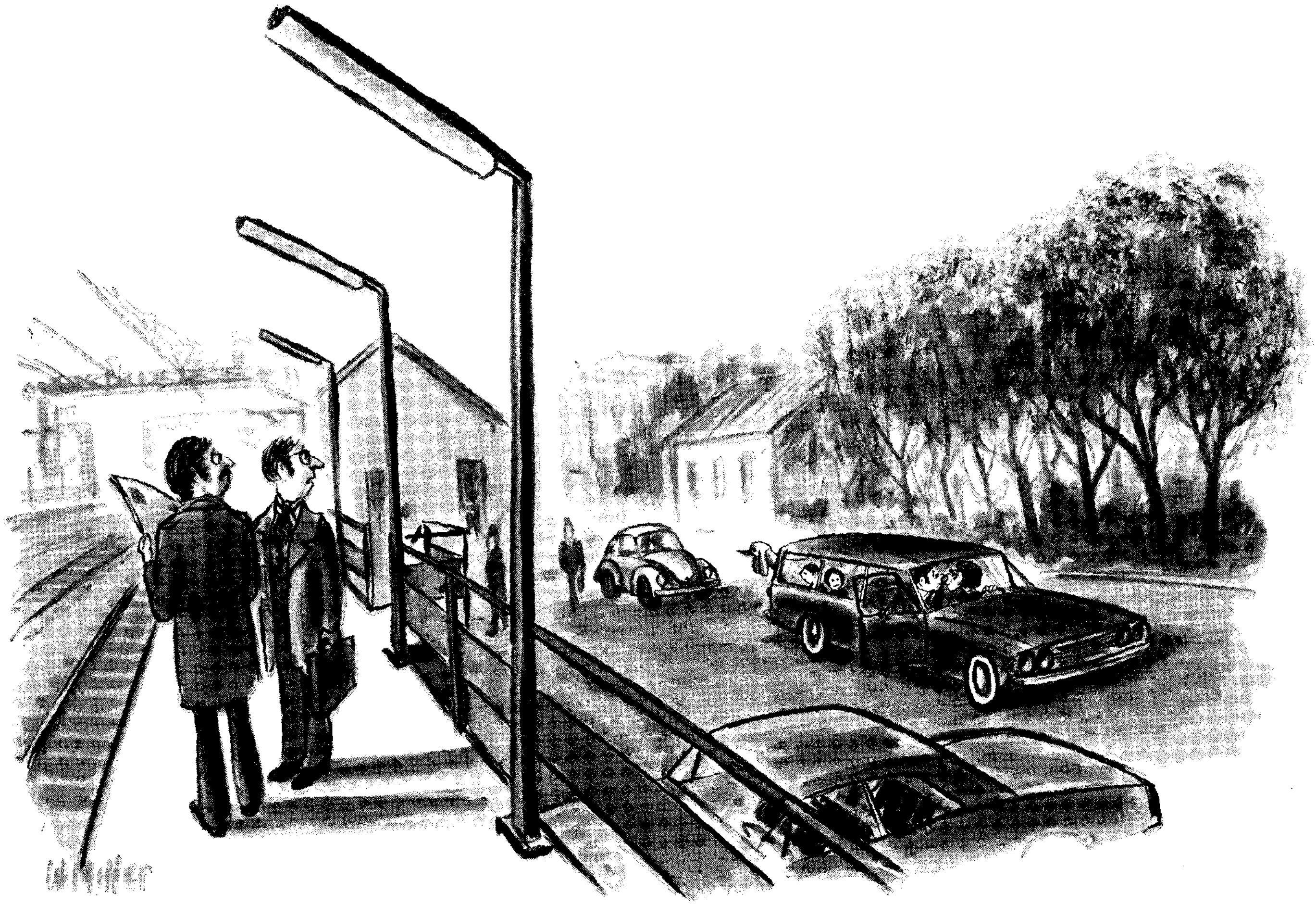
Willie Mays wrote a lot of autographs after he stopped answering questions. Then he drove away in his car, which is a pink limousine with a white roof.

Philadelphia Loan

THE Grolier Club's recent blockbuster loan exhibition of books, manuscripts, and drawings from the Philip H. and A. S. W. Rosenbach Foundation Museum of Philadelphia was suggested by Robert S. Pirie, who is a member of the club's Committee on Public Exhibitions, and whose familiarity with the P. H. and A. S. W. dates from the early nineteen-fifties, when, an undergraduate at Harvard and already a considerable collector of books, manuscripts, and drawings himself, he was given a key to its vaults, and was thus able to spend a dozen or more fascinated weekends inspecting their contents. Housed in a twenty-four-room house that once housed the Rosenbach brothers, the collections include, along with English furniture and silver and more than a thousand portrait miniatures (Philip's specialties), some twenty-five thousand books, most of them rare, many of them with famous illustrations, and one hundred thousand pieces of manuscript material (the specialties of A. S. W., known as the Doctor). Two hundred and ten items went to the Grolier (in an armored car), and they took three men four nine-hour days to install. They featured the Bay Psalm Book of 1640, the first book printed in what is now the United States; copies of the first surviving books printed in Mexico City, Philadelphia, and New York; a unique first issue of Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanack" and the autograph manuscript of his "Advice to a Young Man on Choosing a Mistress;" the manuscripts of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," Conrad's "Lord Jim" and "Nigger of the Narcissus," Conan Doyle's "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," and Joyce's "Ulysses" (returned to New York for the first time since the Doctor bought it, at the John Quinn auction, in 1924); the major portions of the surviving manuscripts of "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby;" all that remains—one page of two stanzas—of the manuscript of "Omar Khayyám;" five leaves of the "Life of Dr. Johnson;" the first issue of the first edition of "Don Quixote;" George Washington's earliest known letter, written when he was seventeen, and his manuscript survey map of the Mount Vernon estate; other letters, ranging from a Savonarola and an Abraham Lincoln to a Keats (to Fanny Brawne) and a Warren G. Harding (to Calvin Coolidge); and drawings by Fragonard, Cruikshank, Beardsley, and Thackeray—for the last illustration in "Vanity Fair."

We chose the evening of our visit to the Grolier Club because it was the occasion of an address, "The Rosenbach Collection, Past, Present, and Future," by Clive E. Driver, the museum's director and the selector and chief installer of the loan exhibition. He stressed the fact that the Doctor was a collector as well as a dealer: the things that he left to the museum were not for sale in his lifetime. Some of them—duplicates, and so on—*have* been sold in recent years, and the proceeds applied to new acquisitions, which now constitute about one-sixth of the whole. A notable one is the entire literary effects of Marianne Moore—correspondence, library, and, indeed, the furnishings of her apartment—and we asked Mr. Driver, whose special enthusiasm this is, about it soon after the applause for his talk had died down.

"I used to follow her around to her readings in the early nineteen-sixties,



"What's up? That's Harv Fliedner's ex-wife Doris's car, and that's Harv, but those aren't Harv's kids, and they aren't Jenny Beckworth's, and that isn't Jenny, but that's Jenny's dog, Mitra."

• •

when I was a cataloguer at City College," he said. "We were both living in Brooklyn. She would stop to talk to *anybody* on the street, and then amble on home. In 1965, when I moved to the Rosenbach Museum, and *she* was about to move to Manhattan, I got in touch with her and told her that the Rosenbachs would be interested in any books and papers she didn't want to take along. All kinds of booksellers and institutions were after her, but she came to us. She knew Philadelphia, from having gone to Bryn Mawr, and she admired a big Marie Antoinette clock in the museum's collection, which has snakes telling the time. I moved sixty cartons out of her apartment. She knew virtually all the important literary figures of her day, and she corresponded with many of them—Pound, Eliot, and so forth. She wrote fifty letters a day, and she kept copies of most of them. She and her mother and her brother wrote one another every day—we have around fifty thousand letters in that exchange. I went to see her three times a week for almost a year. We're going to reproduce the living room of her apartment on our third floor. Another new acquisition is over two thousand drawings by Maurice Sendak. He's here tonight. Both he and Marianne lived on West Ninth Street, which is one block long. So we did very well on West Ninth Street."

We thanked Mr. Driver for a good evening, and he said, "Did you know that the Rosenbachs had a second-floor dining room with a little garden in back that had an electric moon?"

Hurok

SOL HUROK, the renowned impresario, is eighty-five, and he has been in show business for sixty years. A week or so ago, there was a gala benefit concert at the Metropolitan Opera to honor the great man. The performers were Isaac Stern, Roberta Peters, Jerome Hines, Antonio Gades, four pairs of celebrated ballet dancers—people like that. It occurred to us shortly before the concert that there was only one man in the world who could put together a concert of this sort. So we went to a rehearsal on the afternoon of the gala, and, sure enough, when we walked into the darkened auditorium, there was Sol Hurok, sitting in Row 3, supervising the rehearsal.

Some background on Hurok: The Hurok formula for success—presenting topnotch artists at reasonable prices to the largest possible audiences. Hurok trademarks—Russian-accented English, a broad-brimmed black fedora, a black opera cape, self-confidence, attention to detail. An old friend of his told us, "Hurok is the only man I know who can talk about himself in the third person and sound absolutely natural." A grateful client told us, "Let me give you an example of the way he works. The Stuttgart Ballet is in town right now. Another manager would set up the performance, throw a party, and drop by occasionally to see how things are going. Not Hurok. He's there every night, wandering backstage to watch the technical crew, making sure the entire company is comfortable and happy, checking the box office, counting the house."

In 1913, Hurok persuaded the violinist Efrem Zimbalist to play a recital for a Socialist Party gathering in Brownsville. That was the first Hurok concert. In the intervening years, he has made a lot of money and lost a lot of money. Opera and ballet companies are dubious risks. “I don’t know exactly what makes box-office,” Hurok has said. “But if people don’t want to come, nothing will stop them.”

Back to the rehearsal. We sat next to Hurok. His first words: “This is something you will not see again in a hurry. Eight of the greatest ballet dancers in the world all on the same stage. I think we will have about a hundred and seventy thousand dollars’ worth of talent here tonight. I’m very happy that all of these artists think enough of me to come.” The eight ballet dancers were Margot Fonteyn, Desmond Kelly, Marcia Haydée, Richard Cragun, Lynn Seymour, Alexander Grant, Natalia Bessmertnova, and Mikhail Lavrovsky.

Sir Robert Helpmann, the English actor-dancer, came by looking for Agnes de Mille. “We have to decide who’s going to announce what,” he said.

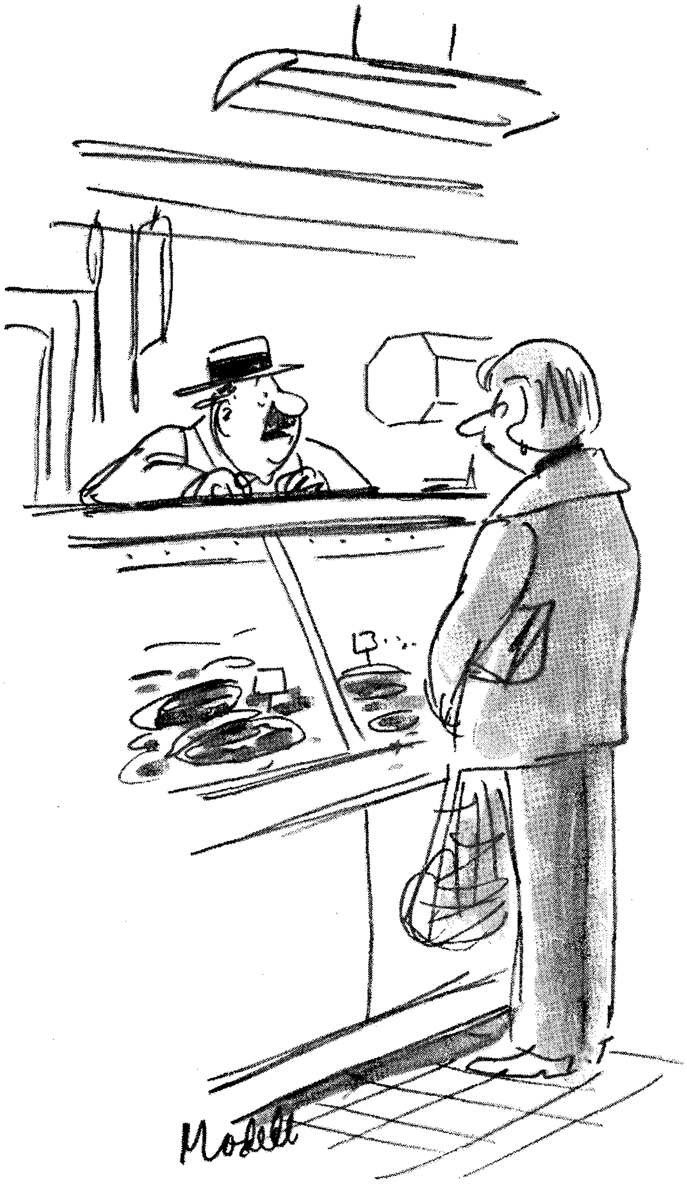
“What’s going on here tonight?” Hurok asked, in mock surprise. “What’s this all about?”

“It’s about *you*,” Helpmann said, smiling. “Why do you think I flew ten thousand miles for one evening? You know, you don’t even look seventy.”

“Hurok’s age is not for the calendar. If you feel well, and if the things you love are still happening, you don’t give up. If I retired, I’d get sick.”

We asked Hurok about his life.

“I was born in Pogar, a pretty village in the south of the Ukraine, destroyed in the First World War by the Germans. My father ran a hardware store supplying the farmers in the area. The first time an automobile came into Pogar, the peasants were convinced the Devil was sitting inside. In 1905, my father sent me to Kharkov to study the hardware business, but on the railroad platform I met a friend who was going to America. ‘How much does that cost?’ I asked him. ‘Five hundred rubles.’ Well, I had five hundred rubles, so I came to America. I wrote my parents a letter from Philadelphia. When I was loading newspapers at night for the Philadelphia *Press*, a man there took me to his home and played Wagner until breakfast time. So I met classical music. In New York, I set up a musical society called Music for the Masses, and ran a series of popular-priced concerts on Sunday afternoons. We started in the first Madison Square Garden, and then moved to the Hippodrome, which seated four thousand people. In many ways, this was the most satisfying part of my whole career, because we got hundreds of thousands of people who would never have listened to classical music any other way to come to those concerts. In the twenties, I started with Pavlova, and in the thirties I presented the Ballet Russe. Everyone warned me I would lose my shirt. Yes, I lost some money, but we built up a national audience that really appreciates fine dancing.”



“I didn’t say the prices were tapering off. I said the increases were tapering off.”

We wanted to know if he had prepared a speech for that evening.

“No,” said Hurok. “What can I tell four thousand people who have come to pay tribute to me? That I have been fortunate enough to manage some of the greatest artists in the world? That whatever I did I did with great satisfaction, enthusiasm, and a lot of happiness? That for me this profession is exciting every day of my life? I think I’ll just tell them to come to another performance of the Stuttgart.”

Parade

On Sunday, May 20th, there were five parades in New York. There was a Greek Independence Day parade on Fifth Avenue, an auxiliary-police parade in Chinatown, a Norwegian Independence Day parade in Brooklyn, a festival parade of Chassidic Jews in Brooklyn, and a Brooklyn Bridge birthday parade. We marched in the Brooklyn Bridge birthday parade.

On May 24, 1883, President Chester Alan Arthur led the mayor of New York two-thirds of the way across Brooklyn Bridge, where the mayor of New York shook hands with the mayor of Brooklyn. On May 20, 1973, Mayor Lindsay walked toward Brooklyn to shake hands with Brooklyn Borough President Sebastian Leone two-thirds of the way across the bridge.

There was a camel in the parade, and three marching bands, and antique cars, and balloons, and umbrellas, and about three thousand people. A fireboat saluted the marchers with half a dozen jets of spray. Another fireboat plied the river underneath the bridge, ferrying people across the East River without charge. The city is thinking about restoring ferry service on the East River, and the fireboat was demonstrating what the service would be like. Ferryboat service was suspended in 1942.

It rained most of the time. Spirits were high anyway. After we walked across the bridge, we rode back on the ferry and encountered William Walton, an old *PM* reporter, who had got roped into being the parade's coördinator. "The great thing, to my mind," he said, "is if we can hook a whole new generation of New Yorkers on walking over the bridge again."

The camel's name was Hannibal. He was rented for the occasion, and he was the first camel ever to cross the Brooklyn Bridge.

"I do feel, Freddie, that our *bloody scandal is a bit more human and appealing than* their *bloody scandal."*

Damp

OUR friend Winifred Rosen, who writes children's books, went to the *Paris Review* party. This has been a week for reports from our friends, young and old, and Miss Rosen reported the following:

Well, this year's *Paris Review* party was at the South Street Seaport, on the Alexander Hamilton, which is a steamboat that was built for sunny summer days on the Hudson. The party was on a rainy, chilly spring night. A Sunday night. The *Paris Review* party is a benefit for the *Paris Review*, a surviving literary magazine. The idea is to have literary people and fashionable people and some other people, too. This formula worked fine for a couple of years in the sixties. The best *Paris Review* party was at Cheetah, where Norman Mailer rubbed my stomach. The worst *Paris Review* party was in an abandoned church on Welfare Island. This year's party was better than the party in the abandoned church on Welfare Island.

At nine o'clock, there were fireworks. They weren't *Paris Review*-party fireworks, they were Brooklyn Bridge fireworks. Brooklyn Bridge happened to be ninety years old on the day of the *Paris Review* party. Some people stood on the decks of the Alexander Hamilton and watched the fireworks. Other people stood on the decks and watched The Watchtower, the headquarters of Jehovah's Witnesses, in Brooklyn Heights, which flashed electrical messages. The best messages were:

55°
GOD DOES CARE
THE ONLY HOPE
ENJOY LIVING

It was so humid the chicken was unable to stay crispy and nice. People were not alert, not peppy. And they were very sober. The party was spread out all over the boat, which was illuminated with low-watt bulbs. Nobody ever cleaned off the tables in the dining room. People wandered around trying to find a little warmth. A writer named Anne Beatts told me she had almost found a place. "There was this nice little *warm* room up on the third deck," she said. "It was all white and had a white piano and it matched my dress and we sang 'Follow the Gleam.' But the whole thing got spoiled when the bagpipe player came and played his bagpipe loud."

In another part of the ship, there was an old jukebox that played old songs too loud, and all over the ship there were bands that played too loud. There was also a very sweet numerologist in a stateroom with a private deck. He was a silver appraiser named Edward Kyle, whose hobby is numerology. For three dollars, he gave me ten minutes, which were measured by a beautiful pocket watch on a table in front of him, and he imparted considerable information. Our lives, he said, move in nine-year cycles. That doesn't necessarily mean that we're born during Year One of a cycle, however. We may check in right in the middle. The sixth year is always propitious. The seventh year is dangerous, but not too dangerous, as long as you don't drink excessively.

I overheard two good lines:

"Well, he's either *her* husband or *his* psychiatrist."

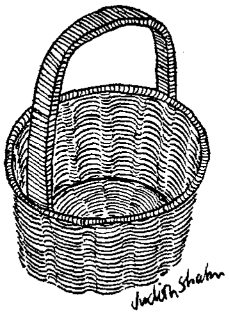
"Remember, the Metropolitan Museum has not yet been implicated in the Watergate scandal."

TROY STREET

IN his dream Laurence MacLean was home, back in Michigan, walking slowly down Troy Street in Geneva with a woman he thought, on waking, must be his wife, although he did not see her face. They went past the fieldstone public library, on the corner opposite the Methodist church, and past the first few of the small frame houses that backed on the ravine. It was late winter. Snow lay on the ground, though the walks were clear—old snow, stained at the base of the trees, crusted, pockmarked by rain. He seemed to be showing the town to the woman walking beside him. He pointed out a large house on the other side of the street. "That's the Hall place," he said. "A girl named Prince lived there. She lives in New York City now." It was in fact the Hall place, but the rest of what he said was dream. They kept on walking past low gray houses along the way he had often taken going to and coming from school, and then he got down on his knees in the snow beside the walk and bent over to kiss the ground. Soot-blackened snow, crusted and rough after thaws and freezes, stubbled patches of earth showing through. The sense that he had come home to the center of his world. MacLean sobbed aloud, a single cry, and woke up alone in his Manhattan apartment, oppressed with unfamiliar nostalgia.

Straightforward expression of homesickness and longing though it seemed, the dream puzzled him and remained with him. The crusted snow, the hard earth, the woman standing there. She was wearing a black evening gown, he thought, and over it a long white hooded cape. Perhaps not his wife, after all. She was his second wife. They had been divorced for three years, and in his dreams she and other women were often confused. MacLean had read somewhere that to dream of a specific, clearly identified spot on the earth's surface meant you belonged there; it was the place where you should go if you were, finally, to comprehend your own nature, to become yourself. Then, was he being told to return home—back to the shores of Lake Michigan, back to Geneva? In memory, surely, and not in actuality; *his* Geneva, after a third of a century, was no longer there. Back to his childhood, then? To where the map of his self had been drawn, its cardinal points fixed. He supposed so. He supposed that was what the dream "said"—telling him what he already knew. He was fifty now, and had for some time been trying to understand himself, trying to recall his first years. Well, he would go on trying. There was something in the dream that had the urgency of a command.

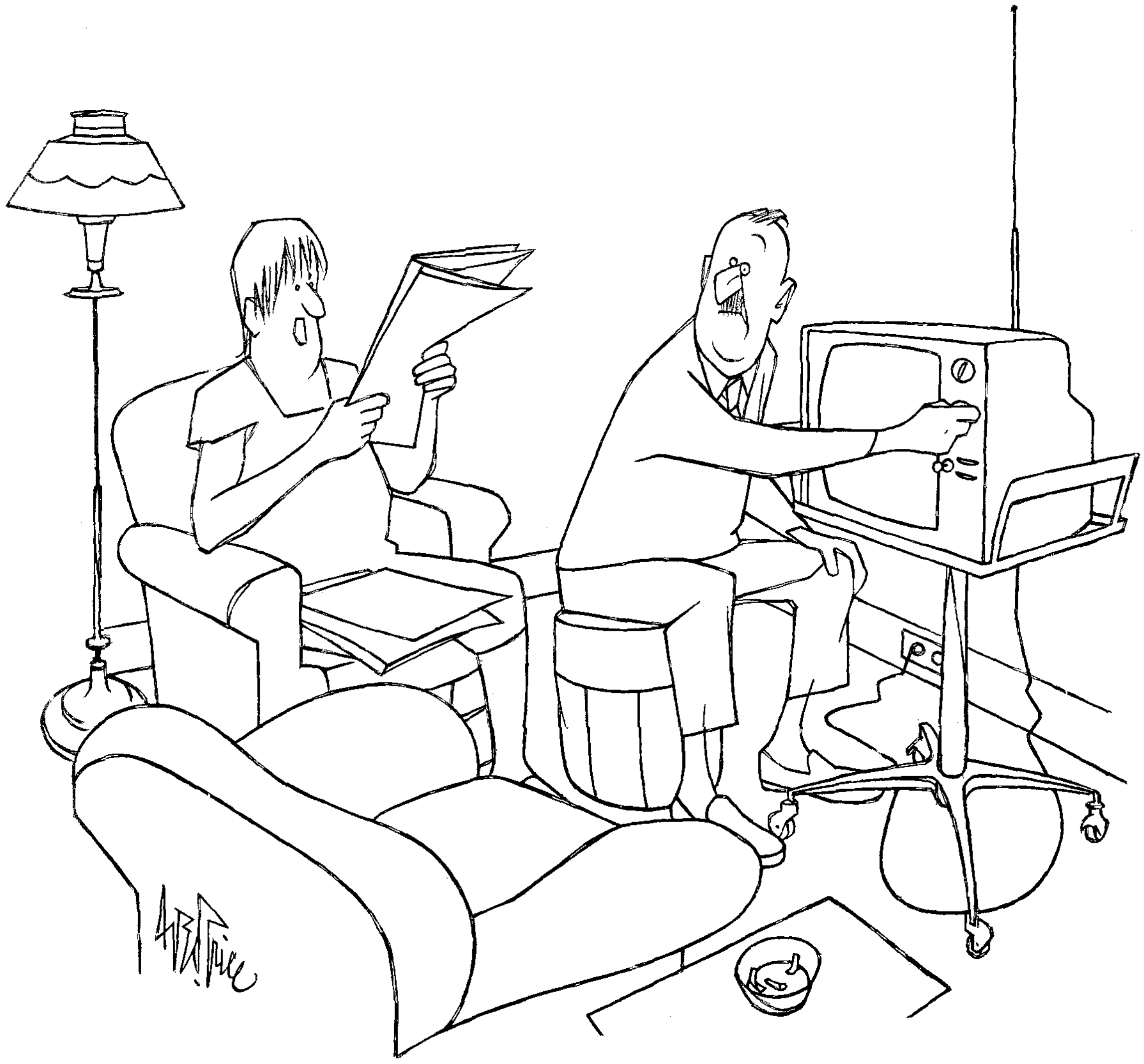
But the full meaning of the dream eluded him. That overwhelming sense in it of coming back home, back to where he belonged, was clear enough. But why precisely there—on Troy Street, blocks from where he lived? Blocks? No, not as far as that sounded. Not as far as it had seemed when on a dusty afternoon not long after his fourth birthday he had set out alone from the Doctor's house—Dr. Read and Mother Read, his maternal grandparents—to visit his Grandma and Grandpa MacLean alone. The spot where he knelt in the dream was about two blocks from the Read house one way, two blocks from the MacLean house the other. There on Troy Street, he was midway between them. Where, on his way to visit the MacLeans, the attraction of their house began to increase as that of the Read house began to wane. Where their forces were equally strong. At his magnetic center. Though the power of the Read house, where he and his parents stayed when they came from Detroit to visit and where he was brought up after his mother's death, was the stronger of the two.



But was that how he had gone from the Reads' to the MacLeans'? Not often. Not by himself. He usually took a shortcut through the ravine that ran down the center of the block. Going that way, he escaped the part of Troy Street that figured in his dream, where the trees were low and close together and cast thick shade, and where no one he knew lived but old Mrs. Hall and, a little farther on, Tom Corey. Ah, but it had been *there*, hadn't it, right in front of Tom Corey's place, that he had knelt in the dream? In front of that small low-eaved rough-shingled house, its front porch no more than a step above the ground?

Remembering that much, he began to remember Tom. "Don't you ever talk to that man," his Grandmother Read would say when Tom passed their house, walking swiftly, eyes straight ahead, his heels clicking—looking as if he meant to talk to no one at all before he got where he wanted to go. Tom was touched in the head. He dressed like a pirate out of "Treasure Island," and even from the Read porch, high and set far back from the sidewalk, you could smell the patchouli on him. Or Mother Read could. "Don't you ever let him *give* you anything," she would say. "If he ever tries to speak to you, I want you to run right home as fast as your little legs will carry you, d'you understand?" MacLean must first have heard this when he was very young—four or five. But Tom had never approached him, or anyone MacLean knew. He was always busy on affairs of his own. And what clothes he wore! Knickers of gray corduroy, strapped below the knee. White hose—women's stockings, it was said. Shiny black patent shoes like Pilgrims' shoes, silver buckles and all. Billowing shirts of white cotton, open wide at the neck when it was warm. A tight-sleeved waistcoat when it was cool. And in winter a long navy-blue cape lined in red, like the one George Washington wore when he knelt in the snow at Valley Forge. Tom Corey was a small man, old but with a show of power still in his arms and upper body, and he walked chest out, as if he knew exactly who he was and where he was going. He tied back his hair, long and black still, with a ribbon at the nape of his neck.

Tom had lived on Troy Street since well before the First World War. His house was across the ravine from the Read house, opposite their back lawn, and when MacLean was a child he often watched Tom working in his vegetable garden, down in the ravine. There and when he was gardening for people in the neighborhood he wore denim overalls and looked like any farmer. But he had once been a circus acrobat, it was said, and a sailor. He had been to Europe, to Africa. He came to Geneva one summer with the circus and stayed. He borrowed a rowboat and ferried people across the North River for a penny a ride, and before long he had saved enough to buy the boat. Tom's penny crossing, well below the bridge, was a quick, pleasant way to get from the town to the north beach. Grandfather MacLean, when he was managing summer cottages across the river in the early nineteen hundreds, rode over and back with him two or three times a week from July until September. It was about then that Tom took to wearing his sailor outfit, and he never



"'Wild Kingdom'—pretty tame. 'Revenge of the Mole People'—small bore. 'World of Disney'—Mickey Mouse. 'Mystery Theatre'—the butler did it. 'Lawrence Welk'—flat. 'Court Music of the Fourteenth Century'—next case. 'Estrellas de Buenos Aires'—South America, take it away."

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gave it up. At first, he lived in a shack on the riverbank, summer and winter. During the cold months he made a few dollars working with the men who sawed up the river ice and stacked it between layers of straw in the icehouse next to the fruit-packing plant. Then he got a little money—inherited it or saved it—and bought the Troy Street house. He gave up the penny crossing. There was a motor bus to the beach by then. He lived on until he was well up into his eighties, doing odd jobs around town. People tolerated him, but they warned their children away. There were stories. . . . Of what? MacLean could only guess. In Tom's last days, the stories were a good half century old.

How could a child not be in awe of Tom Corey—of Tom the Pirate, as the children called him? How could one not admire him? There were others that MacLean was not allowed to speak to—boys who were "bad," a neighbor who had been to prison, the riverbend Fergusons, who had married their own first cousins, Mother Read said, and worse. MacLean half admired them all, but never approached Tom or the others whose company was forbidden him. He seldom flouted restrictions, even when he knew they were unfair. He had wanted rules and boundaries then. He needed rules, needed to think them reasonable and right.

BUT the ground MacLean had knelt to kiss in his dream was in Tom Corey's front yard, and that was neither reasonable nor right. It made no sense at all. *There* had never been the center of his world. No. It was the edge of the forbidden for him when he was a child—of mystery, of something to be feared. Not Tom Corey alone—and he hadn't feared Tom, not exactly—but something about that street, that gloomy street where the poor lived. He was still uneasy walking down Troy Street. Was it no more than a lingering fear of the dark?

MacLean had had all a child's ordinary fears, he supposed, but what he feared most when he was young was nothing in his experience, nothing in Geneva. It was the Great War, which had come to an end before he was born. He would lie in bed at night, even into his early teens, and thank God quite simply that he had been spared that war, that he had been born after it into a time of peace, and in America, a peaceful and prosperous land. In western Michigan, where there had never even *been* war, where the Indians had signed away their lands and moved peaceably to reservations without a fight. He felt the Great War there back of him, threatening him still. His father had been in it, in the front lines, and had been lucky (MacLean overheard someone say this when he was very young) to get back alive. His father never talked about the war, except in a joking, guarded way. His voice rose in pitch when the subject came up, as it did when he spoke of MacLean's mother, for many years after her death. The war, like sex and death, was something of which no one in MacLean's family would speak directly, and he read anything about the war that he could find in the Read house and the public library: Remarque and Hemingway, Pershing's memoirs, Dos Passos, Henri Barbusse, Guy Empey, C. E. Montague, "Her Privates We." He would try to place his father in the scenes of which he read—to dress him in military uniform, put him among rats and the bodies of the dead in a muddy shell crater, see him firing his Colt .45 or lobbing a Mills grenade, hear him singing with his fellow-officers, "Here's to the dead

Wm Hamilton

"Even in a think tank, Glebov, nobody likes a smart aleck."

who've left us, and here's to the next to die." But he had no success.

For his father (in fedora, dark business suit and vest now, with white shirt and watch chain and figured tie) *had* come back alive! He *had* been lucky! MacLean would recite this, too, as he lay in bed. His father, Captain Charles C. MacLean ("Howdy, Cap'n," the old-timers sitting on the railing in front of the Geneva Bank always said), had come back without a scratch, wearing a French Croix de Guerre and the double silver bars of his field commission, and married his mother, Jeannie Read, and they had had him, their son Larry. Laurence Read MacLean. Their little Larry. Their Schnickelfritz. Their Stick-in-the-Mud. How lucky he was! How lucky he was to have been *born!* For what if his father had not come back? There would be no Laurence Read MacLean at all.

That persistent sense throughout his childhood of the war behind him, and ahead of him a future shining bright. He saw his life then as a path of light that led away from the blackness of the war, was clouded for a time by his mother's death, and then went straight on, glowing, toward a future that would look like the drawings in *Popular Science*—tall hexagonal towers, their tops in the clouds, with dirigibles overhead and, lower down, Autogiros like dragonflies shuttling between landing platforms half a mile up in the sky.

He had never for more than a day found himself without hope, although he had rarely for as much as a day been without fear. And here in the city, working on Park Avenue in one of its shining towers at a job he enjoyed as often as not, wasn't he alive in a future much like the one he had imagined? Had he been wrong to hope? Had he been wrong to be afraid?

His mother taught him to pray, and his prayers ended "God bless all of us, and *God bless me!*" He would shout it sometimes, bouncing on his bed after the formal bedside prayer was done—laughing, his mother laughing with him.

His God was not a punishing God. MacLean had been told only of Heaven. The place of Hell was taken in his imagination by nothingness, by senselessness, by what was at the heart of nearly everything he feared—dissolution. (Feared and sometimes sought for.) That was what had terrified him about the Great War—men blown to bits by the thousands, senselessly. Utterly destroyed. . . . Senselessness. Meaninglessness. The dissolution of meaning. He feared these as he feared losing consciousness, losing control—something that he already knew by the time he was eight or nine. He had tantrums, and he fainted sometimes, and his nosebleeds took a long while to stop, and he wet his bed, and he was knocked unconscious once or twice. By the time he was eight, he had been skipped two grades, and there were boys in his class, though he was strong enough for his age, who could knock him down. He avoided fights. He shied from physical contact. He gave up rather than go on with a fight, even if he was winning—especially when he was winning. There came to be so little point in fighting with him that he was usually left alone.

What self-confidence he had been given! Always, in luck for the moment or out, that preserving sense of his luck in the long run. He knew that he had been born at the right time and in the right place, though he knew no more of his vocation or of his destiny than that his future was bright.

And so he would lie there in his bed in the back upstairs room of the Read house, sure of his future and of his good fortune, as indolent at nine as he was to be at twenty-nine—lie there congratulating himself. How lucky he was to live in Geneva! There was no safer place to be. He would lie between the stiff muslin sheets, imagining earthquakes, hurricanes, tornadoes, fires—all of them somewhere else. Or he would see before his eyes the great world, spherical (nearly) and immense, serenely moving on its course about the sun, spinning away, spinning away, enclosed and cushioned by its atmosphere, its surface scarred and troubled by disasters and wars, while he, Larry MacLean, lay safe and sound in his bed.

"God's in his heaven—all's right with the world." Alas, he felt still in his bones that this was true. He had been given no subtler belief than that. "God is good, and has a care of us." Like St. Augustine, he had never come to believe less. "In joy the universe was created, in joy it is sustained, in joy it will be dissolved." That, too? Yes, perhaps. But what did he know of these things? He seldom prayed. He fled the Church—any church—as if it were the Enemy. And there was no humility in him. Only that blasted blind American confidence. Nothing deprived him of it for long.

The confidence came from his mother. His father had less of it; an ironic last-ditch courage took its place. MacLean had found a notebook in the Read attic not long before the house was torn down in the late fifties. In it, along with a record of his intellectual progress for his first six years, he discovered his mother's lecture notes. She had taken a course on child development. *He* was the child. There he read, in his mother's hand, his own instinctive, anachronistic belief—what everyone, he supposed, had been taught in American schools in the early years of the century:

> Nature keeps things in order. We are divinely given a mind and curiosity to try and understand the divine mind and its divine plan. The more we study the law and plan of all living things, the more humble we should feel. . . . We try to figure out scientific laws to understand the divine plan of life. . . . Scientists are men of divine insight, for after all we are no more than Servants or Helpers of God.

Geneva had two famous sons that MacLean knew of. One a botanist, the other a geologist. They both were scientists in the old way—classifiers, discoverers of the natural order, the divine plan. In the same notebook he read:

> God started the seed growing. He started the ball rolling, and it follows its own laws. Nature keeps things in order. The young of horse not zebra. Wolves never foxes. Thistle seeds never grow sunflowers. . . .

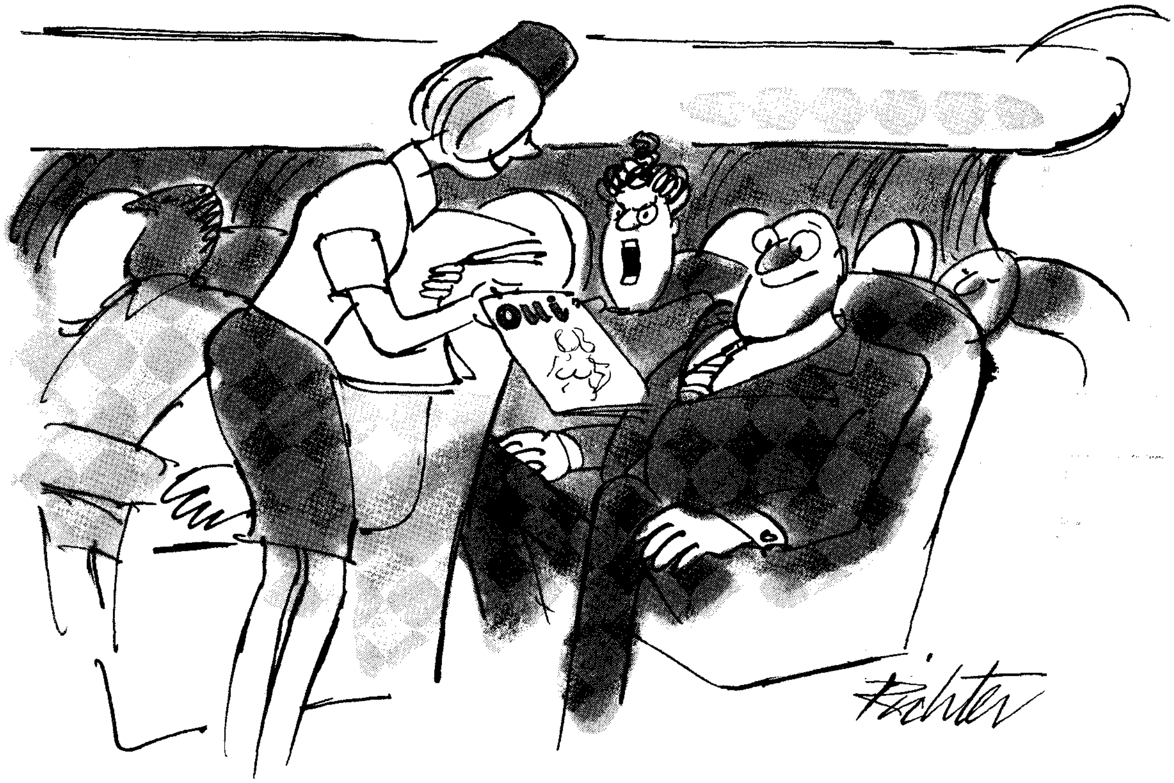
That sanguine belief in the world's rightness! Taught in school and church, where they sang:

This is my Father's world
And to my listening ears
All nature sings and 'round me rings
The music of the spheres.

Lying on the Reads' broad lawn one night, MacLean had heard the music of the spheres.

An ordered world, of which he learned in civics class as well as science class. The rightness of the civil order, springing from the twin fountains of law, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution! Those geometric charts he had been required to copy until he knew them by heart, in which were displayed, boxed neatly, the departments of government on the federal, the state, the county, the township, and the municipal level. All those tables of organization, and not a word about power! He was in the eleventh grade before a history teacher suggested that the legal order and the political order might not be the same.

Yet no matter what he was taught he felt always, behind him and beneath him and within him, hints of darkness. No one in his family, neither Read nor MacLean, would acknowledge the dark. Indeed, their energy—pioneer's energy, still—was turned entirely toward denying it, toward overcoming the wilderness. The Reads, especially. His grandfather, a school principal who had gone to college at thirty, with a wife and two children, in order to be a doctor. His grandmother and his mother, teachers. His uncle, too, a doctor. The Read house, with its edifying books and magazines. The compendiums of useful information and gems of literature. The sets of Tennyson and Thackeray and Scott and "Great Events by Famous Historians." The *Golden Book* and *Delineator* and the *Review of Reviews*. The Reads had tried to do so much—beyond their capacities. They had gone too far from the farm. But were the MacLeans, who had expected less and who achieved less, any more aware of the dark? His father, perhaps, but it was something he did not care to go into. For MacLean, the dark was never far away. The ravines in the town, most of them uncultivated tangles of brush, unlike Tom Corey's garden. The nights of storm, when the electric light would fail. The North River, deep and opaque between the two piers. The North River near the bridge, where there was ice-skating in winter and you could buy roasted sweet potatoes and eat them out of your hand. Children drowned there if the ice broke, Mother Read said—ice that was thick enough to be sawn out in blocks two feet square! He was not allowed to skate on the river. And the darkness of the inland lakes, bordered by pines, where men fished through the ice in winter as they sat in sheds beside coal stoves. If they forgot to move the sheds, MacLean had believed, the ice would slowly, slowly melt, and they would slip quietly, chairs and hissing stove and all, into the depths below. And the darkness of the grave. And the dark of nothingness, the absolute black of never having been at all. For if his father had been blown to bits, then he, Larry MacLean, could not have been born. He would lie in bed sometimes trying to imagine the unimaginable, his own nonbeing. But then, when he was seven or eight, he would begin to imagine something else—himself in another body. Could he already have known of the transmigration of souls? And whenever he tried to imagine himself in another body, it was that of a young girl. Thinking of it in those first years after his mother's death, he would slip into languorous fantasies. He had already read the story of the boy Tip and his friends (Jack Pumpkinhead, the Tin Woodman, and Mr. Woggle-Bug among them) in which Tip, long under the wicked witch Mombi's evil spell, is transformed at the end into what he has always been, the Princess



"*Non!*"

JUNE BUG

June bug came on the first of June,
plucking his guitar at the west window,
telling his whole green story, telling—
little buzzard who is all heart who
wants us to know how expensive it is
to keep the stars in their grainy places,
to keep the moles burning underground,
for the roots are stealing all the water,
and so he pulses at each window, a presence,
a huge, hairy question who sees our light
and thinks of it:
                    You are the food,
you are the tooth, you are the husband,
light, light, sieving through the screen,
whereon I bounce my big body at you
like shoes after a wedding car.

—Anne Sexton

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Ozma of Oz. How MacLean had longed to become that princess, fresh and beautiful as a May morning, her eyes as sparkling as two diamonds and her lips tinted like a tourmaline, with her robes of silken gauze floating about her like a cloud, and dainty satin slippers on her feet! For a time he persuaded himself that he was indeed a princess, trapped in the ordinary body of a boy.

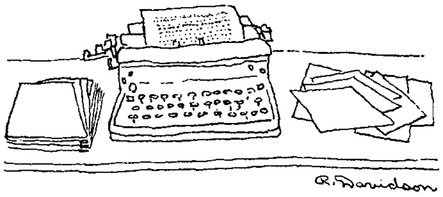
But he was a boy, and his father's son, and he knew it. People told him he was the spit 'n' image, and teased him about his ears, which stuck out as far as his dad's and his Grandfather MacLean's. Like a taxicab going down the street with both doors open, his father said. The porter on the train from Detroit to Kalamazoo once remarked, looking down at the two of them, "My, my, Mister, you *sure* left your mark on him." MacLean's father never tired of that story. By the time he was thirteen, MacLean had forgotten his fear of the Great War and forgotten the Princess Ozma of Oz. He was determined to get into West Point.

How much, though, he had once wanted to be a girl! Less was expected of girls, and so much was expected of him. Could he ever become all that the Reads and his father wanted him to be? He lacked something, he didn't know what—in spite of that sense of rightness he had, that sense of his luck. He did not know that others, older than he, might have the same feeling of incompleteness. The people in his world were as solid as statues, all of a piece. Including Tom Corey.

Before long, voices and images would begin to tempt him away from Geneva, but when he was not yet more than a child he knew where he belonged. The world outside was a spectacle, no more—a picture show that played in his mind while he thought or read. He had no real desire to be elsewhere than he was, much as he wanted sometimes to be other than he was. Years would pass before the great world found its power over him. Years more would pass before its power began to wane.

All along, emissaries were coming to Geneva from that alien world. Summer excursion boats from Chicago that brought poor Jews from the West Side for a few days' stay at one of the resorts in the woods far from the lake shore, from which they would be brought to the north beach in old trucks and buses—even a horse-drawn charabanc—on which were painted letters in a strange script and curious consonantal names. And there were the rich, the Gentiles, families from Cincinnati and Memphis and St. Louis who came to live beside the lake in their summer houses. And the one-ring circus that pitched its tent in August across the river. And the travelling tent theatre that performed its melodramas and its barnyard farces in late September each year, after the summer people had gone. The sideshows that came to town on flatcars—medical wonders and freaks of nature that he was not permitted to see, and an evil-smelling, embalmed, eroded carcass of a whale that he was. And the stunt fliers. And the slave ship that anchored below the bridge one summer, rusty shackles and fetters still in its hold. The sweetish smell of the stockyards that came from Chicago now and then on a strong, hot wind. The light from the Lindbergh beacon on the Palmolive Building far across the lake, flashing every sixty seconds, reflected off the clouds. Once, Chicago's skyline, pink and shimmering, upside down—a mirage! It lasted for hours, and he watched it from the beach all one afternoon. And the ships from England and Norway carrying white clay and bales of wood pulp for the Kalamazoo paper mills. And the Scotch whiskey and sharp English cigarettes that the ship's officers would bring to the Read house when they came to dinner with his Aunt Betsy and her boyfriend, the shipping agent in Geneva. MacLean's first cigarette had been a Senior Service, his first taste of hard liquor Vat 69. And the movies. Those stiff Bible dramas, tinted rose or blue, that were shown in the church on Tuesday nights, and the science movies in the school assembly, and on Saturday and Sunday the talkies in the Michigan Theatre downtown. And Tom Corey.

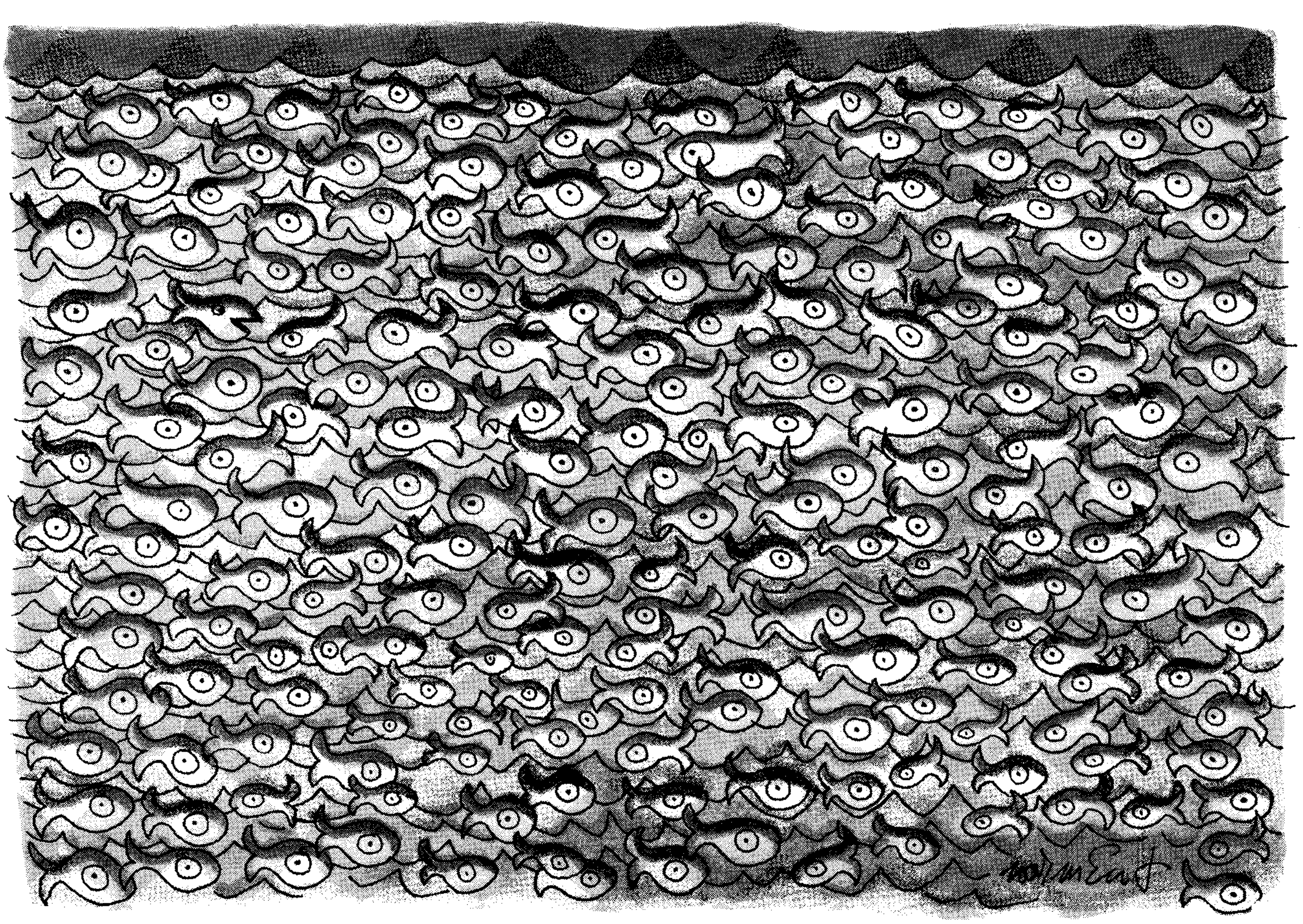
All the unknown, slowly becoming the familiar, which would soon begin to elicit his fears and his desires.



MacLean had worked for Tom Corey once. Not for long. He had nearly forgotten. It didn't last for more than a fall and winter. He was twelve, already in the ninth grade, and busy, his time after classes taken up with orchestra practice, band practice, the brass choir, the Scouts. At lunch one day, his grandfather had asked him to stop by the hospital after school, and in the Doctor's office there, with the thick green and blue obstetrics and surgery books that MacLean was not allowed to look at, though he could read Gray's "Anatomy" if he wanted, and the essays of Osler, and the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, his grandfather said, "I know how much you have to do, but I want you to help Tom Corey out with his chores. He turned his ankle this morning and broke it, and he's upstairs with a brand-new cast on one foot. He'll be going home tomorrow."

"Grandma says I'm not allowed to even *talk* to Tom Corey," MacLean said. He played his grandparents off against each other when he had the chance.

The Doctor went on. "Poor Tom is old and frail now," he said. "He's as gentle as a lamb, and he's a neighbor." Then he showed MacLean where the fracture was, drawing a line on MacLean's own ankle with his finger and



"I think I'll make a motion that we adjourn."

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twisting the ankle enough for him to feel the stress that would break the bone. It could have been no more than a hairline fracture, for Tom, old as he was, wasn't laid up for long. MacLean took care of his fires—the four-lid cookstove in the kitchen and the potbellied stove with the isinglass window in the living room. Tom slept in an alcove off the living room. There was a pantry next to the kitchen, and a back room full of junk, and an inside toilet but no bathtub, and that was all. MacLean went over there in the morning on the way to school and in the evening, before or after dinner. And on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays. He shook the stoves down, took out the ashes, and kept the scuttles filled from the coalbin outside. And took out the garbage, and ran errands if he had to. The old man fed the fires himself, and fixed his own meals, and washed up. A clerk from the IGA store who lived down the block brought his vittles, as Tom called them, though MacLean remembered taking something from the Reads' dinner table to him now and then.

How MacLean begrudged the time it cost him! And he wasn't paid a cent.

Old Tom didn't think much of the arrangement, either. "Never had to be taken care of before," he'd say. "I can fend for myself." But he couldn't. The ankle pained him. MacLean would find him in bed at first, with a stocking cap on. And once with it off. He was nearly bald. That black hair of his was a wig.

Tom's temper improved as the ankle hurt less and he grew used to having someone around, and MacLean would find him sitting at the living-room table by the window, or out in the kitchen doing the dishes. He could stand, using an armpit crutch. So long as he wore the cast, he dressed in robe and nightgown, with a cloth slipper on his good foot.

MacLean thought him ungrateful. Never more than "Hello, boy" out of him at first. Much of the time, he was reading the Geneva *Journal*. MacLean brought him the family copy, one or two days old, after everyone in the Read household was finished with it. Tom pored over the paper with a magnifying glass. He had no attention to spare for MacLean at all.

MacLean told his father, over from Detroit on one of his weekend visits, that he was working for Tom Corey. "Sailor Tom?" his father said, anxiety in his voice. Then he laughed his barking laugh, almost a cough—not unkind. "Tom used to be quite a character," he said. "Don't get him going on Africa. He could be a holy terror once he got started, back when I was a kid." Dr. Read said that Tom had changed since then, and was an old, old man.

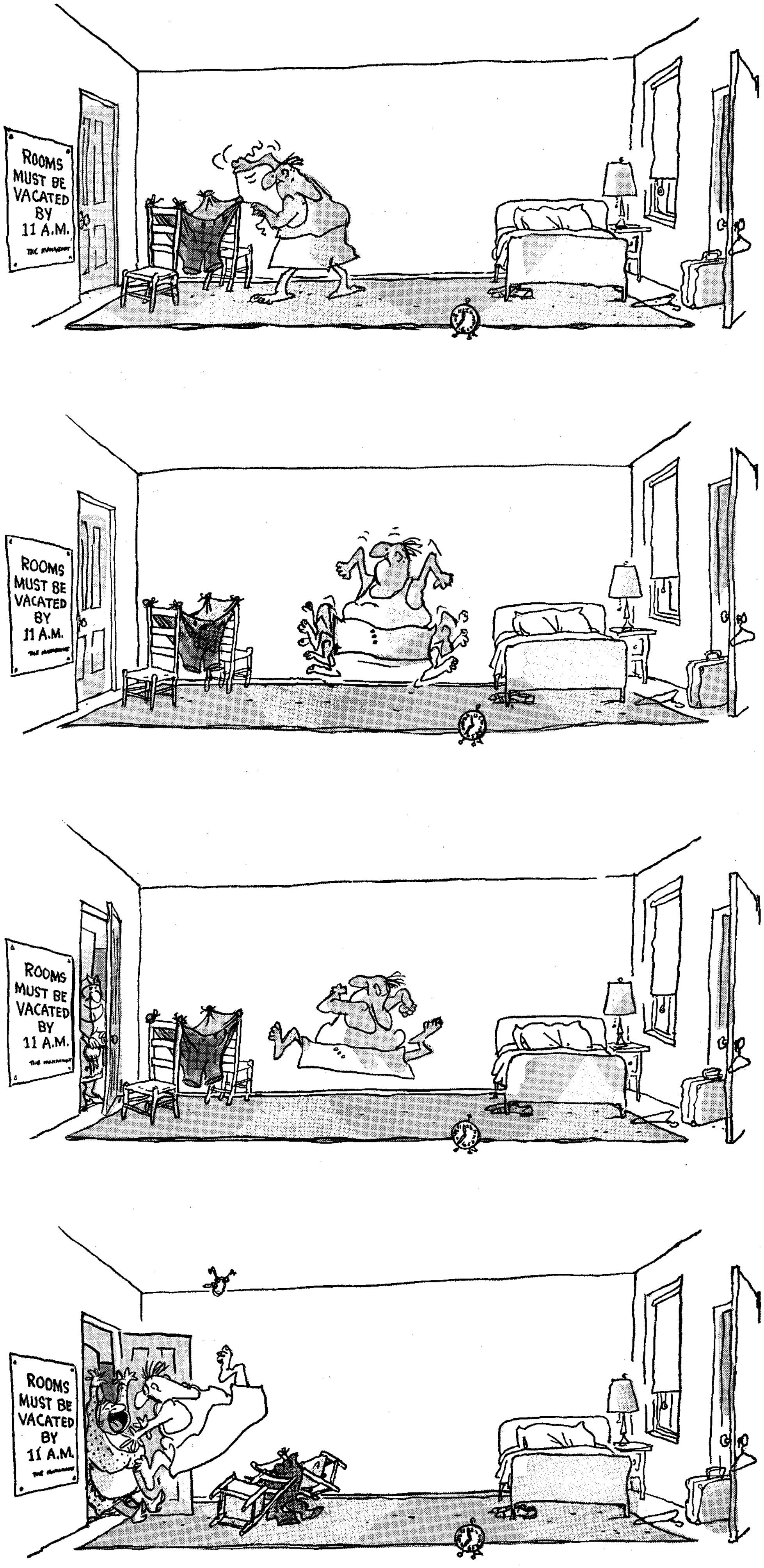
But Tom wouldn't talk about Africa when MacLean asked him. He parried his questions the way MacLean's father did questions about the war.

There were mementos of Africa in the house: A small, cracked tusk, its point broken off, stood in one corner. On a wall hung a framed map of the continent with legends in a foreign language and with neat ranges of mountains crisscrossing the Sahara. Near it was a brown photograph of Teddy Roosevelt in khakis and sun helmet, gun under his arm and a dead lion lying at his side. The picture had been carefully cut from a magazine and tacked up. A pair of curved antelope horns, cracked and broken, hung over the door to the living room. In the alcove was a wooden mask in which hair and beard were formed by rusted nails driven into the face and skull.

And then MacLean began playing cards with Tom Corey—blackjack, with burnt matchsticks for money. Tom taught him the game. "Hit me! Hit me again! No more!" they would cry. The old man, looking at his cards, would open his eyes wide. He had one shortsighted eye, and would bring his head down close to the table to make sure of his hand. MacLean learned how to flip out the cards smartly. During Christmas vacation, they played by the hour in the afternoon. The living room was full of light then, when the trees were bare and when, outside the three small-paned windows, there was fresh snow. MacLean remembered Tom's eyes, a clouded bluish gray with yellowed whites. There was no depth to them—or, rather, no complexity, no human complexity. The eyes of a man wearing a mask that he could not remove. But the eyes of an old creature, utterly spent, with nothing left in him to draw one to him at all.

One evening when MacLean went over to shake down the fires, Tom greeted him at the door, back in his sailor outfit again but propped up still by his crutch. "Surprised you, hey?" he said, grinning, pleased as Punch. Looking like Punch. His black wig was on his head, his face was shaved and powdered, and the Pilgrim shoes were on his feet.

"I'm back in my shoes," he said happily, sitting down in his chair behind the round table and looking at MacLean with wide-open eyes. "I polished 'em this afternoon." He held out first one and then the other white-stockinged leg for MacLean to see. "Your granddad took off that cast this morning," he said. "I told him not to tell you." He grinned. "The Doctor made me as good as new," he said. Tom's twangy voice rang clearly now in MacLean's head. He went on. "I've


ROOMS MUST BE VACATED BY 11 A.M.
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always had very small feet," he said confidentially. "Not easy to fit. Size 6 Double A. Wimmin's 6 Double A. These are wimmin's shoes. They fit beautiful again, left and right. You'll see. Next week, I'll be dancing a jig."

It may have been on that night that Tom began to tell him of his life in Africa. MacLean remembered little of it—of stories heard once nearly forty years ago. How much, he wondered, was he making up in trying to remember? How much had Tom made up, speaking of a time more than fifty years before? The young boy from western Connecticut fresh off the farm—a handsome lad in those days!—who was cabin boy on a steamer to Liverpool in the early seventies, then shipped with a friend on a sailing vessel headed down the African coast. Meeting hunters somewhere (on the ship? in one of those African ports, Luanda or Cape Town or Lourenço Marques?) and going along with them, after ivory and ostrich feathers and skins, into country (could it have been around the Zambezi?) that hadn't yet been hunted out. Two big Dutchmen, with Tom and his friend, and two Kaffirs who had hunted with the Dutchmen before, and the guns and dogs and horses. Only four packhorses. Few supplies. They traded meat from their kills to the natives for fruit and grain.

Had Tom shot many animals, MacLean asked. "They did," Tom said flatly. "We boys never fired a gun from June to December. *We* were there for work and entertainment." MacLean had the picture in his mind still that he'd had then—the two boys in the campfire's flickering light, their chores done, Tom's friend playing his banjo while young Tom Corey dances a jig.

Tom had shown him a copy of their kill list on ruled paper that had been folded and unfolded many times, written with a nib pen in ink rusted with age. MacLean could remember nothing more of it, but he had seen enough such lists since reprinted in the back pages of hunters' memoirs, for Tom had driven him to read of the white hunters as his father had driven him to read of the Great War. How terrible those kill lists were! "LIST OF GAME SHOT," they were headed, and under that the dates—say, "June 7–December 18, 1873." And then the accounting—a casualty report, with all victims neatly summed up and tallied in rank order, from the great beasts on down. Totals at the bottom of each column, neatly carried forward, and the grand total at the end. Elephant, 22. Rhinoceros (black), 2. Rhinoceros (white), 1. Hippopotamus, 4. Lion, 2. Giraffe, 5. Buffalo, 17. (That meant, probably, that the hunters, carrying their newfangled breech-loading rifles, had come upon a great herd.) Zebra, 3. Wart hog, 2. Ostrich, 2. Spotted hyena, 1. And then would come the antelopes, the rank and file: Eland, 3. Sable antelope, 12. Roan antelope, 2. Kudu, 2. Gemsbok, 1. Waterbuck, 1. Lechwe, 1. Puku, 3. Blue wildebeest, 5. Hartebeest, 1. Tsessebe, 27. (Another rout.) Impala, 6. Steinbok, 2. Say one hundred and twenty-seven in all? An average kill for a long season in the eighteen-seventies. A few years earlier, the totals ran higher.

Tom told him of the wonders, usually, and not the destruction. The hunters were made welcome in most villages, for there had been few white men where they went and they were bringers of meat. In one place they had been feasted by the chief in a spacious, cool building where young girls, naked except for their loincloths, knelt before each of them holding a round palm-grass tray, laden with meat and fresh fruits, off which the men, sitting on low stools, dined.

Of the elephant they always cut out the heart, Tom said, and of the buffalo the tongue.

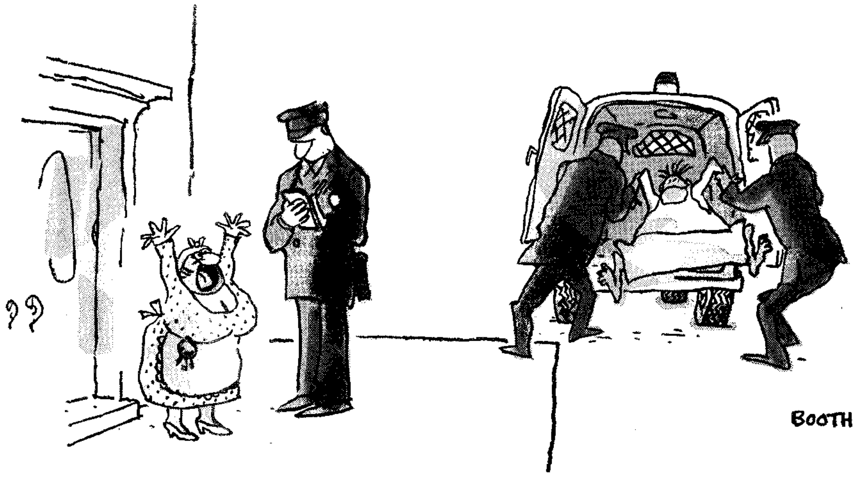
The Bushmen—little yellow fellows—who joined them on one hunt opened a great flap in a dead elephant's side, as big as a barn door. Then they pulled out his organs and his entrails, Tom said, and bathed inside him, singing, in his blood. They believed the blood gave them long life and strength, the elephant's powers.

One day, Tom had come upon a great herd of elephants when, on horseback alone and well away from camp, he broke through a stand of trees to find a plain before him. There they all were, hundreds of them, moving slowly, their trunks swinging, grazing silently like cattle in a field.

Tom had told him of a wounded elephant's death. MacLean remembered that clearly. The ankle by then was quite strong, for Tom took both parts. On one side of the living room, the hunter firing his gun, loading and firing again and again. Across the room, finally, the great creature dying. Ten shots, a dozen in him. More. Blood pouring from his side. "And then—" Tom stood raised to his full height with clasped hands held straight out at arm's length before him. He raised his hands high, still tightly clasped, and he howled. "That elephant stood right before us," Tom said. "He trumpeted with his trunk and he kept on trumpeting until the hills rang, with the blood spouting from him, *spurting* from that trunk in great spurts like the fountains at the Fair!" He dropped his hands and sat down at the table, breathing heavily. "And then the creature fell, and the ground trembled beneath our feet, and he was dead."

They cut the heart out of that elephant, Tom said, and found three holes in it where the bullets had gone clean through and another ball still there. And a dozen holes in his lungs. But he took better than an hour to die! Why, at his shoulder he stood over ten feet tall! His tusk weighed ninety pounds!

When he told MacLean such tales, Tom's eyes would shine—dimly, for he was quite old—and his voice would grow light. Oh, that terrible look of knowing, savage glee in a man's eyes! MacLean had seen it since, that sidelong glance. Once or twice in his father. Once in a good college friend, a bookish man who had read "Moby Dick" fourteen times, who came back from the Second War an infantry captain (he, too!) and told MacLean of marching prisoners off a cliff into the sea. "Those Germans," he said, with an odd laugh. "Perfect discipline. I told



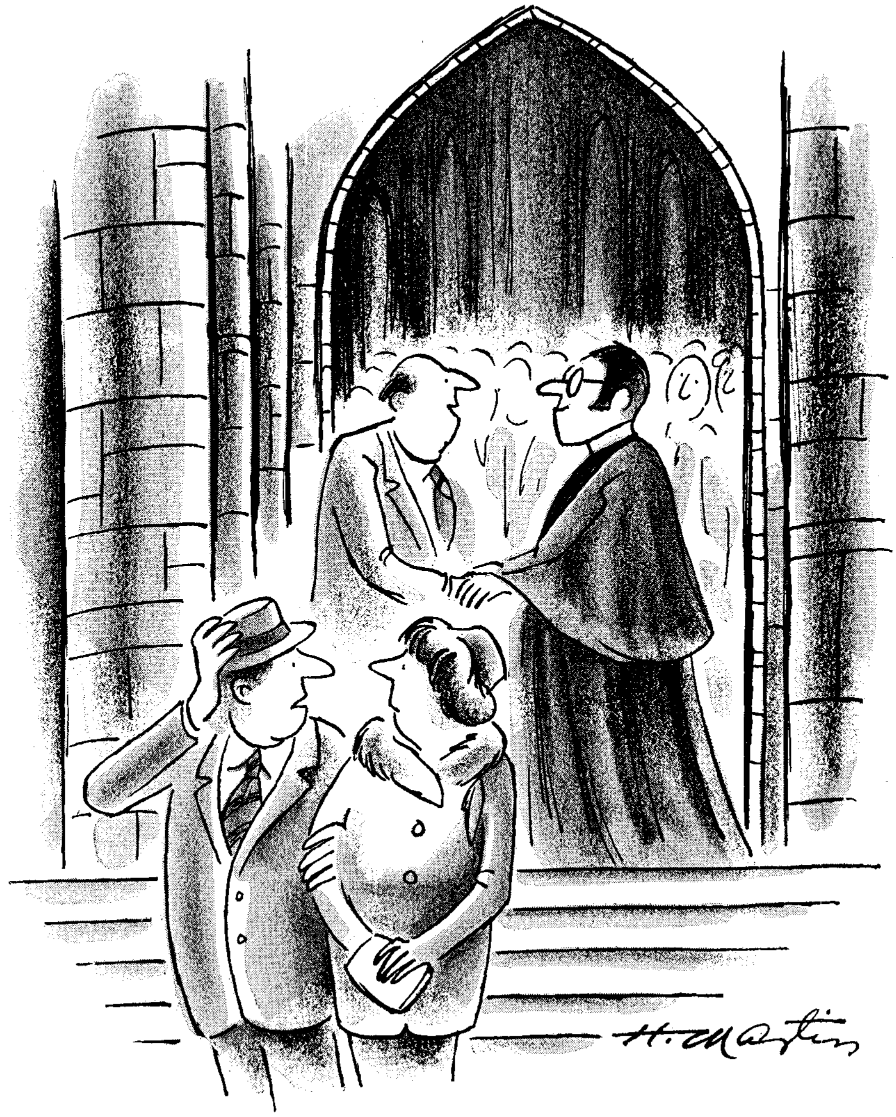
them 'Forward, *march!*' and over they went." (But he was a sensitive man still, and no more than twenty-five. Who could measure the depth and complexity of *his* glance?)

Tom was by now quite at his ease. "I was a strong little bugger in those days," the old man said once. "Nothing ever fazed me. Why, I fell on a wild pig and wrassled it—killed him with my bare hands. . . ." He hesitated. "Not my *bare* hands," he said, looking at MacLean slyly. "With my Booie knife. But first I wrassled him down."

Then he had looked at MacLean in a way that nearly frightened him. "Why, I bet I could wrassle you down right now," he said. "You're a skinny sort of kid." But he stopped short, shaking his head, and told MacLean to go home.

They had Indian-wrestled, though. Arm against arm, seated at the round table in the living room, close enough to equal for it to be almost a contest. MacLean was strong for a skinny kid. The old man had muscles still. MacLean sat there, exerting almost all his strength and feeling what was left of the old man's, looking at his oddly smooth face, the thick eyebrows and hairy ears, the dulled eyes.

But they *had* wrestled once, hadn't they? No, it wasn't wrestling, exactly. Tom had been teasing MacLean about being skinny, and MacLean had suddenly picked him up, just to show him he could, and held him cradled in his arms like a child. He remembered standing there, legs spread, with Tom lying in his arms in those ancient sailor clothes and breathing quickly right into his face. How light he was! Mere skin and bones. Tiny Mother Read could have been no lighter. MacLean decided to show the old man how strong he really was, and stood there holding him, counting aloud slowly. Five . . . ten . . . twenty . . . Longer. What a fearsome smell the old man had up that close! Not patchouli at all, but sweet decay. God. But he had held him. How cold the old man's body was. He had held him until Tom asked to be put down. For a minute or more. MacLean shivered at the memory of it. He had never touched *anyone* for so long then—not like that. Wrestling in gym was not like that. The sense of some current flowing back and forth between them scared him blue. But how it pleased Tom, being held! MacLean knew it, and went on holding him, while Tom began crooning softly. It was horrible, as if he were nursing Death in his arms, but he went on holding him. "Now rock me," Tom said, closing his eyes, and for a moment MacLean rocked him, and then Tom asked to be set down.



"You notice how he's quoting the 'Times' more and the Bible less?"

His duties at Tom's ended shortly after that. Tom no longer really needed help, and after stopping over for a few more games of blackjack MacLean found himself busy with other things. Old Tom was still alive when MacLean left Geneva to go to college, and he did not die until sometime toward the end of the Second War.

What more could there be to remember of Tom Corey? His house had long since been torn down. Most of the ravine had been filled in. All but one or two of the old houses on Troy Street that dated back to before the Civil War were gone. Ranch houses had taken their place.

And MacLean went on wondering, still, why he had kissed the ground just there, on Troy Street before Tom Corey's, until it came to him suddenly that he hadn't kissed the ground. He had knelt, but he hadn't kissed the ground. What if the place wasn't the point—or not all of it? What if it was the woman? What if she were the key to the dream? He had turned his back to Tom Corey's when he knelt, and he had knelt before her, the woman with him, the woman in the white cape. He had knelt before her as if in homage. But who was she? Not his wife, he felt certain now, or his mother, or any figure out of his conscious world. Familiar though she seemed, she was a stranger, with all the power over him of the strange, and he had gone to his knees in submission or in supplication before her. Who was she? The cape was hooded. She was half turned away from him, and her head was bowed. He had not seen her face.

—Robert Hemenway

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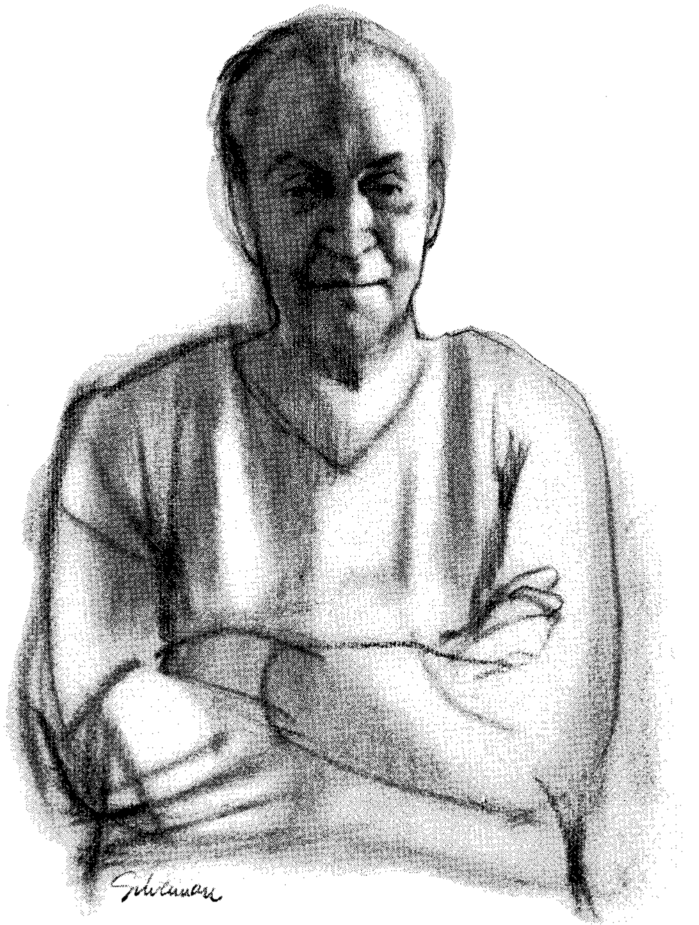
At a chaotic impromptu press conference at the airport, the mother broke down and started sobbing in Italian.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

It just takes a little practice.

PROFILES

HAPPY TIMES

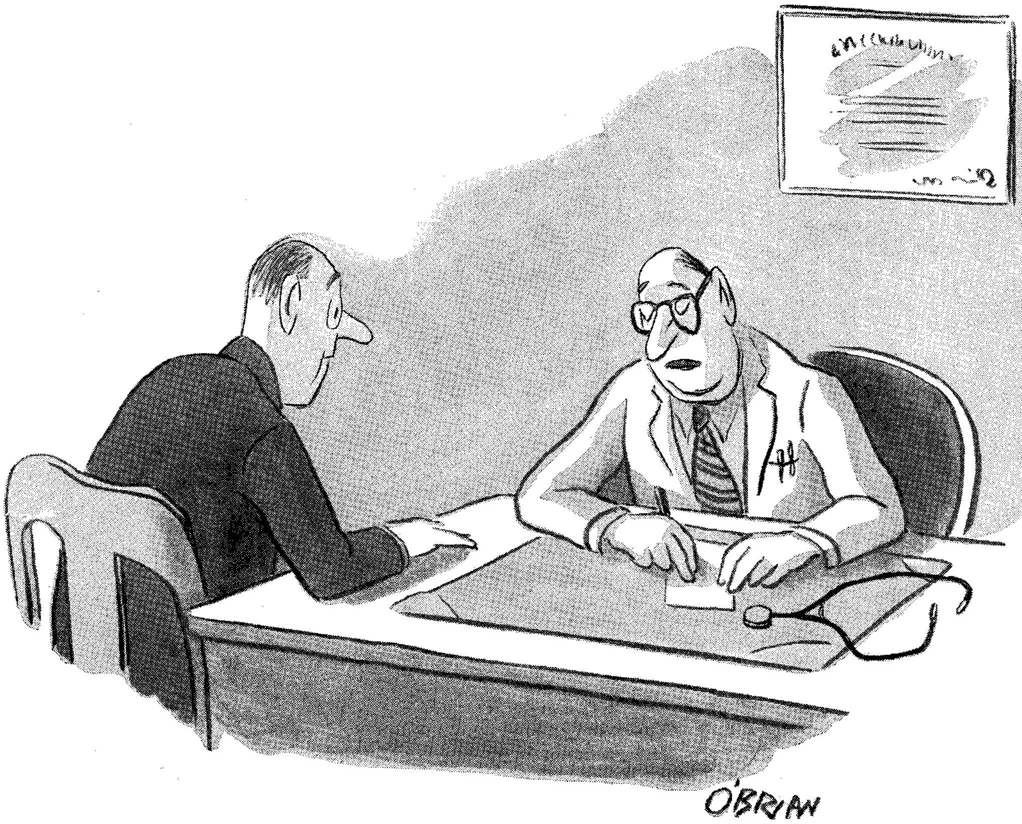


Jerome Zerbe

THE young and the rich and the beautiful—they have reason, those lucky ones, to wish full records kept of their pleasures and revels, even of their follies. How else are they to outwit the enemy they have in common—implacable time? Documents in the form of words and pictures, but especially pictures, are their means of stating, each in his own way, "Mark me. Envy me. I was this person in this time and place. And I was happy." Memories of good days fail, or are altered by needs unknown in youth, but what the camera registers and preserves unchanged becomes an earnest of immortality. For it is a fact that the camera's eye is able to stop time; long after the young and the rich and the beautiful are dust, photographs will bestow on them a posthumous existence, thanks to the handiwork of someone who, in the course of taking their likenesses, can be said in a sense by no means ironic to have saved their lives.

For forty years, the most industrious lifesaver of this unexpected sort has been an American photographer named Jerome Zerbe. Formidably wellborn and well-connected, Zerbe has devoted the greater portion of his career to the depicting of attractive people on delightful occasions—christenings, birthday parties, débuts, weddings, hunt breakfasts, costume balls, cocktail parties, dinner parties, supper parties, yacht races, picnics, clambakes, croquet and tennis matches, theatre openings, and excursions to fashionable resorts and watering places. Christenings and weddings aside, these occasions might strike the historian's eye as trivial; Zerbe would say it was not so, or not necessarily. The sorry truth is that much of history is an account of mankind at its worst—reason enough, Zerbe would hold, to offer as footnotes at the bottom of the page a few glimpses of mankind at its best, or, at any rate, at its cheeriest. Zerbe is a dedicated hedonist, with convictions as strong as those of any follower of Calvin. To him it is evident that to be joyous, even selfishly joyous, enriches life, while to be despairing, even unselfishly despairing, cheapens it. As Sarah Bernhardt had her gallant "*Quand même*" and Tallulah Bankhead her "Press on!," so Zerbe has his smiling, invariable "Why not?"—a response so characteristic of him that his friend Mrs. John Jacob Astor recently embroidered it on a pillow for him.

Zerbe became this country's first society photographer by chance, and it may be that, by the same chance, he will become its last. The reason for his singularity is not that what we think of as "society" is dying, though its death is announced in newspapers and magazines from year to year (in numbers and in amount of wealth, society is continuously on the increase); the reason is that no other photographer combines, in the Zerbe fashion, exceptional energy with exceptional entrée. Zerbe is no frantic *paparazzo*, hovering outside the gates with strobe light and telephoto lens; his invitation, with its gilt coat of arms, is tucked in his dinner-jacket pocket, and he makes his way through the gates and up the long drive to the brightly lighted portico in someone's ink-black, and almost certainly not rented, limousine. His camera is at the ready, but no more significance need be attached to it than to the flower in his buttonhole. Besides, he has never been known to publish an unfavorable picture; the negative of a haggard eye, a wrinkled neck, a hand like a claw is at once destroyed. A professional disguised as an amateur, he has crisscrossed the United States and Europe for decades, moving from great house to great house, from party to party, inexhaustibly. With every evidence of enjoying himself to the fullest, he is forever turning up as a valued guest at Palm Beach, Madrid, Northeast Harbor, Kansas City, Key West, Nassau, New Orleans, Florence, Nantucket, Chicago, Cuernavaca, Gloucester, Deauville, East Hampton, San Francisco, Paris, Oslo, Macon, Akron, London, Versailles. Zerbe describes himself as the laziest creature alive, and it is true that one's usual recollection of him is of a big, white-haired, blue-eyed man leaning back on a couch with drink in hand, telling a story, but it is also true that he travels many thousands of miles a year in the course of carrying out his calculatedly unimportant duties as the society editor of *Town & Country*, that he writes and supplies photographs for a column in a magazine called *Palm Beach Illustrated*, and that, as a connoisseur of architecture, he has recently prepared for publication a sizable scholarly work on the pavilions of Europe and, as a student of French history, is researching a life of Mme. Du Barry. Moreover, his own social life is exceptionally strenuous. He lunches and dines out some eight or ten times a week in season, and in Zerbe's set there is always a city or a resort somewhere on earth that is just coming into sea-



"I'll give you something that four out of five doctors recommend, and we'll see what happens."

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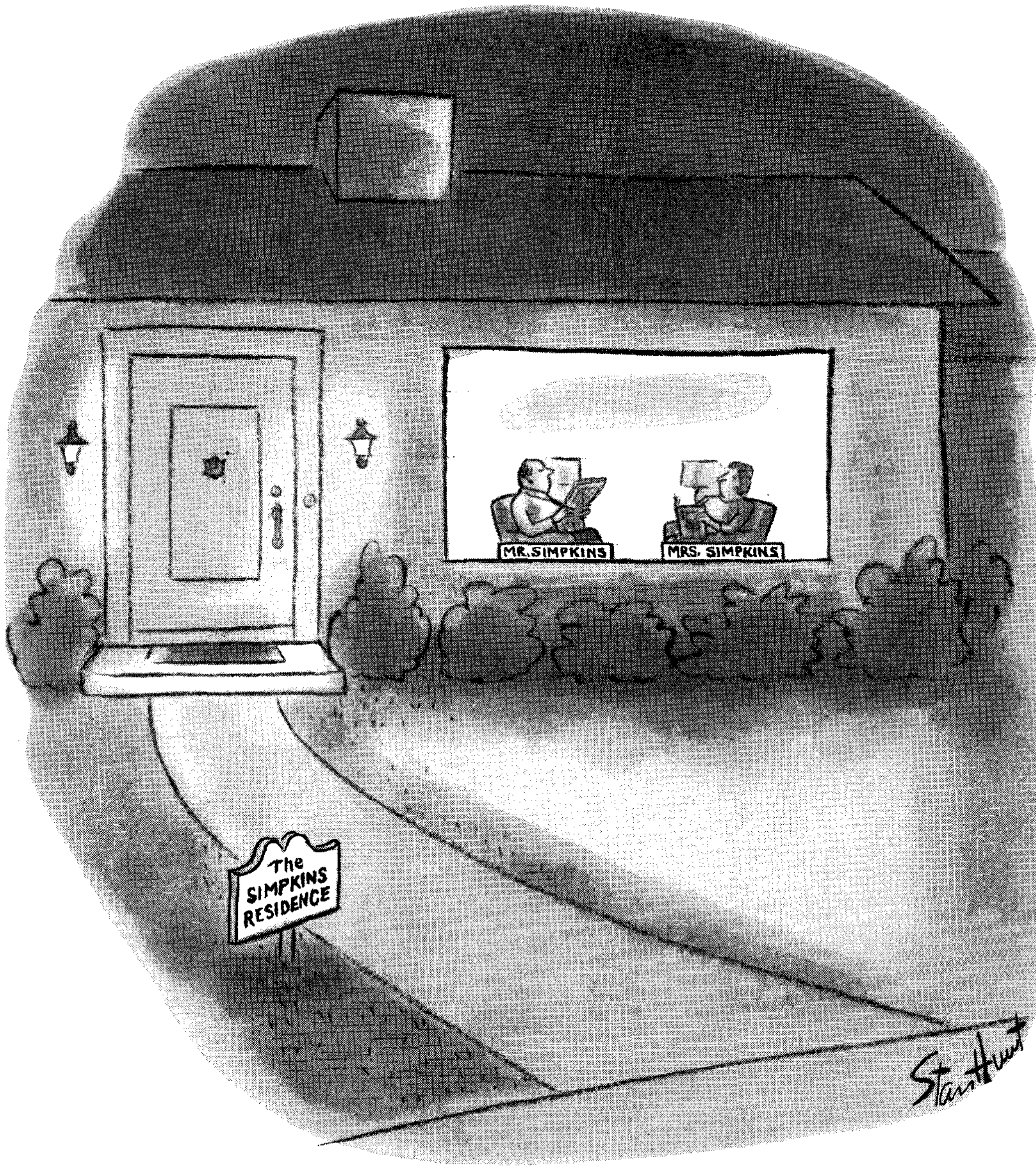
son. He asserts that he has begun to retire as a photographer and that he has already retired as a celebrity. Back in the thirties, he was one of the leading figures in what was then called café society. The local press regularly identified him as the second-handsomest man in New York—one Larry Doyle, a broker and playboy, was reputed to be the handsomest—and a party that Zerbe failed to attend and take pictures of could scarcely claim to have been a party at all. Now he affects to believe that he is totally forgotten in New York. The passing of his fame, if it has indeed passed, causes him not the slightest twinge of regret. Looking back, he finds that almost everything that has befallen him has proved fortunate. Perhaps obscurity on his lofty and comfortable level will turn out to have unlooked-for advantages. If it should be so, fine; if not, no matter. Scattered about him in his elegant, dangerously overfurnished apartment on Sutton Place ("I have *far* too many things—mind you don't trip") are the fruits of a lifetime of happy work: almost a hundred stout scrapbooks containing upward of fifty thousand photographs. This amounts to an astonishing average of three or four photographs a day every day of every year between 1933 and 1973. As an accumulation of intimate, unpremeditated moments, it amounts to a social history unlike any other in the world—a pictorial *roman fleuve* in which scores of characters are introduced and carried from youth to age, with who they were and what they have become stamped unmistakably upon their faces. Some of the characters are unknown except to their families and close friends; we watch them grow up and grow old in the comparative privacy of houses, country clubs, hotels, and night clubs. The names of pretty girls change once, then again, and often a third or fourth time. Strangers become friends, become lovers, become husbands, become ex-husbands, become strangers. Practice does not always make perfect, especially in marriage. Others in the large roster of characters in Zerbe's scrapbooks are used to being thought of as members of a cast. They are the innumerable actors and actresses that Zerbe has known and photographed in unrehearsed encounters over the years: the Lunts, Noël Coward, Gloria Swanson, Ina Claire, Tyrone Power, Mary Pickford, Errol Flynn, Ethel Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, Carole Lombard, John Garfield, Paulette Goddard, W. C. Fields, Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo. We see Shirley Temple grow from a tiny child to a woman in early middle age; Gary Cooper passes from being a fantastically handsome young man at a cocktail party in Hollywood to being a fantastically handsome older man in a sunlit garden in France. Some manage to hold age at bay indefinitely, while others alter so quickly that it is hard to recall what they were like in youth. Cary Grant becomes with every birthday better-looking and more self-confident, while Judy Garland plunges headlong into woeful, puffy-faced decay.

If the scrapbooks are a novel written by a camera, that is because a man with a novelist's eye and sensibility has been behind the camera. It is like Zerbe to be content to leave his enormous work without a formal ending; let it, he says, follow life and peter out untidily whenever and wherever it will. Other matters attract his attention. He is sixty-eight, and he has it fixed firmly in mind that he will not live beyond the next year or two. The prospect is by no means distressing; it is simply there for him, as a table or a rug is there, and he glances at it from time to time with equanimity. "Mrs. Harvey Cushing said to me once, when she was dying, that dying was a very boring business, and I would hate to be obliged to take a long time over it," Zerbe says. "It's true that I wouldn't have liked being among the first to leave the party, but I'm relieved now not to be among the last. How dreary they are, those greedy hangers-on, squeezing the last moment of pleasure out of things! *Much* nicer to go when one is still capable of saying a proper goodbye." But the metaphor of life as a party irritates him by its expectedness; impatiently, he gestures it aside. "I've drunk a great deal in my life, and I've enjoyed it very much, and if drink should kill me, as my doctor keeps telling me it will, I'd consider the bargain a perfectly fair one. But the real reason I talk about dying is to accustom myself to the idea. Most of my old friends—Lucius Beebe, John Perona, Hedda Hopper—are gone. In our youth, we all led lives not calculated to insure extreme longevity. My father survived to almost eighty-nine, and my mother to eighty-seven, and some of my ancestors hung on into the high nineties, but their habits were, shall we say, different from mine. They thought night was for sleep and day was for work, and I suppose they thought play was what was going to happen to them in Heaven. *I* think night is for play and day is for sleep, and I manage to fit my work into the interstices. I'm certainly not going to live on and on just to please my doctor. Being a cheerful person by nature, I find I am able to think quite cheerful thoughts about my extinction. I read once that the dying brain is calm, and why not? What has it left to get excited over?" He beams and lifts his glass. His blue eyes are merry and his voice is strong. The wind off the East River, freshening, rattles the sashes of the drawing-room windows; the sky is filled with scudding clouds. "To give my doctor *some* satisfaction, I take care to drink as little as possible until dark. One of the nice things about winter in New York is how early it gets dark."

ZERBE was born in a high-gabled wooden country house in Euclid, Ohio, on July 24, 1904. His father, Jerome Brainard Zerbe, for whom he was named, was a prominent citizen and clubman in Cleveland. He was president of the Ohio & Pennsylvania Coal Co., which owned, among other properties, a mine in nearby Cadiz. The most celebrated person ever to be born in Cadiz was Clark Gable, who in his youth worked in the Zerbe mine. Zerbe and Gable later became friends in Hollywood; one of the bonds between them was a common hatred of mines and mine towns. "They lack *charm*," Zerbe says, with a smile that indicates that he and Gable were accustomed to putting the matter more strongly. The senior Zerbe was fifty-eight at the time of his son's birth, and he celebrated the event as few fathers are able to do, by retiring from business. The Zerbe family is of German origin—the name, pronounced "Zur-bee," is thought to be a corruption of the place name Zerbst, in Anhalt, East Germany—and settled in this country in the early eighteenth century. Among Zerbe's ancestral connections is a pleasing assortment of Rittenhouses, Rings, Gorgases, Wideners, and the like. Zerbe's mother, twenty-seven years younger than his father, came of a similar background. She was born Susan Eichelberger, one of several children of a successful railroad lawyer in Urbana. Like the Zerbes, the Eichelbergers were of German stock, industrious, ambitious, and notably good-looking. One of Susan's brothers became Superintendent of West Point and a lieutenant general in the Second World War; two others were prominent lawyers. Susan Eichelberger's beauty of person and voice was such that when, on a visit to New York at the age of twenty-one, she happened to meet the theatrical impresario Charles Frohman, he offered to provide her with training and star her in a play. His offer was a serious one, and she accepted it, but she made the mistake of telling her family the good news; an uncle was dispatched immediately to bring her back to the trans-Appalachian safety of Urbana. The senior Zerbe, then a widower with a grown daughter, caught sight of Susan Eichelberger at a party in Cleveland and said to a companion, "If that young lady is not married, I'm going to make her my wife." She wasn't and he did. Their first child was a daughter, whom they named Margaret; Jerome, Jr., was born a year later. Margaret's name was early reduced to Maggie and then elevated, by her young brother, into Margot. (Long before he reached his teens, Zerbe liked things to sound stylish and, if possible, French; he was a Francophile from the cradle.) Margot grew up to marry Roy Larsen, Henry Luce's right-hand man in the building of *Time.* "I admire Roy immensely," Zerbe says. "He and Margot and their family—first the children and now the grandchildren as well—have always been *my* family. I don't regret having remained a bachelor. Some of my friends have married as they grew older, for reasons of money or social position or fear of loneliness, but none of these reasons has borne much weight with me. Oh, I've had two or three close calls with marriage, but I've always said, 'Why isn't everything fine

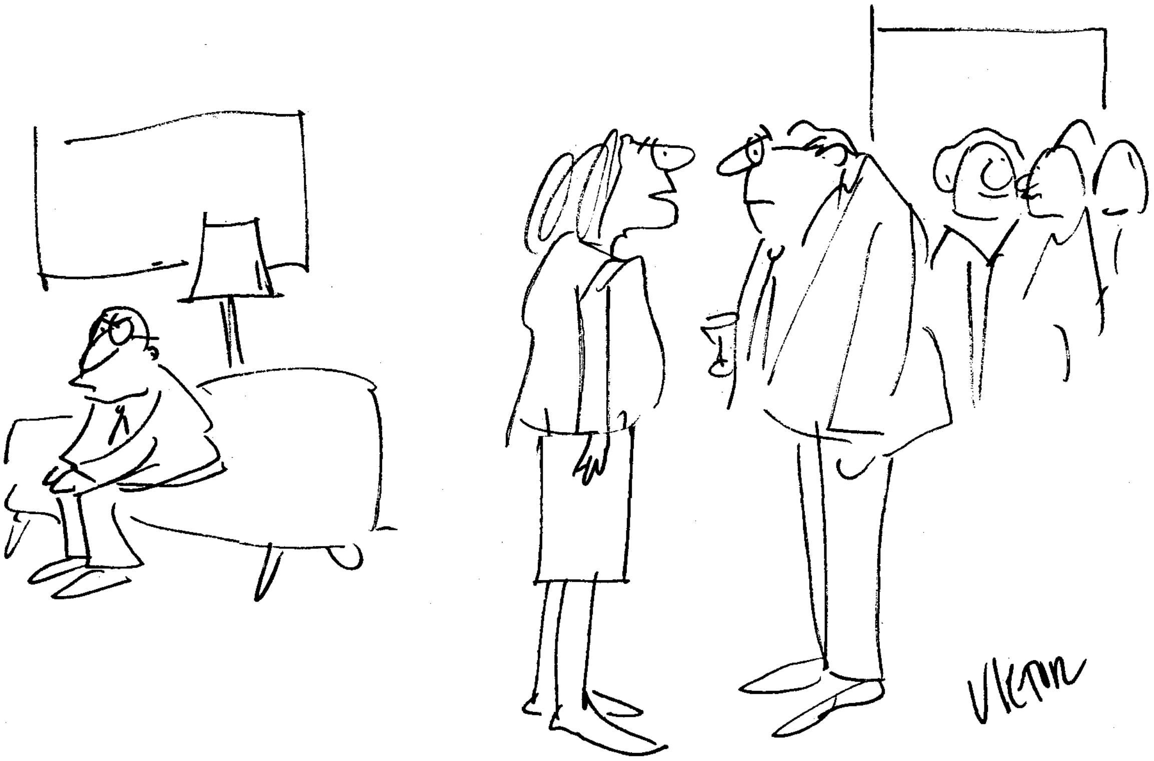


the way it is?' There's never any answer to that."

After a brief period in Euclid, the Zerbes moved into a big red brick mansion in Cleveland, designed for them by the fashionable architect Abram Garfield. Little Jerome attended public school, to which he was driven by the family chauffeur. Every morning, as soon as he stepped out of the car, the school bully would dash up and give him a thorough beating. Jerome assumed that this was the nature of the human condition and took his daily beating as bravely as possible, but the chauffeur was upset, and he attempted to outwit the bully by dropping Jerome a block or so away from the school. This was not as good an idea as it seemed; the bully discovered the ruse and regularly beat up the chauffeur as well as his little master.

Having survived the rigors of his early education in Cleveland, Jerome came East to attend the Salisbury School, in Salisbury, Connecticut. There he began to cultivate a talent for drawing and for writing verse. He was clever at getting a likeness, and his charcoal and pencil sketches of football captains and other prep-school luminaries appeared in the school literary magazine, *Ye Sarum Booke*. So did a number of his poems, which, like the works of most adolescent poets, dwelt with relish on the transient beauties of this world and the welcome prospect of death. As things turned out, death was closer than the young poetaster had supposed; he fell mysteriously ill and was rushed home to Cleveland, where a family friend, the eminent surgeon George Crile, discovered a tuberculous gland in Jerome's neck. The gland was successfully operated on by Dr. Crile, who then recommended that Jerome take a year or so off from his studies to recuperate. Jerome, who detested school, considered this an excellent idea. His parents were persuaded to take his sister and him on a leisurely trip abroad; they spent fourteen months touring Italy, the Rhineland, and France, where Jerome was confirmed in his passion for things French. While the Zerbe family was staying on the Riviera, Jerome was invited to spend a weekend with W. Somerset Maugham, at the Villa Mauresque, in Cap Ferrat. "I left sooner than I was expected to," he recollects now. "There was more Byzantine intrigue in the air than I was prepared to cope with at the time. Nothing in Cleveland had prepared me for Willie Maugham. He later became a friend of mine, and was amused to learn how uneasy his peculiar household had made me. I took a picture of him in his extreme old age, and though I made it as flattering as possible, there was no way to keep him from looking like a diseased thousand-year-old bird of prey."

In 1924, being by then a couple of years older than the average college freshman, Zerbe entered Yale, in the Class of '28. He took the well-known courses in English literature taught by William Lyon Phelps, John Berdan, and Chauncey Brewster Tinker; joined the Dramat and the *Record*; and drew pictures of his friends. Tinker was an exceptionally ugly man, with a splayed, bulbous nose, a scraggly crew cut, and a glass eye that could fix a student more fiercely than any real one. With characteristic softness of heart, Zerbe sketched a likeness of him that Berdan said was how Tink was going to be allowed to look in Heaven. By senior year, Zerbe was maintaining a distinguished salon in his luxurious quarters on the so-called Gold Coast in Harkness Quadrangle. He had a living room with a woodburning fireplace, two bedrooms, and a bath, and his furniture, books, linen, and silver were much admired. On his walls hung drawings by Van Dyck, Kneller, and other artists of consequence. (Professor Berdan having told him that the Kneller was far too valuable a work of art for any mere undergraduate to possess, Zerbe obediently presented it to the Elizabethan Club, of which he was not a member.) Having been voted the second-greatest social celebrity in the Class of '28 (Charles Bingham, son of Hiram Bingham, Senator from Connecticut, was first), as well as the fifth most gentlemanly member of the class, to say nothing of sixth most original and eighth most entertaining, Zerbe graduated and took off with a titled relative—Princess Irma Odescalchi, a niece of his half sister—for his first visit to Hollywood. His intention was to earn a little money drawing portraits of society figures there. Such figures proved in short supply; nevertheless, he succeeded in drawing, at seventy-five dollars a head, likenesses of Cecil B. De Mille, Norma Shearer, and Basil Rathbone, among others, and he was lucky enough to meet a couple of promising movie beginners, Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper, who introduced him to the younger and more dashing movie crowd. From then on, for over thirty years, Zerbe was a frequent visitor to Hollywood; among his closest friends in the colony, Cooper aside, were Hedda Hopper,



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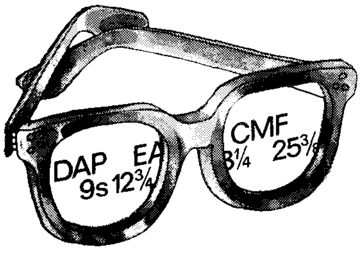

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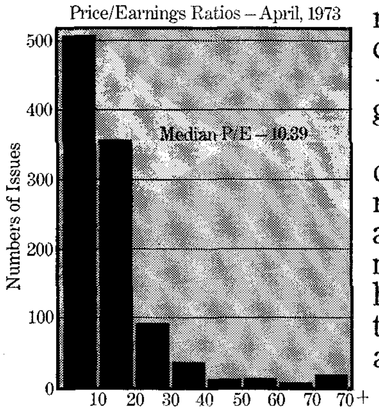

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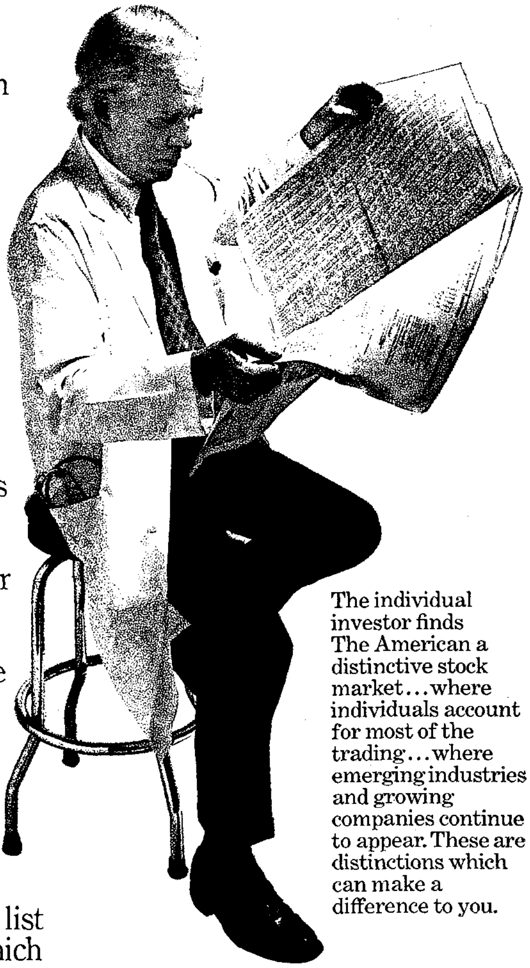

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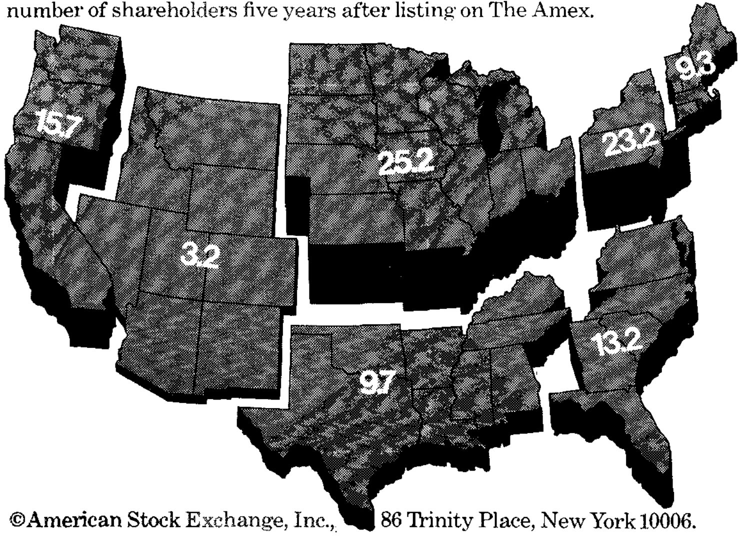

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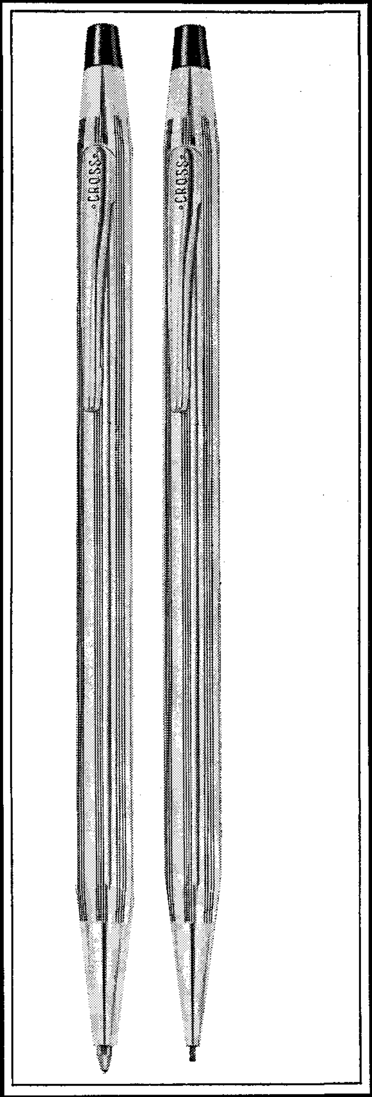

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Cary Grant, Errol Flynn, Randy Scott, Marion Davies, and Paulette Goddard.

In 1929, at the height of the boom, Zerbe went off to Paris, on an allowance from his father of three hundred dollars a month—a sum sufficient in the Paris of those days to permit the renting of a pleasant flat in the Rue du Bac and the occasional purchase of a fine old drawing or piece of furniture. He enrolled in the Académie Julian, founded by a strict upholder of traditional methods. Zerbe's intention was to become a portrait painter on the order of Sargent; certainly among his friends there were plenty of subjects rich enough and important enough to bestow commissions on a grand scale. He soon made the acquaintance of Man Ray, Janet Flanner, and other notable American expatriates. ("Jerry did a drawing of me that made me look like a Jewish Lafayette," Miss Flanner has since said. "I was astonished to learn that many people considered it an excellent likeness.") Zerbe also met and consorted with such international society figures as Princess Helena Murat, Count Guido Sommi-Peccenardi, and Baron George Hoyningen-Huene. A gifted and fashionable photographer of the day, whose work often appeared in *Vanity Fair* and *Vogue*, Hoyningen-Huene interested Zerbe in taking pictures instead of drawing them. For it was the case that the longer Zerbe frequented the Julian atelier, the less confident he was of becoming a second Sargent. Moreover, it appeared that he would rather play than work; if his talent was considerable, it was not in the least overbearing, and so made the smallest possible demands upon his discipline. Zerbe began to perceive that for him the great advantage of photography was that it might allow him to marry his vocation to his avocation. His vocation was partygiving and partygoing, and his avocation was making a record of these parties in his diaries and neatly captioned black imitation-leather scrapbooks. He was like Proust in having the air of a social butterfly and the instincts of a historian; he might stay up all night dancing and drinking, but he never went to bed without scrupulously jotting down a few salient notes on where he had been and whom he had seen. It is a habit he continues to this day.

AFTER a couple of years of contented sketching and idling in Paris, Zerbe was summoned home to Cleveland. Because of the Depression, his father's coal mines were no longer profitable, and it was thought that the time had come for the young heir to put his shoulder to the wheel. The wheel would certainly not consist of digging coal, but everyone in the family agreed that it would be helpful at this moment of moderate impoverishment (even the family cook and chauffeur were feeling moderately impoverished) if Jerry could think of *some*thing constructive to do. His brother-in-law, Roy Larsen, was rising in the world in exact concordance with the meteoric rise of *Time*, while Jerry was, it appeared, simply bobbing. By good luck, a boyhood companion of his, Winsor French, had been planning for some time to start a weekly magazine in Cleveland that would bring to that rather grim industrial city some of the sunny cultural attributes of, say, *Vanity Fair*. Having acquired a backer—W. Walter White, who played polo, and whose only stipulation was that he be allowed to write the polo news—French asked Zerbe to help launch the magazine. It was called *Parade*, and Zerbe was given the title of art director. In practice, this meant that he drew pictures for the magazine, wrote for it, and took photographs for it of various social events in Cleveland. In those days, private parties were truly private; reporters and photographers were not expected to mingle with guests. Nor did society matrons allow their pictures to appear in newspapers and magazines, for the rule was still roughly that of the Victorian period: a woman's name was expected to appear in print only three times—at her birth, at her wedding, and at her death. Zerbe soon changed the rule for Cleveland, as he was later to do for New York and the country at large. He persuaded some of the leading society matrons to pose for *Parade*, usually on the pretext that the publication of their photographs would help bring attention to some favored philanthropy of theirs; once the leaders had established a precedent, Zerbe's studio was besieged by lesser matrons, all of them eager to see their faces in *Parade*. As for his snapping pictures at parties—not an inconspicuous thing to do, with the heavy cameras and the enormous, unreliable flashbulbs then in use—the fact was that he would have been invited to attend the party as a Zerbe and not as a member of the press, and he was, besides, always agreeably bent upon giving other people pleasure. Indeed, he

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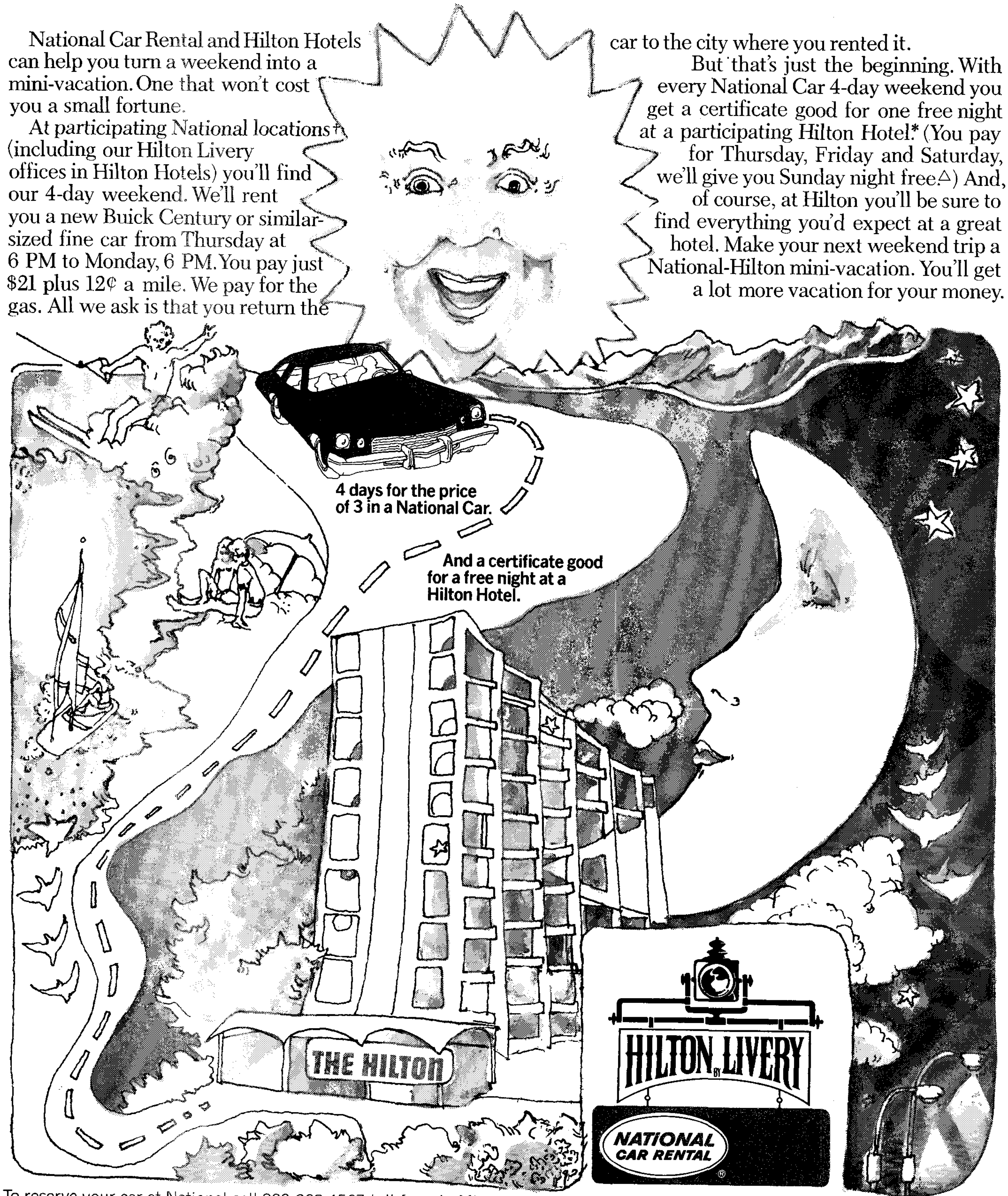

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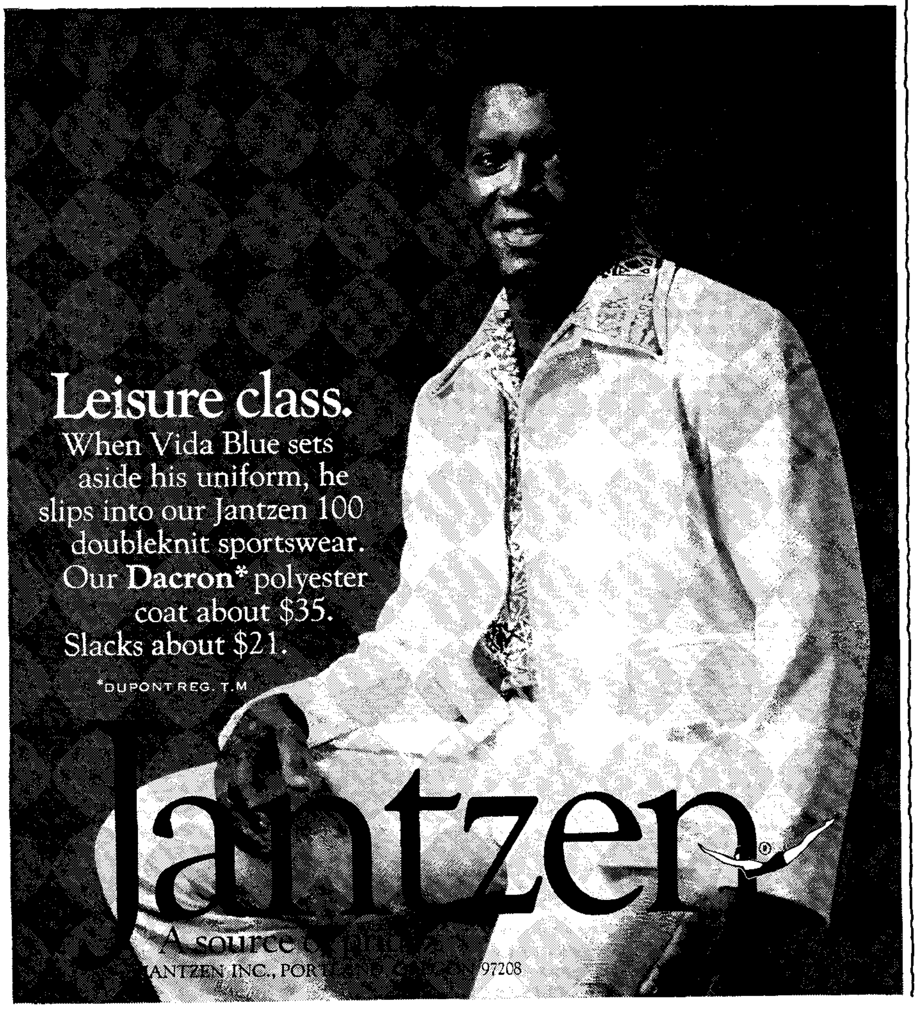
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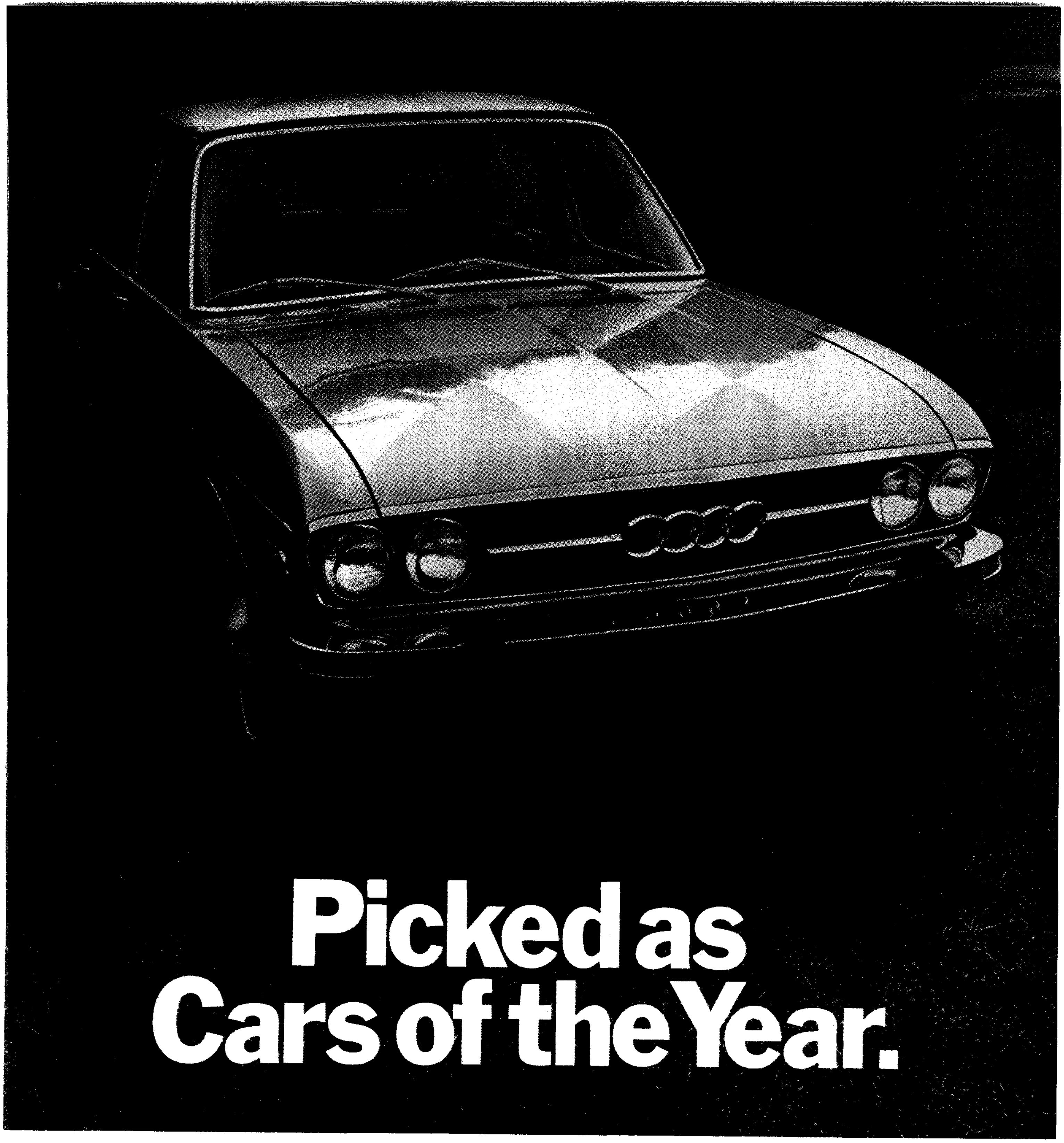
was so often the life of the party that no hostess could afford to send him and his camera away.

Despite the Depression and the many thousands of people out of work in Cleveland in the early thirties, society went on giving substantial parties. Zerbe remembers a friend of his saying of her daughter's forthcoming début, "I want to keep it simple, even if it costs me a million," and to him this remark epitomizes the spirit of the Clevelanders among whom he grew up and from whom he took his earliest social attitudes. Great fortunes had begun to be accumulated in Cleveland in the nineteenth century. Some of the new rich—the Rockefellers, the Whitneys, the Harknesses—came East to New York, but many other new-rich families—the Hannas, the Severances, the McKinneys—were content to remain in Cleveland and become, with customary Midwestern celerity, old rich. Zerbe's father had been able but unambitious in business (he spent the last thirty years of his life playing bridge with cronies at the Union Club in Cleveland), and the result was that the Zerbes never got beyond being what used to be known as "well fixed." Long before the Depression, they had sold their big Georgian house to members of the Halle family. In seeking smaller and more manageable quarters, Mrs. Zerbe had announced, to her son's alarm, that she intended to purchase "the ugliest house in Cleveland." In fact, it proved to be a charming turn-of-the-century Queen Anne house with ample rooms and an immense porch, which in summer was transformed into an airy outdoor drawing room of unexpected elegance, furnished with fine French pieces and having at one end, to shield it from the street and from inclement weather, a very large four-panelled screen, which Zerbe painted to resemble an aquarium filled with unlikely fishes. He had more and more time to paint and draw, because *Parade*, for lack of sufficient advertising revenue, was racing to an end. Zerbe's father died in 1933, and for a while Zerbe considered taking personal charge of the family company. A visit to the mine at Cadiz, which led to his observing at first hand the conditions under which the miners worked, at a depth of almost nine hundred feet and with the mine face almost three miles from the entrance shaft, renewed his conviction that business, and especially the coal business, was not for him. By then, his informal society pictures in *Parade* had caught the attention of Harry Bull, editor of *Town & Country*, in New



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York. Perceiving that Zerbe's camaraderie with his subjects and his novelist's eye for the telling background detail had introduced something new into society reporting, Bull published some of the Cleveland pictures and commissioned Zerbe to cover for *Town & Country* notable social events in Detroit, Chicago, and elsewhere in the Middle West.

Once *Parade* was defunct, there was only family to bind Zerbe to Cleveland. He began to wonder whether his destiny might not lie in the far bigger and more amusing playground of Manhattan, and before long a classic minor family skirmish prompted him to risk taking the bold step eastward. He had made the acquaintance of Max Schmeling, the former heavyweight boxing champion of the world. Schmeling was visiting friends in Cleveland, and one day Zerbe invited him to the house for cocktails. Later that evening, Mrs. Zerbe informed her son, "I don't wish to entertain prizefighters in my home." Zerbe said, " 'In *my* home'? I thought it was *our* home." Shortly thereafter, having supplied himself with a nest egg of a few hundred dollars by the sale of his collection of art books to the Cleveland Museum of Art, and having secured from Bull the promise of a salary of a hundred and fifty dollars a month for his photographic services, Zerbe packed his paints and cameras into his old Buick and took off for New York. Though his parting with his mother was amicable—she arranged for him to be given a small allowance from his father's estate—her friends were quick to assure Zerbe that his leaving Cleveland would be the death of her. On the contrary, within a year Zerbe had persuaded her to come to New York for a long visit, which she was to repeat regularly for the rest of her life, and she often said that her son's moving to New York was one of the most fortunate turning points in her life—hadn't she, after all, as a girl of twenty-one, intended to take the city by storm?

Zerbe rented a small apartment in a brownstone at 62 East Fifty-sixth Street, at sixty dollars a month. (Curiously, he has spent his life in New York entirely on East Fifty-sixth Street. Following a couple of years in No. 62, he moved across the street to No. 59, and when, after twenty-four years, the building was thrown down to make way for an addition to the Drake Hotel, he moved into his present apartment in the building on the northwest corner of Fifty-sixth Street and Sutton Place.) Within a few weeks of his arrival in New York, Zerbe was offered

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a job by the Rainbow Room, at the top of the R.C.A. Building; suavely designed and with a spectacular view over the city and its labyrinth of rivers and bays, the restaurant was then but a year or so old and much in need of publicity. The management counted on Zerbe's knack for "dressing" a room with people of the right sort; he would be paid seventy-five dollars a week for three evenings a week, in the course of which, at no expense to him, he was to give agreeable dinner parties for fashionable friends, take their pictures, and then see to it that the pictures got to the newspapers and wire services. At the time, there were seven newspapers and three wire services in New York, and they had plenty of space for pictures of society folk at play. Zerbe has always been puzzled by the fact that throughout the Depression the sorely beset poor, and even the unemployed, seemed to take pleasure in pictures of the rich squandering their unearned incomes upon frivolity. "I'd have expected my pictures to make people furious," he has said. "They had just the opposite effect. My friends and I were all more or less Marie Antoinettes in our attitudes, but instead of having our heads chopped off we were applauded. Very strange. As for myself, if there *had* been a revolution, I'd have acted like my favored heroine in history, Mme. Du Barry—I'd have screamed, howled, and wept every inch of the way to the guillotine."

By way of celebrating his pleasant deal with the Rainbow Room, Zerbe stopped off at the night club El Morocco to have a drink with his friend John Perona, who owned it. Perona was indignant with himself for having failed to think of employing Zerbe's talents in such a straightforwardly devious way, and at once offered him a job on the same terms—seventy-five dollars a week for three of the four remaining evenings in Zerbe's week, along with unlimited food and drink for him and his friends. Soon Zerbe's pictures of socialites and celebrities were turning up in newspapers and magazines from coast to coast, and Perona decided to secure his services on an exclusive basis (*Town & Country* aside), paying him a hundred and fifty dollars a week, plus expenses, for a full seven-day week. Thus it befell that from 1933 to 1938 Zerbe spent nearly every night of his life between nine in the evening and four in the morning at El Morocco, eating, drinking, dancing, gossiping, and, with a never-diminished zest, taking pictures. "John Perona was one of the best hosts in the world, as well as one of my closest friends," he says. "An extraordinary man! He was born of peasant stock in northern Italy and set out at sixteen to make his way in the world. Reaching England, he signed on as a deckhand on an ocean liner. He spent his last night ashore with a girl, lost track of time, and failed to catch the boat train to Southampton. The ship he missed was the Titanic. He later sailed on the old Homeric for South America. He was bullied by the crew and, hating it, jumped ship in Buenos Aires. There he became a boxer, built up his body, and earned a living as a sparring partner. He worked his way to New York and got a job as a busboy in the old Knickerbocker Grill. His good looks appealed to everyone, and he soon saved enough from his salary to open a small restaurant on Broadway. One day on the street, he ran into a man he had sparred with in South America—Luis Angel Firpo—and invited him to have all his meals at Perona's. So when the press asked Firpo where he was going to celebrate on the historic night that he knocked Jack Dempsey out of the ring, Firpo said, 'At Perona's. The best food in town!' John's career was made. All the sports people flocked to his place. During Prohibition, he ran a couple of speakeasies, including the Bath Club, and he had El Morocco ready to open the moment Repeal came. What energy he had, and what a lot of pleasure he got out of life!"

In the thirties, El Morocco was considered the most exclusive and successful night club in the city. Its rival, the Stork Club, was presided over by a former Oklahoma farm boy and bootlegger named Sherman Billingsley, who, unlike Perona, tended to show disdain for fiscal prudence. He cultivated the rich in the way that they have always secretly liked best—by seeming to save them money. No débutante or personable young couple ever had to pick up a check at the Stork, and it was literally the case that gifts of perfume, cigarettes, stockings, scarves, and even hundred-dollar bills would come floating through the air on balloons and stream down upon the tables. Zerbe makes a simple distinction between El Morocco and the Stork: "One had class and the other didn't." El Morocco was *the* place to be seen, especially after the theatre. A queue of wellborn, well-heeled people, all armed with reservations, would be willing to stand for long periods in the street until they could gain admission to the sacred place; a visitor to the city

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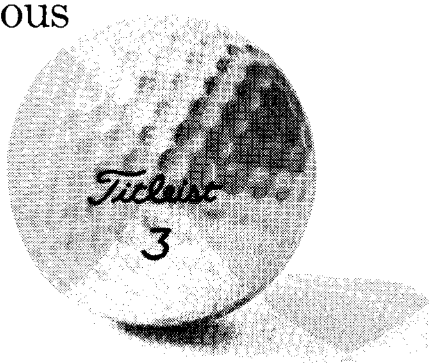

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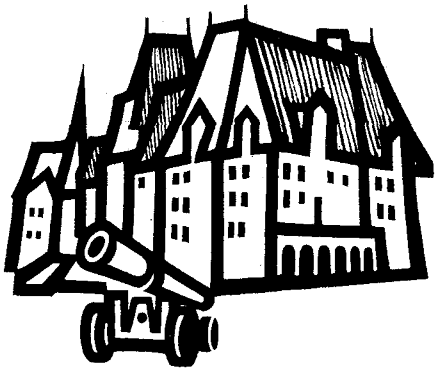

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in those dark thirties days might easily have assumed that they were among our masses of patiently waiting unemployed. "Not to be able to get a table at El Morocco was a terrible blow to people's egos," Zerbe says. "Grown men would break down with frustration at failing to catch the eye of Carino, the maître d'hôtel. I don't know how many thousands of pictures I took at El Morocco. Except in the case of a person committing some marital or other indiscretion, nobody ever asked me *not* to take a picture. They were there to show off in front of each other, and they didn't mind showing off before the whole world as well. Mind? They wore the small fame I gave them as if it were a badge."

When El Morocco was built, in 1932, the decorator, Vernon McFarlane, chose an extraordinary imitation-zebra-skin covering for the banquettes, and many people afterward supposed that the choice had been made in order to assure immediate identification of the club in photographs. Not at all, for when the stripes went on, nobody was taking pictures in night clubs for distribution to the press. Zerbe was a year away from inventing this singular and highly successful form of public relations, and it was only by chance that McFarlane provided a background for Zerbe's handiwork so vivid and unmistakable that it was soon to be recognized all over the world. (Lacking such ready means of identification, the Stork fell back upon large black ceramic ashtrays with the words "Stork Club" boldly inscribed on them in white. Nearly every picture taken at the Stork over the years had an ashtray prominently displayed in the foreground, with the presumed subjects of the picture smiling away rather dimly in the background.)

Zerbe liked to keep a shrewd mixture of socialites, actors, athletes, and well-known figures in the arts flowing in an unbroken profusion of candid snapshots to the press. To help preserve this continuity, he would have Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, say, come to the club carrying a half-dozen hats; Zerbe would photograph her in one hat after another, and would then release the pictures over a period of weeks, giving the impression that Mrs. Vanderbilt was regularly dropping in at El Morocco, when in fact she would long since have departed for Deauville or Palm Beach.

ZERBE not only photographed celebrities but, in the course of doing so, became a celebrity himself. He

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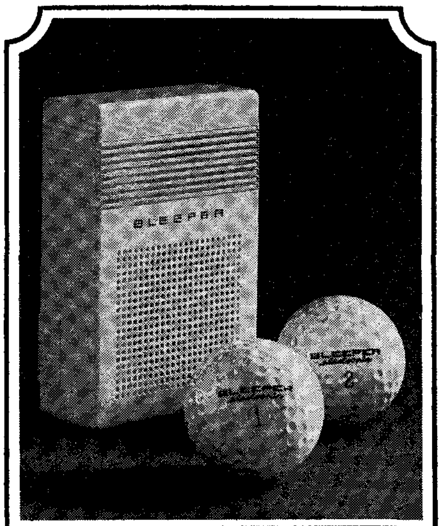

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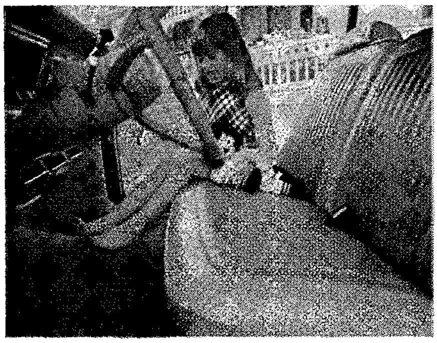

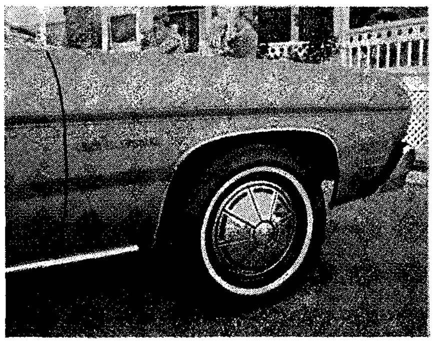

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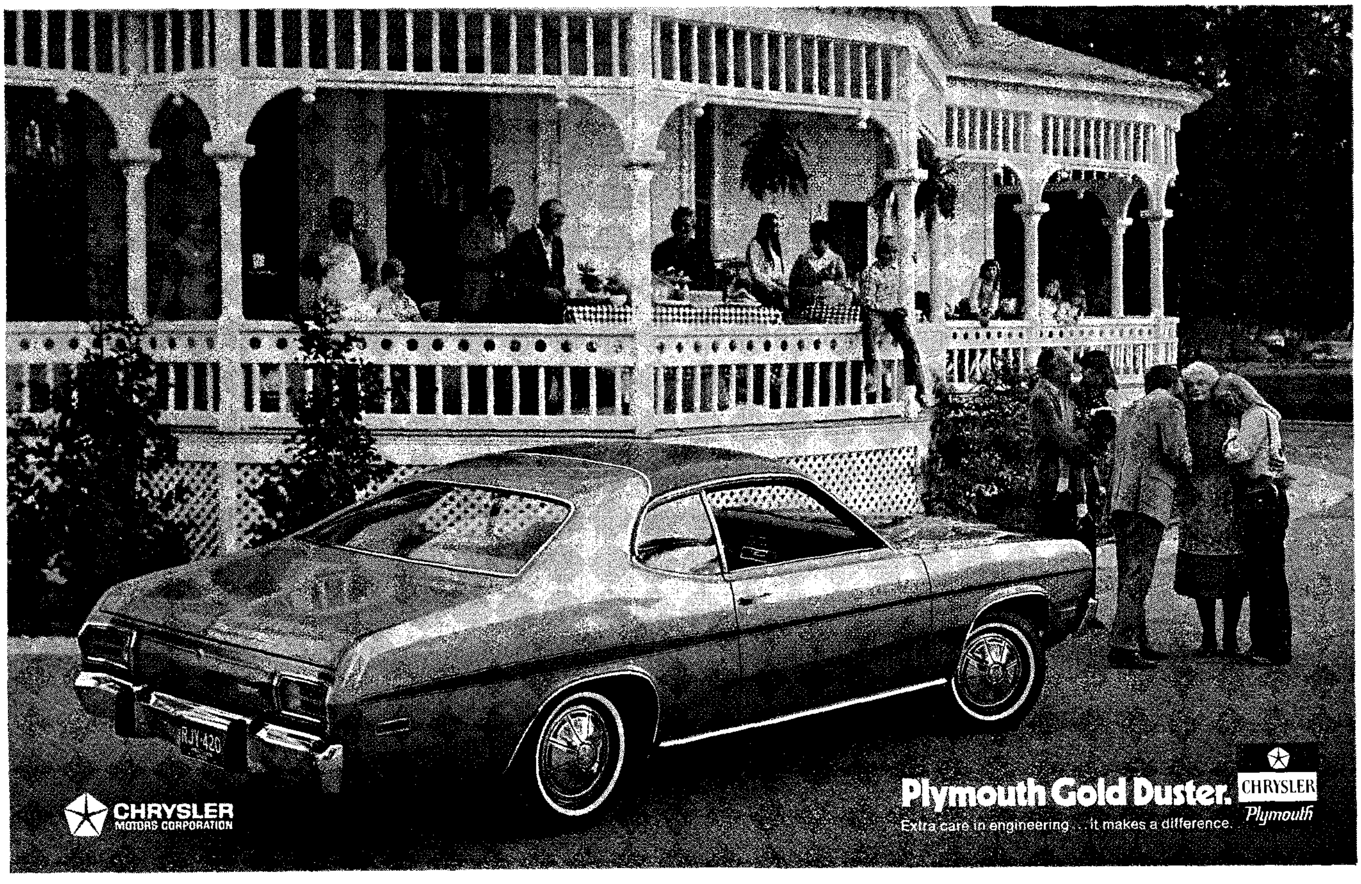

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was constantly written about in the press, especially by Cholly Knickerbocker, whose society columns for the Hearst syndicate appeared locally in the *Journal* (later the *Journal-American*), and by Lucius Beebe, whose syndicated column "This New York" appeared locally in the *Herald Tribune*. Cholly Knickerbocker was the pseudonym of a short, fat, heavily perfumed, squeaky-voiced, and irascible arbiter of both café society (a term he claimed to have invented, and always wrote of in upper case) and society at large, whose real name was Maury H. B. Paul. In his day, his often savagely worded decisions as to who constituted society were much feared, and he took an outsider's relish in prompting fears. He was of obscure origin, and in saying that his real name was Maury H. B. Paul one risks repeating a fiction of his own devising. In café society, however, to be praised by him was the highest boon and to be damned by him was like death. Zerbe was among those who were always praised. As for Beebe, who became an intimate friend, he wrote about Zerbe at such length that Walter Winchell used to complain publicly in the *Mirror* that Beebe should call his column not "This New York" but "Jerome Never Looked Lovelier."

Beebe was of a type that has almost vanished from the earth. A Boston Brahmin who, even in the depths of the Depression, granted himself an allowance of a hundred dollars a day for food and drink, Beebe, known to Zerbe in affectionate raillery as Uncle Horrible, maintained a private railroad car, and once covered a fire in a morning coat. In the eyes of his colleagues on the *Tribune*, he was the most unreliable reporter on earth; in a Profile of Beebe published in this magazine in the late thirties, Wolcott Gibbs gave an example of Beebe's casual practice of journalism:

> Told to cover a banquet of the New York Central Railroad Engineers, he appeared somehow at one sponsored by the Caledonian Club, and after lingering only long enough to get a prepared copy of the principal speech, went back to his office to report that the President of the Central had incomprehensibly chosen to talk to his men about Scotland. He was astonished by the clamor which the publication of this item aroused, being clearly of the opinion that one damn dull dinner was very much like another.

Unreliability made little difference to his columns; they were hastily hurled-together gallimaufries of trivial items about the rich and wellborn, and the last thing that any devoted Beebe

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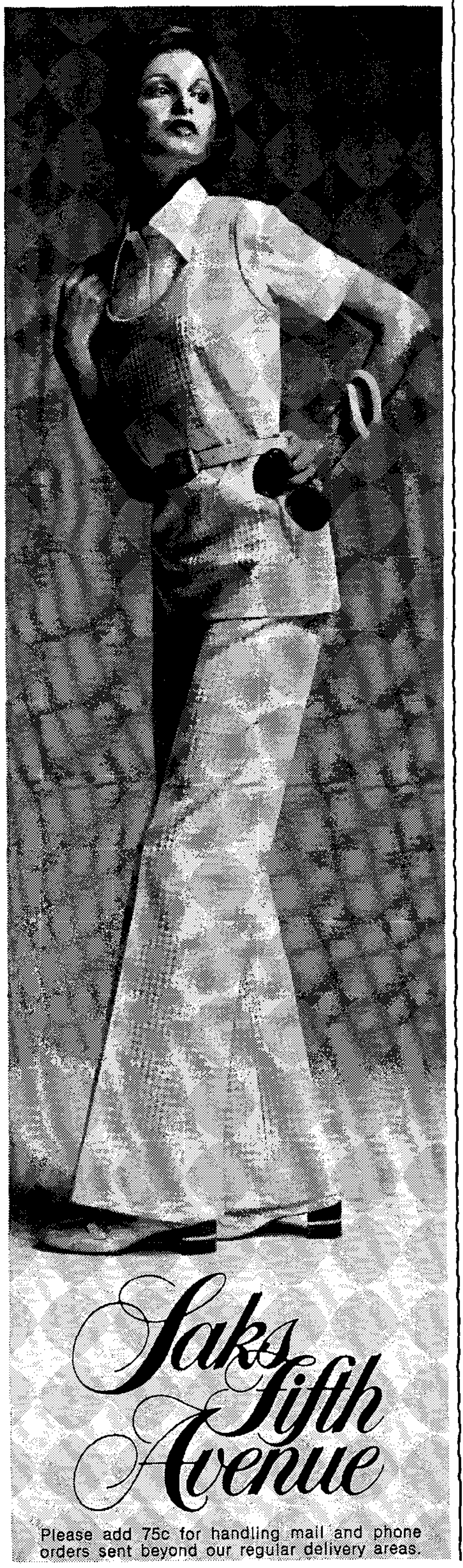
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reader required of them was that they be true. Sample items, as cited by Gibbs:

> Stanley Sackett pays $7.50 a pair for his French lisle socks. . . . Doris Duke has nine Rolls-Royces. . . . Ona Munson's drawing-room is quite littered with pianos. . . . M. André Simon of the Wine and Food Society ordered a bowl of spring flowers removed because it infringed on the bouquet of the Château Latour '20. . . . Margaret Valdi Curtis, a relative of Lord Asquith, is around town singing Tahitian songs in a straw skirt. . . . Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt's butler is reported to have been dismissed for saying "O.K., Madam.". . . Prince Kyril Scherbatoff, A. K. Mills, and this department discovered the other day they were wearing identical suits. Tony Williams is a wretch to have duplicated them on us.

Beebe often stretched English to the breaking point and then grandly broke it. "Ingrained in his character," Gibbs wrote, "there is a profound nostalgia for dead elegance, and his prose is consequently heavy with Gothic ornament. Almost anything on wheels becomes a 'herdic;' a serving dish is a 'firkin;' 'zounds' and 'egad' break up the rolling periods. It is impossible for him to write 'hat' or 'street' or 'policeman.' They are transmuted into 'chapeau,' 'faubourg,' and 'gendarme,' and at one time the Gallic inspiration was so strong upon him that 'success foolish' and 'but incredible' threatened to unseat whatever was left of his readers' minds."

Zerbe, thanks to the frequent mention of his name in columns, was soon invited to bring out a book of his pictures, which he called "People on Parade." Beebe provided a characteristic introduction, which ran, in part:

> More than anything else, people are news. . . . That is why Jerome Zerbe's photographs are news photographs and why this book has every right to be called a document. Usually "documents," profound, vital "documents," are as dull as a bottle of corked Vouvray, but "People on Parade" is a notable and happy exception.
>
> The customary conception of a news photographer is of a fellow who has to fight like bejeezus for his living and who wears extra heavy shoes to jam into closing doors. To this, too, Mr. Zerbe is an exception. In an atmosphere of seagoing dowagers and hot and cold running footmen where elegance and potted rubber plants are the watchword he lolls, metaphorically, in Babylonish ease while flunkies flood him with Chateauneuf-du-Pape, and firkins of fish eggs are wheeled by at frequent intervals. . . .
>
> The very nature of Mr. Zerbe's photographs makes calculated photographic effects at once superfluous and impossible. They are news pictures of a highly specialized sort showing elegant or famous or witty people in brief instants of parade or pleasure, sometimes in juxtapositions which, to the sapient, are hilarious. . . .
>
> Mostly, like Mr. Robinson's Richard Corey, people glitter as they walk through the pages of this album, and you will probably find yourself among them. If you don't, the chances are Mr. Zerbe has heard that you once chilled your claret or saw a play the second night. His code is a rigid one.

Slight as the book was, it earned Zerbe recognition from *Time:* "Always immaculately groomed, with an impressive acquaintance among New York's bright young people, he flashlights all the swankier bars, nightclubs, balls, routs, and receptions. With determination and no little skill, Photographer Zerbe has dedicated his life to recording the lives of the champagne set in its moments of abandon."

In 1939, Zerbe accepted the offer of a job as host at the Brazilian Pavilion at the New York World's Fair; in the second year of the Fair, he had a similar position at the Italian Pavilion. Though the grim steps that would lead to the outbreak of the Second World War were already being taken in Europe and Asia, the Fair purported to reveal the peaceful future that mankind, by its technological prowess, had learned at last how to bring into being. If this was nonsense, and known to be nonsense, the Fair was nevertheless an exceptionally brilliant event of its kind and an exceptionally happy one for the tens of millions of people who passed through its gates. Zerbe entertained at the Fair as if the grounds were his drawing room. Not merely hundreds but thousands of his friends and acquaintances had merry times with him there. One of the most remarkable misadventures to take place during the Fair involved a couple of Zerbe's friends and, in a minor role, Zerbe himself. It was described in part in a front-page story in the *Times*, which unfortunately had to go to press before the misadventure ended. From the *Times* of July 12, 1939:

> An unscheduled thrill drew thousands of persons to the Parachute Jump in the Amusement Zone of the New York World's Fair last night when one of the 'chutes became jammed in mid-air after hauling a man and a woman more than 100 feet toward the top of the 250-foot tower.
>
> Seated beneath the billowing folds of a huge orange 'chute, which was tipped at a steep slant when one of the pulleys that guide it became jammed against a supporting wire, the two were visible throughout virtually the entire Fair area. Their only support was the small, swing-like double seat, on which they sat side by side, clinging to each other,

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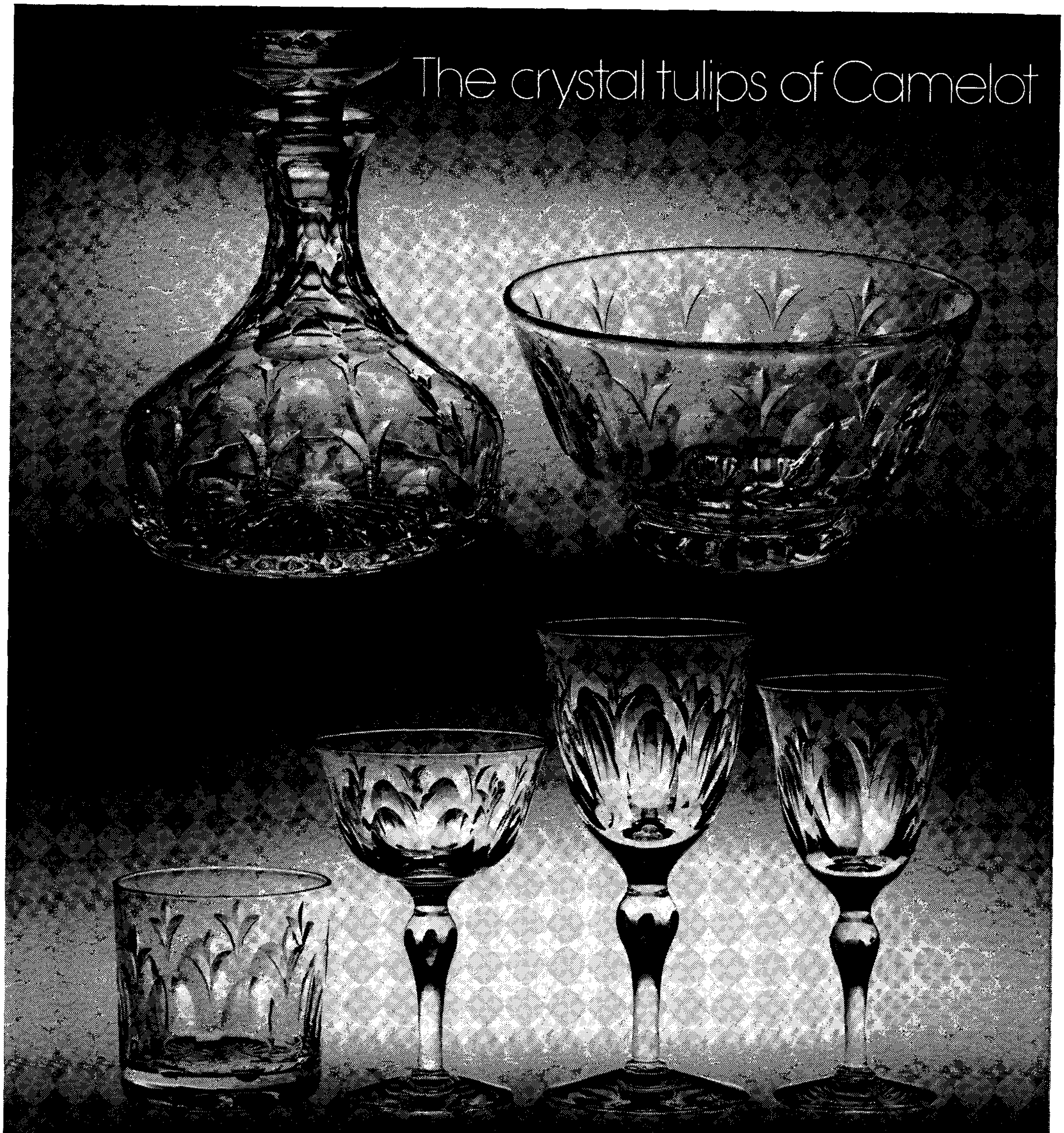

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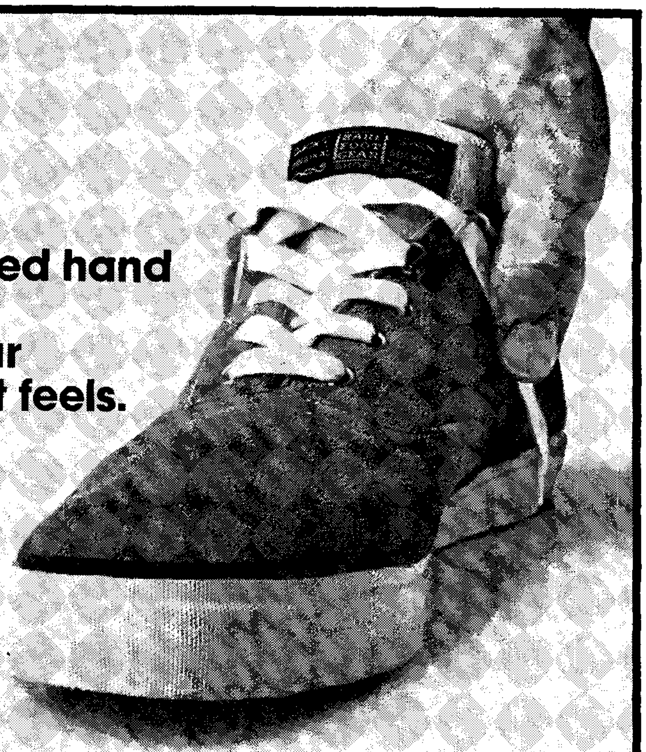

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and held from falling by their safety belts. The accident that trapped them aloft occurred at 11:25 o'clock.

Among the ten thousand people who were estimated to have gathered at the foot of the jump was the ubiquitous Zerbe. The couple trapped in the parachute had not been identified; Zerbe heard somebody say that the man was thought to be Harold Talbott, a friend of his. He shouted up into the dark, "Are you Harold Talbott?," and the man shouted back, "None of your business!"

Somewhat taken aback, Zerbe said, "But I'm Jerry Zerbe!"

His assumption that everybody in the world either knew him or knew his name and would be glad to speak to him was well founded. Out of the dark came the voice: "Jerry! My God! I'm Cokey Rathborne!"

Another friend, of course: J. Cornelius Rathborne, Jr., Yale '31, and a well-known polo player on Long Island. He and his wife—the woman beside him in midair—were often to be seen at El Morocco. Mrs. Rathborne, though admirably calm in her dangerous plight, was under the impression that she and her husband might fall and be killed before being rescued. She called down to Zerbe, "This is one time I wish you had your camera. Our picture would be something for the children to have." Zerbe assured them that they would soon be safely on the ground. A newspaper photographer for the *Journal-American*, standing nearby, was eager to get a picture of the trapped couple at close range but was afraid to risk going up in an adjacent parachute for fear that it, too, might jam. Moreover, since he had but a single flashbulb left, the odds were against his getting a salable picture even if he *did* go up. Mostly for Mrs. Rathborne's sake, Zerbe volunteered to take the picture for him. A two-hundred-and-thirty-pound policeman was induced to accompany Zerbe for ballast, and up they went, stopping at the same height as the broken parachute. A hundred and ten feet above the ground, Zerbe leaned far out into space and was just aiming the camera at his friends when the fat policeman fainted and slumped against him; Zerbe snapped the picture, the flashbulb fortunately went off, and the parachute descended. The poor Rathbornes remained trapped in the air for five hours. Zerbe's picture turned out to be an excellent one, and the photographer got a five-hundred-dollar bonus from the *Journal-American*.

When, in the second year of the

Fair, the Italian government declared war on England and France, Zerbe resigned his post at the Italian Pavilion. To show that he felt no personal ill will, he invited all the Pavilion waiters he knew to bring their wives to a party in his apartment on East Fifty-sixth Street. "I was expecting it to be a sad farewell occasion, but not at all," he says. "Most of the men managed to stay on here, and wound up as headwaiters in our best restaurants and night clubs. Some have been friends of mine ever since."

In 1942, Zerbe enlisted in the Navy. He could have applied for a commission, and, given his connections, he would certainly have received one, but he had discovered that taking photographs was considered beneath the dignity of a naval officer. (Captain Edward Steichen's Navy unit was to be the one exception to this rule.) So Zerbe signed on as a chief photographer's mate. Being an invincible social butterfly—or lion—he soon found himself living the life of an officer. Despite his lowly rank, he was on an equal footing with admirals in the great houses of San Francisco, Burlingame, and Pebble Beach. Eventually, he was assigned to a photographic unit at the Guam headquarters of Admiral Chester Nimitz, the grand panjandrum of the Pacific command. One day, Robert E. Sherwood, the playwright and Presidential speechwriter, arrived for a consultation at Nimitz's headquarters. Zerbe was waiting outside in his jeep, ready, according to custom, to snap a few shots of the visiting V.I.P. Sherwood came out, spotted his old friend Zerbe, and embraced him heartily. As the group prepared to set out on a tour of the island, Sherwood said to Nimitz, "Admiral, if you don't mind, I'd like to ride with my friend Jerry here." Subsequently, and no doubt consequently, Zerbe became Nimitz's personal photographer, and toward the end of the war Nimitz often tried to bypass naval regulations and have Zerbe made a lieutenant commander by Presidential fiat. He sent three messages to the White House to this effect. By what ought to have been good luck but proved to be very bad luck, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., a close friend of Zerbe's, was in the Presidential office when the third message arrived. The President asked Franklin, "What shall I do with this man Zerbe that Nimitz keeps pestering me about?" Young Franklin said, "Don't give him a second thought. I see Jerry all the time on Guam. He lives like an officer and is treated like an officer; it wouldn't

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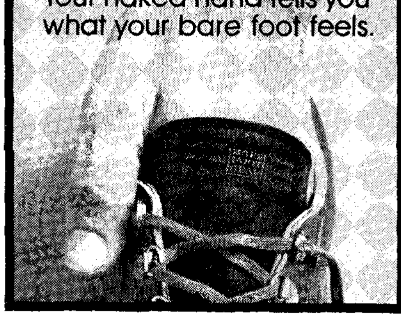

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Brother Timothy's
Napa Valley Notebook
3rd of a series

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Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
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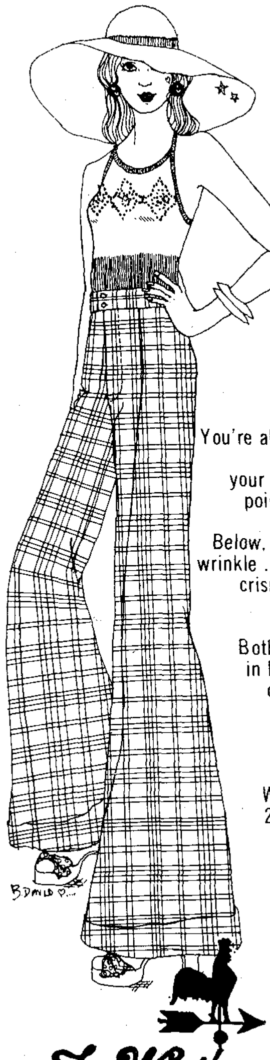
mean a thing to him to be jumped to lieutenant commander." The President took his son's advice. Zerbe and Franklin, Jr., remain friends to this day: "Friends," Zerbe says, "but I've never forgiven him for what he told his father. It's what we talk about whenever we meet. Like all rich boys, Frank had no idea what the commission would have meant to me in pay, pensions, and the like. It wasn't the rank I wanted but the emoluments. I've never been rich, and all my life I've gone around with the rich, and I find that they lack imagination when it comes to how anyone less rich than they are gets along. They always mean to be interested, but somehow their attention wanders."

During Zerbe's tour of duty on Guam, not only Sherwood but such old friends as Gertrude Lawrence, Moss Hart, Haila Stoddard, and Mary Jean Kempner (exquisitely turned out by Hattie Carnegie as a war correspondent for *Vogue*) turned up, while such El Morocco regulars as Robert D. L. Gardiner, Barry Bingham, and Winthrop Rockefeller were actually stationed on the island. Still, the war was by no means all frolic for Zerbe. He shot roll after roll of film during combat on Iwo Jima and Okinawa; saw action aboard two flattops, the Essex and the Hancock; and received a total of seven unit citations. He was also present and at work at the historic moment when the surrender papers were signed aboard the Missouri. No enlisted man can ever have mingled more gracefully with the top brass on such an occasion, not alone because he was Nimitz's personal photographer but also because he was a nephew of Lieutenant General Robert L. Eichelberger, Commanding General of the Eighth Army and an important figure at the surrender ceremonies. After the signing, Uncle Bob asked Nimitz if he might take Zerbe on a two weeks' holiday tour of Japan. Hardened by then to Zerbe's inveterate good fortune, Nimitz gave his permission. "We drove around in a jeep, and our chauffeur was a general," Zerbe recollects, and then, as if to give his pride an infinitesimal check, the former chief photographer's mate adds, "Only an Australian general, to be sure." At the end of the war, Zerbe was awarded a Bronze Star, and the citation accompanying it, signed by Nimitz, dryly called attention to Zerbe's "manner" as well as to his bravery.

HAVING been mustered out of the Navy late in 1945, Zerbe again set up housekeeping and partygiving in



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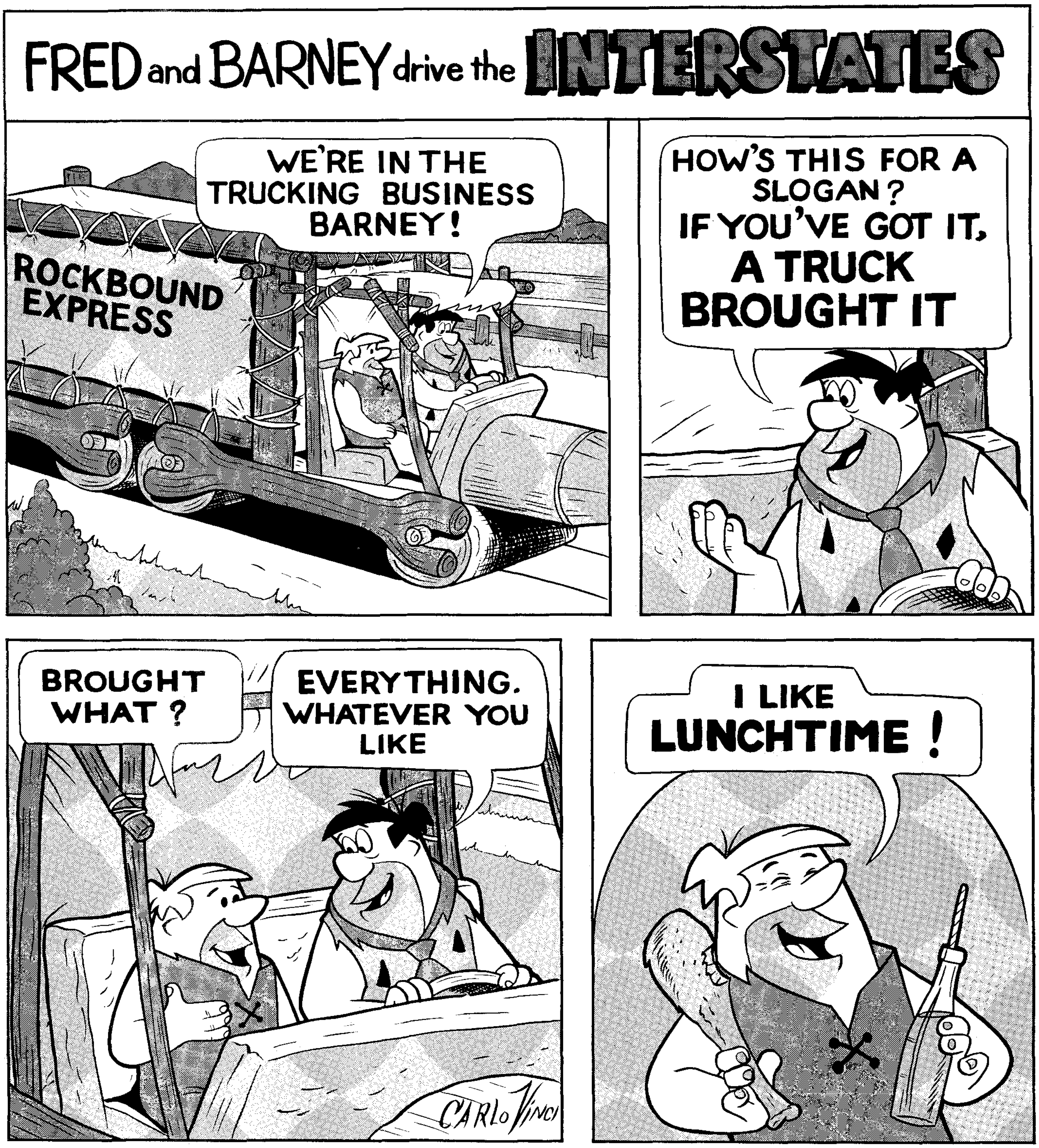
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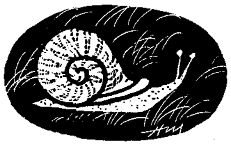
his apartment on East Fifty-sixth Street. One of his chief interests over the next few years was the design and construction of a house in Deep River, Connecticut, close to Long Island Sound. From childhood, Zerbe had shown a marked gift for decoration and architectural design. He was especially drawn to French architecture and, inside that broad field, to pavilions. “As a schoolboy, I saw Mme. Du Barry’s pavilion at Louveciennes, and ever since I have been in love with her in particular and with pavilions in general. All through the war, I kept designing and redesigning a small French house for myself. I even built a model of it, which I carried around with me and reluctantly left behind with friends in San Francisco when I shipped out. While I was still in the Navy, my brother-in-law served as my agent in the purchase of a wonderful piece of land on the Connecticut River. I had spotted it years earlier, when a friend of mine who had a private plane used to hedgehop me up and down the river in search of likely sites. The river takes a bend there, and ships coming downstream would seem to be heading straight up onto my property. By the time I was ready to build, costs had risen so high—high for those days; chicken feed now—that I had to keep reducing the scale of the house. In the end, I found myself building what I had perhaps, in my heart, always wanted: a one-story white brick pavilion, octagon-shaped, with two tiny wings—*very* French. I called it Windsong. Many replicas of it have been built over the years by friends of mine, in Florida and the Caribbean. For my floors I used some beautiful old parquet sold to me by Vincent Astor, who was pulling down a family house in Rhinebeck. I also bought a couple of hundred dollars’ worth of fine French panelling from the wrecker who was knocking down the Vanderbilt mansion, at 640 Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Corliss Sullivan gave me some carved wooden garlands by Grinling Gibbons—at least, they’re in his style—and Evalyn Walsh McLean’s Washington place, Friendship, provided me with a couple of lovely French stone sphinxes for my garden. Little by little, I turned my untutored patch of Connecticut woodland into a small French park, with *allées*, and pleasing weatherworn statues to close the vistas. And always there was the great river sliding past at the foot of my garden. If I say so myself, it was a charming place. I kept it for almost twenty years, until the getting back and forth from New York began to seem a nuisance. The times we had! I’d cook for as many as fifty for Sunday brunch—Joan Crawford, Joan Fontaine, Ina Claire, the Bob Considines, the Basil Rathbones, the Maharani of Kapurthala, of course dear Hedda. They came from miles around, and sometimes, it seemed, they came all the way from Europe, just to have brunch at Windsong. I learned to be something of a chef. One of my dishes became quite famous—a way of cooking shad known as Shad Zerbe. I also invented a combination of baked beans, corn niblets, cheese, and spices that was much admired. Once, I asked Katharine Hepburn to come up from her place at Fenwick, a few miles away, and pose for some fashion photos for me. She arrived with a picnic hamper full of food and wine for the two of us. I snapped her just as she came to the door. How beautiful she was, and how beautiful she is!”



More and more, as the years passed, Zerbe travelled. Wherever there were parties, there was the smiling and clicking Zerbe: Hollywood, Palm Beach, Montego Bay, Nantucket, Paris (always putting up at the St. James & Albany, where he has stayed since childhood), London, Cairo, Stockholm, Venice. Though he continued to serve as the society editor of *Town & Country*, he was interested to discover, as he grew older, that his camera, almost as if it had a mind of its own, began to manifest a preference for buildings over people. Few of his friends were aware of it, but he was gradually becoming a master of that most difficult specialty, architectural photography. He had an eye for the quiddity of a building revealed in the curve of a certain attic stair, the placement of a bull’s-eye window in some lofty, leafy *tourelle*, and he had a way of photographing ancient buildings in decay, or even in ruins, that was sympathetic but precise and never in the least sentimental. As he had done from youth, he went on photographing gravestones—the little, overlooked, tilted-with-age stones that one finds in country cemeteries or forgotten country gardens, with their sad, intimate messages: “Just Away,” “Daddy and Mummy, Come!” His lifelong study of French pavilions led him to publish a book on them, “Les Pavillons,” to which his friend Cyril Connolly contributed the text. He also wrote a book called “The Art of Social Climbing,”

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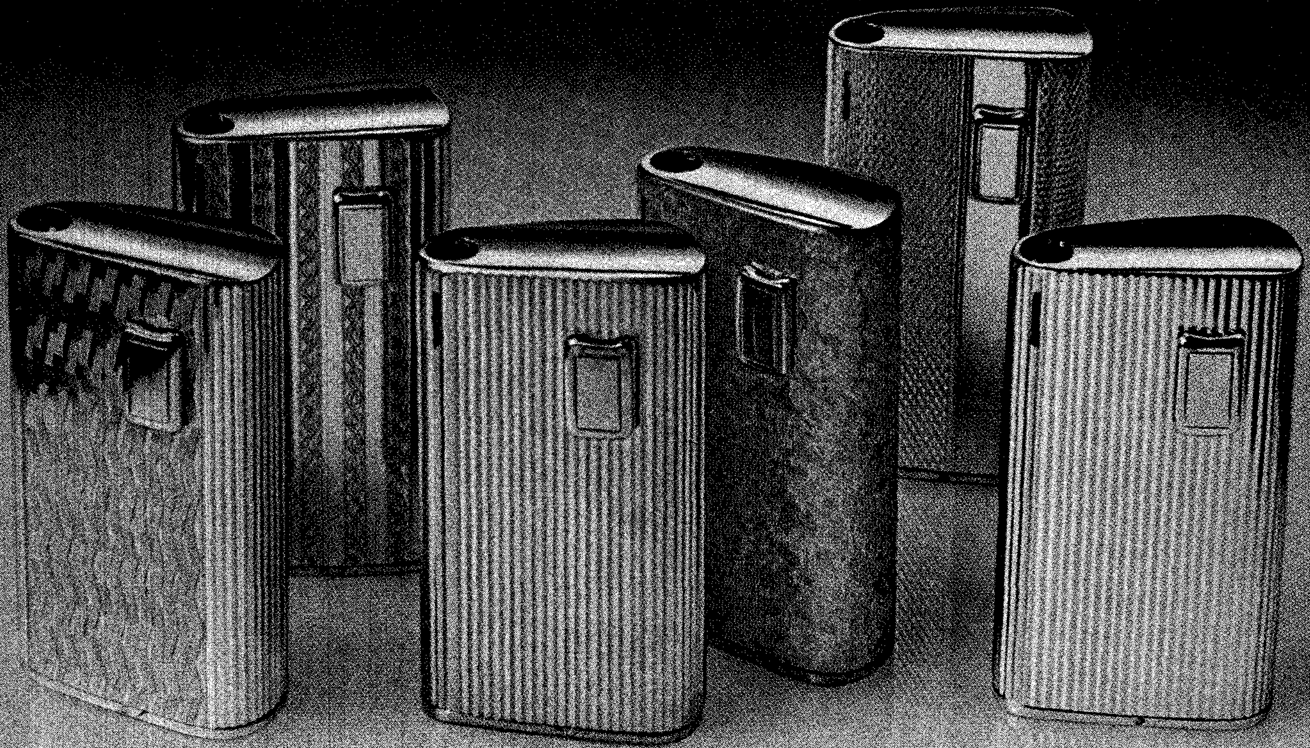

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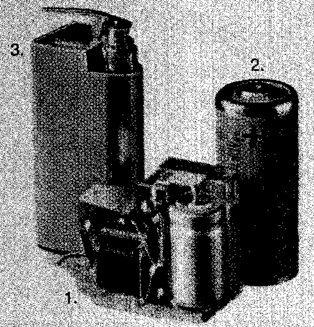

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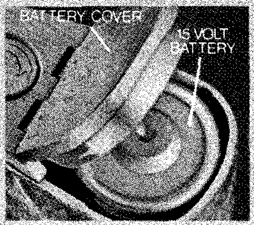

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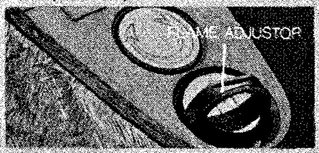

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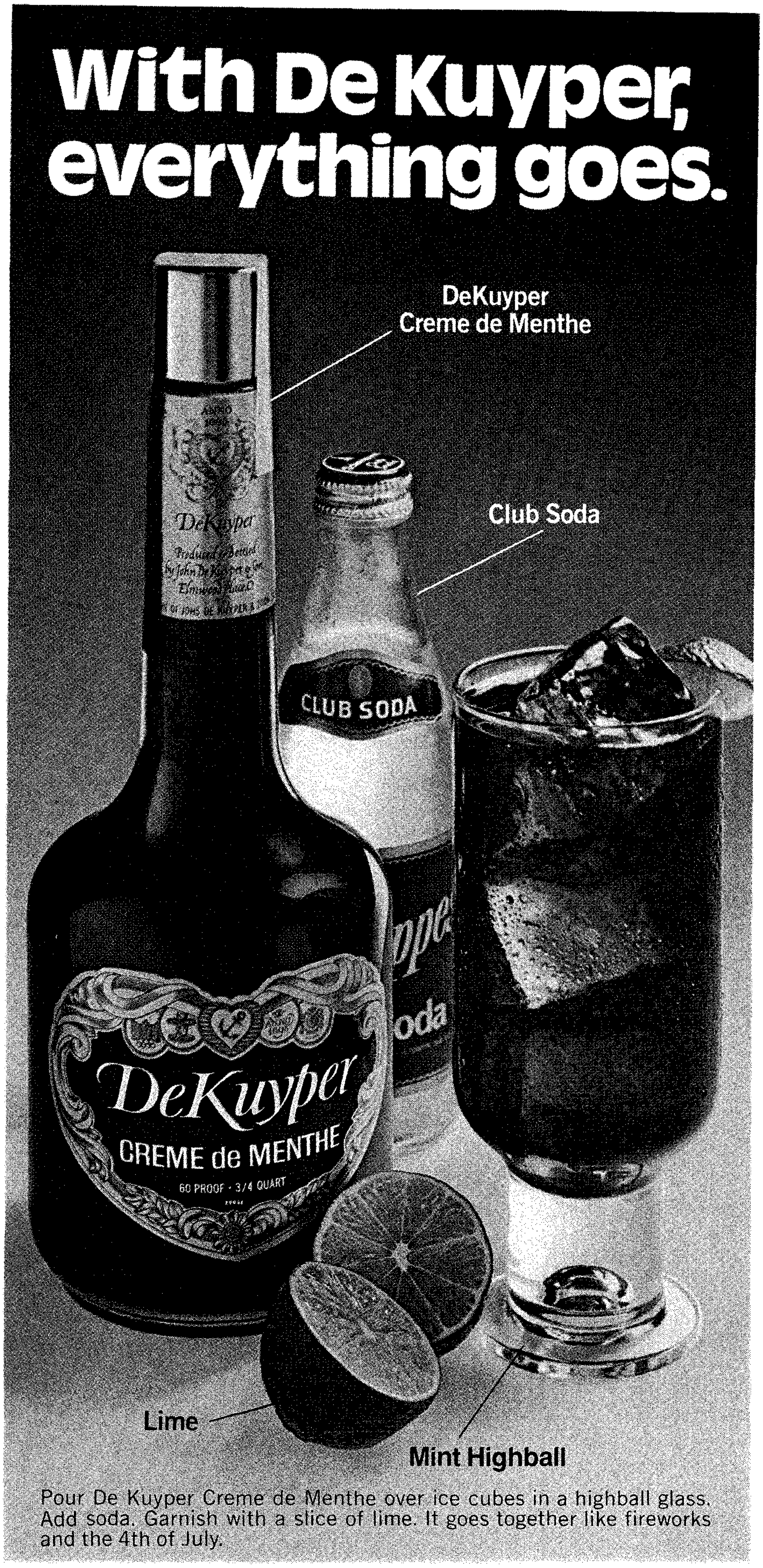
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which is dedicated "To Those Who Have Enjoyed the Climb As Much As I Have." The dedication surprised many of his friends, who up to then had assumed that Zerbe himself assumed that he had begun life at the very top of the social tree. Zerbe made his convictions on the matter clear:

> To me, a social climber is anyone who consciously tries to improve his or her social position in the community. Practically everyone is a social climber at heart.... "Social climber" is not necessarily a term of opprobrium. It is reasonable to want an established place in the world, and we all must start somewhere.... The happy members of the old guard are those who meet the challengers, and the changes they bring, with enthusiasm and encouragement.

He also made clear what he thought of the café society of which he had been one of the founding members:

> The members of café society are restless, rich, and often beautiful people who don't seem to have enough to do and are determined to amuse themselves. They make fodder for newspaper columnists by leading semi-public lives. Marriage is not very serious to them, and their flirtations, marriages, and divorces keep them in the gossip columns. They are often wellborn, sometimes talented, but usually spoiled by the large, unearned incomes they have inherited.

He took a darker view of the kind of people who were merely spectators:

> Neo-café society (or what I call Nescafé) is a purely artificial category of people whose only social life is dining out night after night, going on to the night spots and staring at the café-society groups they aspire to be like. They are usually well-to-do but not as rich as their heroes and heroines, and they are more pushing and ambitious. Over a long period it's surprising how many people one can get to speak to by being in the ladies' room at the same time, or the men's room, for that matter. After a while, you forget that you have never met them, and a sort of acceptance out of familiarity follows.

The book is notable also for an account of the most successful social climber Zerbe had ever known—Mrs. Laura Corrigan, widow of a Cleveland millionaire. Beginning as a clerk in a hotel in French Lick, Indiana, Mrs. Corrigan, having been mocked and snubbed in Cleveland, set out to conquer Europe, and did so to the point where, in the early thirties, she was able to write Zerbe from her apartment in the Ritz in Paris:

> I have had a very hectic autumn, as I have been trying to do all my business by correspondence and get ready to go to Africa. The Marchioness of Londonderry came to stay with me, and in spite of the fact that everybody has no money,

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there was a lot of entertaining for us. The Prime Minister of England was in Paris for two days, and he came both afternoons and stayed until 7:30. The King of Spain came to lunch and he stayed until six o'clock. The British Ambassador came to dinner the next night, and stayed late, so altogether we have had a lot of political discussion in my apartment lately. I had forty-eight hours' notice to have the two daughters of the King of Spain for dinner, and naturally, as everybody was engaged, I had to ask my friends to leave their previous engagements and oblige me, which seventeen of them did, and made a very nice party.

Mrs. Corrigan was celebrated for her malapropisms—she always said "*petit pois*" for "*petit point*," and she once referred to a cathedral's magnificent "flying buttocks"—but her tenacity of purpose, often in good causes, led people to admire her even at the very moment that they were laughing at her. On her deathbed, in 1948, she told an attending surgeon, "As a little girl, I dreamed of knowing all the kings and queens, and I've had my wish." Laura Corrigan had come a long way from French Lick, and perhaps an even longer way from Cleveland, and Zerbe admired her for it. She liked rolling duchesses' names on her tongue, and so, to this day, does he.

ACTIVITY on Sutton Place. Freshly returned from taking pictures in Acapulco, Zerbe finds that some eighteenth-century *boiserie*, ordered in France several months earlier, has arrived in his absence. Now, tired as he is, nothing will do but that he find a place for a couple of the panels. His apartment consists of a drawing room, a library, a bedroom, two bathrooms, a dining alcove, and a kitchen; one would swear that it could not be made to contain another item of furniture, no matter how small. Moreover, at first glance it would appear that every square foot of wall space has been preempted by innumerable paintings, drawings, mirrors, Chinese scrolls, and the like. Zerbe joyously confronts his problem. Should he shift from its prominent place on the drawing-room wall the samurai sword that the Emperor of Japan presented to Uncle Bob? Or the precious sketch by Van Dyck? Perhaps the charming oil of Mme. de Pompadour—one of a series of souvenir likenesses that Louis XV commissioned Drouais to paint after Madame's death, for distribution among her grieving friends—could be shifted into the library, space being made for it there by putting a drawing by Dali ("*Pour mon ami, Jerome Zerbe*") in the hall, where a chalk

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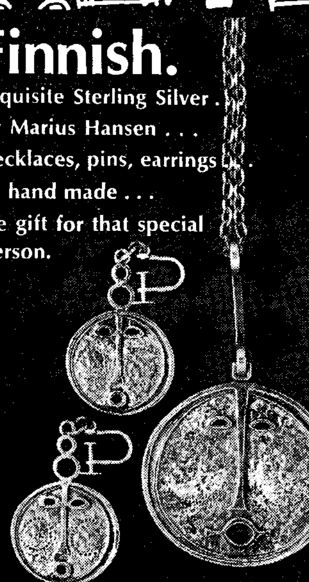

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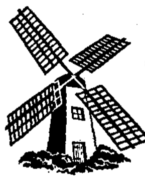

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drawing of Mme. Du Barry now hangs, which, in turn . . . But perhaps a better way can be found to reorganize his treasures. Over the mantelpiece in the drawing room hangs an oil portrait of his grandmother, begun by a great-uncle who was a gifted artist. The great-uncle died at twenty-seven, leaving the portrait unfinished. Years ago, Zerbe undertook to complete the portrait himself, which he did so skillfully that his hand is undetectable. (With a similar skill, he has marbleized all the steel doorframes in the apartment—a triumph of trompe-l'oeil.) On either side of the mantelpiece on the projecting chimney breast are spaces of blank wall perhaps twelve inches wide. Zerbe's eyes light up. Surely the two panels will fit those spaces? He hurries into the hall, picks up the panels—they are a couple of feet taller than he, heavy and cumbersome—and carries them into the drawing room. A few moments of juggling and they prove a perfect fit. Zerbe vanishes into the kitchen and returns with a pair of silver sconces. "Eighteenth-century French," he says, neatly affixing them to the panels. "In gilt, fairly common. In silver, rare. Far too good for the kitchen." The chimney breast looks very handsome; the panels and the sconces might have been there framing his grandmother's portrait since his grandmother's day. The rest of the *boiserie* may take longer to dispose of advantageously, but he will manage.

Zerbe mixes himself a small vodka-on-the-rocks, then seats himself on the couch facing the fireplace; his back rests against the pillow that Tuckie Astor made for him: "Why Not?" Proudly his eyes take in the astonishingly varied objects that he has brought home to Sutton Place from Thailand, Portugal, Turkey, Japan, Russia, Mexico, Okinawa, Italy, Majorca, Hong Kong. He has mingled them with old Zerbe pieces from Cleveland and with still older Zerbe pieces from Pennsylvania. The clutter, strange as it is, pleases. Moreover, from time to time impulsive acts of generosity diminish the trove. Zerbe recently presented two eighteenth-century terra-cotta busts of Du Barry to Versailles. A friend who admired a rare Japanese ivory in the apartment found himself instantly the possessor of it.

Zerbe has an agreeable day to look forward to. Hermione Gingold, Celeste Cheatham, and Paulette Goddard are coming to lunch. He will give them a favorite Zerbe dish—curried chicken with raisins, grapes, and shredded

Ana Maria is always a little hungry

ANA MARIA ANDRADE, SOUTH AMERICAN, AGE 6. Mother dead. Father deserted. Child lives with sick grandmother who also cares for four other grandchildren and baby who boards with her. Total income for 7 people $9.25 per month. Two meager meals a day . . . coffee for breakfast, sometimes bread. Lunch—rice, beans and corn meal. Dinner—none. Never milk or meat. Children always hungry. Live in mud hut on top of hill. One small room. No facilities. No beds. Two mattresses, 2 blankets, 2 sheets—all in poor condition. Used clothing from other poor families. Grandmother grieves for grandchildren she cannot decently care for. Help to Ana Maria means help to entire family, medical care included.

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coconut. For dessert, he will serve a notorious Zerbe blockbuster, which consists of butter-pecan ice cream with cold mincemeat sauce. That will be something for the ladies to get their teeth into. He will be helped at lunch by Joseph Cooper, his houseman for twenty-eight years. (Joseph, too, won a Bronze Star in the South Pacific.) After lunch, Zerbe will nap until it is time for him to keep an appointment to photograph the fashionable von Furstenbergs. Later, there will be a dinner party at Gloria Gurney's in honor of Desmond Guinness, newly come to New York from his castle in Ireland. Desmond is a Mitford on his mother's side and has the mad, bright-blue Mitford eyes: an amusing man, whom Zerbe has often photographed in Ireland, on the green banks of the Liffey. Toward midnight, Zerbe and Millie Considine will drop in at El Morocco. Angelo, the present maître d'hôtel, will have saved a favorite table for him. Though he purports to be retired, Zerbe likes to maintain a close connection with the club. The young and the rich and the beautiful remain important to him. The pleasure he takes from them must be equalled by the pleasure he gives; that is the bargain he has struck with them without their knowing it, and it is one that he is determined to keep at all costs. He pours himself a second small drink. He has been very virtuous of late—six weeks on the wagon—and his liver can stand a little darkening. He raises his glass. Happy people, happy times! Tonight he will bring along his camera, just in case.

—Brendan Gill

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So cool it.

•

A potluck dinner was held at the city park, one block north of the museum, as a fund-raising event to finance further repairs and improvements to Mrs. Charles Sitton, museum committee chairman.—*Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.*

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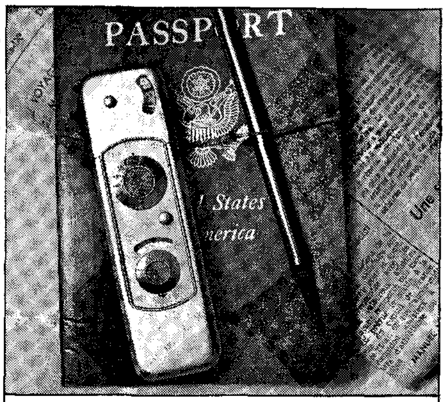

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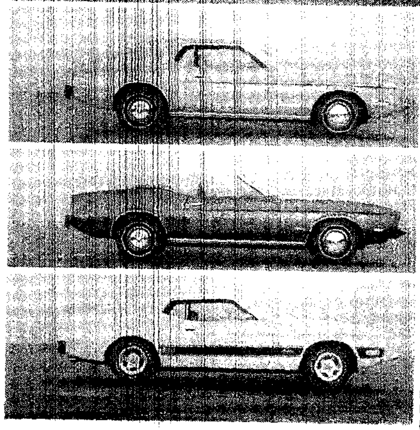

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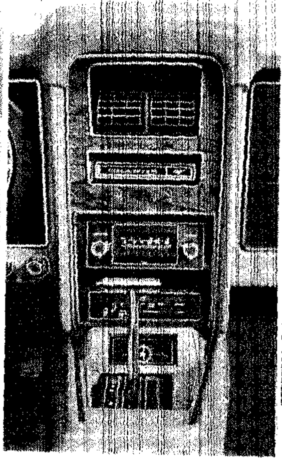

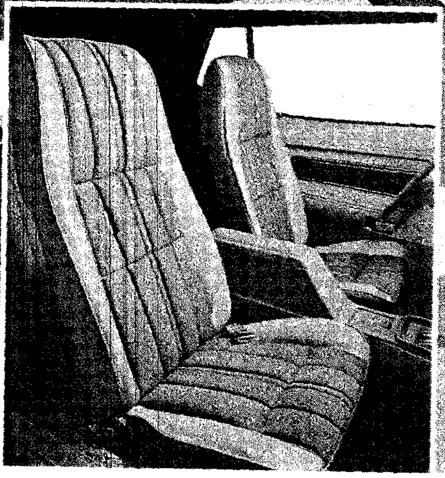

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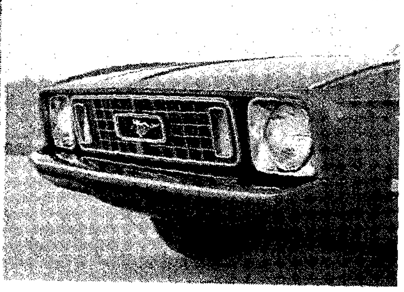

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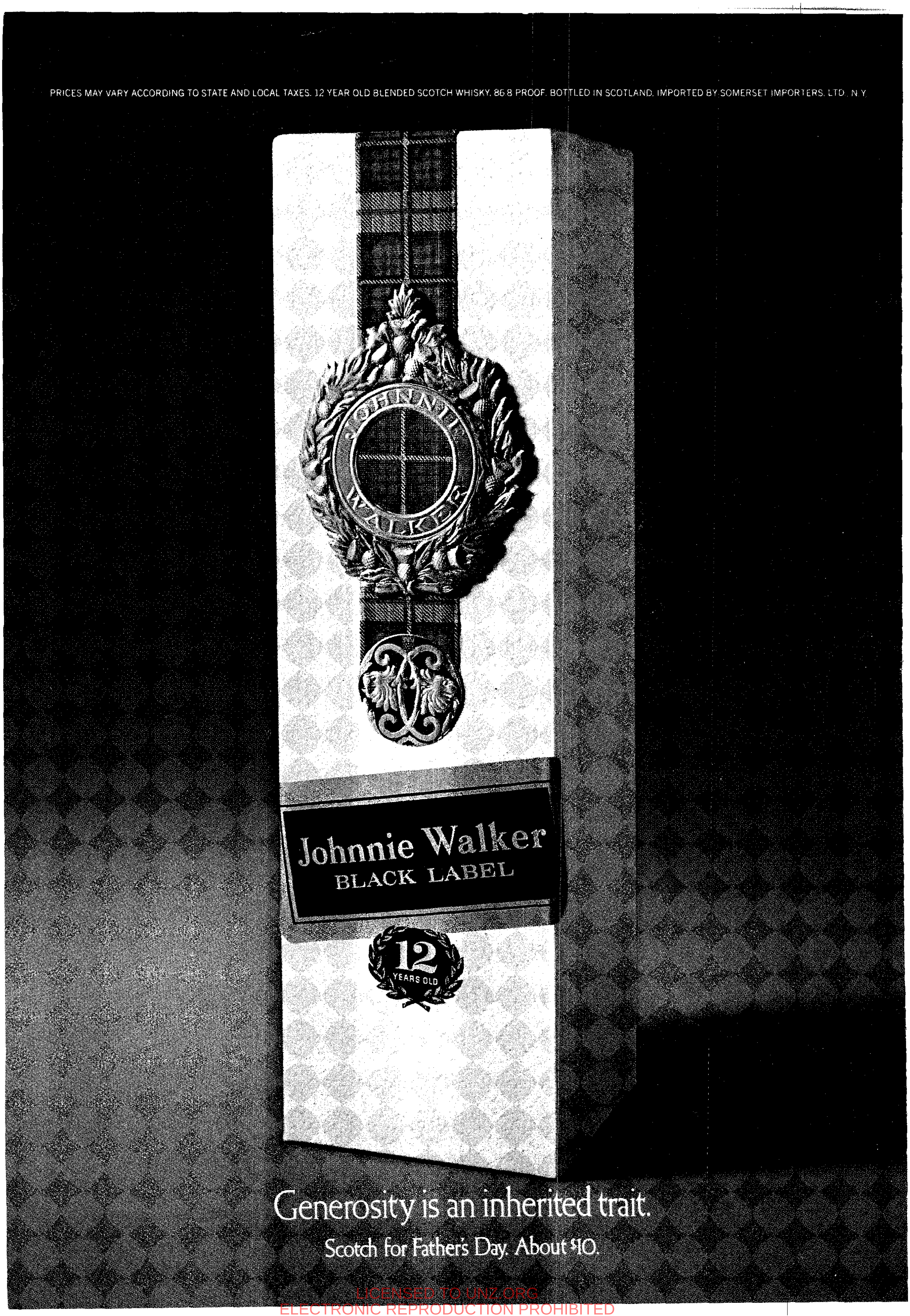
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

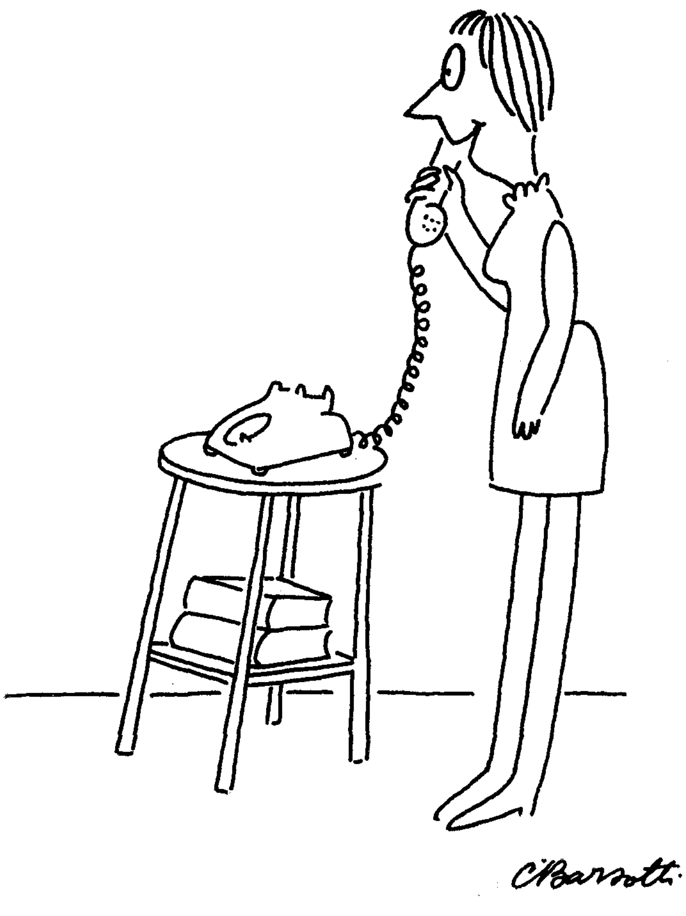
Other People's Us

AS others see this country, without looking:

- Well, New York isn't America.
- Not a blithe people. Energetic, that's all.
- A giant spirit expended in a waste of shame. Mass without content. Calories gained by choler. A body politic with an empty moral limb hanging there, like some farcical blood donor's vision of his arm dangling as if it were an empty boot.
- A place of once-rare nylon stockings, which are rare again because of tights; unerotic underclothes; more wit than humor; split screens (Cinerama now back with us); violent films, awkwardly acclaimed for the virtuosity of the acting in them.
- Like Russia. Like China. (Happy continents are all alike. Every unhappy continent is unhappy in its own way.) America is *cheerful*, and topped up with an atmosphere of frenetic well-being, in spite of Watergate. Think of the infallible system of checks and balances; think of the obvious health of a mixed society that uses black newscasters with capped teeth; think of merrily muddled ethnic streets where small sleeping children are carried at midnight under their fathers' arms like bundles of laundry; think of chicken-in-the-basket and widespread college education, and sunny soap operas. Russia is cheerful, too. Think of day-care centers, and universality of belief, and the contradictory and punishable persistence of great individual voices. And China is cheerful. Think how people smile during major operations done with no anesthetic but acupuncture.
- Think of the Best Film Award at Cannes to Jerry Schatzberg's brutal, basilisk-eyed "Scarecrow." A prize awkwardly given to the country that is taken to be marinating in its own blood, like a hare waiting to be jugged. An act of recognition that must have been founded on the performances of two unmistakably splendid actors (Al Pacino and Gene Hackman), whose presences are made compact by their rather stupefied sort of power.
- Think of the reputations of some of the gory adapters called *auteurs:* Sam Peckinpah ("Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid") and Robert Aldrich ("Emperor of the North Pole"). Think of the fame of directors who often merely celebrate some taciturn comradeship between men, and the exhausted faces of frontier women, and the speed of a gun draw, and the nice lucidity of a sock in the jaw, and the relaxedness of misogyny.
- Parallel happy platitudes. Small countries have furious feudal problems, speak unsettlingly fast, and have singular aesthetics. Think of the films of the school of English realism, and their present cool attachment to the poetry of the everyday. Think of the general European obsession with strikes, and the Industrial Revolution, and class, and the inclination to obdurate resistance. Think of Poland. Think of the English North Country, and the fine, cranky films of Ken Loach: they are full of rasping voices that have a peculiar musicality, and they embody an unconscious taste for the long-lasting, in spite of the welfare state. Think of Loach's "Kes," about a recalcitrant boy and a kestrel, which some American exhibitors solemnly thought to need subtitles; and the three films not yet seen theatrically here, showing for a week at New York's New School—"Cathy, Come Home," "The Rank and File," and "After a Lifetime"—which have a rancorous turn of mind often judged unsuited to a cheerful big continent. Think also of queues, and of Capability Brown and his gardens; think of British schoolchildren's rhymes derived from Middle English, and of the English working-class passions for pigeon-keeping and pub-crawling.

"EMPEROR OF THE NORTH POLE," a thick-tongued and overmuscled movie, is directed by Robert Aldrich with the eye for blood and thunder and masculine couch mythology that other countries believe typically American. It is about a square-faced brute (Ernest Borgnine), called the Shack, who is a freight-train conductor and enemy of hobos during the Depression. In the patronizing eyes of other countries, and of New York City buyers of books about interpretations of the American will, the political timing is enough to give the film a spurious historical truth. A hobo called A-No. 1, played by Lee Marvin, rides the freight trains to get from anywhere to anywhere, clutching a baffled-looking and overtravelled hen. His style is cramped by a rather debonair and tentative-looking apprentice hobo, called Cigaret (Keith Carradine), whose relative recoil from blood-spilling is enough, in an Aldrich film, to characterize him as someone in a blue funk. A-No. 1 prides himself on riding the front car free and on not losing more than a pint or two of blood to the Shack, who is out to wring hobos' necks, suffocate them, allow them to die of burning, or otherwise rid his pure frontier trains of noxious freeloaders.

Robert Aldrich has also made, among many other films, "Attack!," in which Eddie Albert as a wartime captain loses his nerve and turns fulsomely berserk under pressure; "The Big Knife," freely adapted from Clifford Odets' play, with Rod Steiger as an arche-



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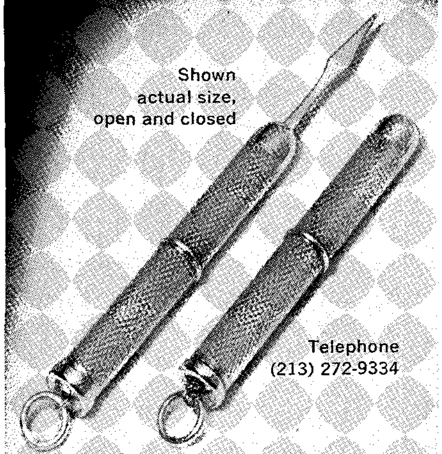

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typal bad boss of Hollywood and Jack Palance as a film star who, between being exercised and massaged, finds that what is courteously taken to be his intelligence is being undermined by the boss; "The Legend of Lylah Clare," also about Hollywood, in which Hollywood says, with a typical gravity about itself, that success is tough (was it success that made life tough for the Plantagenets?), and in which a star called Lylah Clare, combative but dumb, is killed in lurid circumstances; "Sodom and Gomorrah," in which Lot's future wife is made to put on a piece of sacking instead of a dress ("You Hebrews confuse clothes with tents"); "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," with Bette Davis as a mad, drunk film star and ex-vaudeville tot, condescendingly kicked up into movies by her once more famous film-star sister, now crippled, played by Joan Crawford (the sloshed relative serving up dead rats for the crippled one's lunch, and Miss Crawford behaving as though she had never seen her murderously loopy sister before but had arrived daisy fresh on the set for a new life of suffering each morning); and "The Dirty Dozen," which, like "Emperor of the North Pole," is a calculated rehash of some premoral life of banging on a high chair with a wooden spoon and of treating people as if they were hated porridge. "The Dirty Dozen" is about twelve Neanderthally equipped psychotic criminals trained by the military to behave primitively in Normandy in the Second World War. The main trouble with the movie is that it merely gloats over sadism with the meaningless amity of a gorilla momentarily soothed by a banana. "Emperor of the North Pole" carries the imprint of the same director's knuckles. The features of the stars, when visible through blood and bristles, begin to take on the shape of packing cases. These wretched faces flippantly supposed to reflect the Depression aren't given the unfocussed, defensive look that I can just remember from the bad days of unemployment in Europe immediately before the war; they are made to seem horrifyingly determined and avid for fights. Is this the frontier spirit? Is Aldrich typically American in his frenzied pitch of voice and in his sentimentality about the loner bum? Is he being brazenly comic, or bright without pretension, in what are accurately thought of as characteristic national ways? I don't believe so. I believe there might be merits in a gentle boycott by citizens gifted with the native quizzicality. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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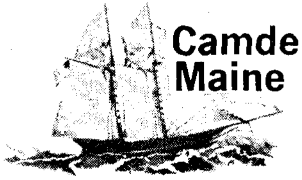

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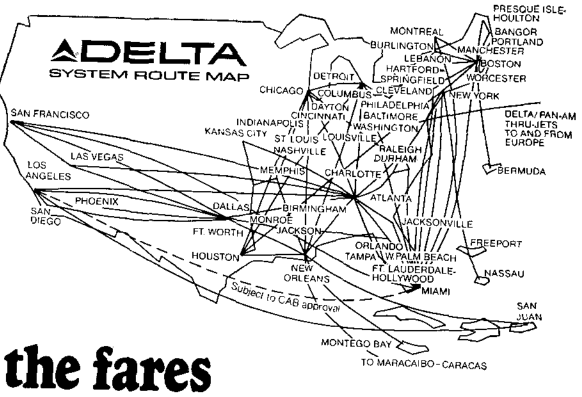
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THE ART WORLD

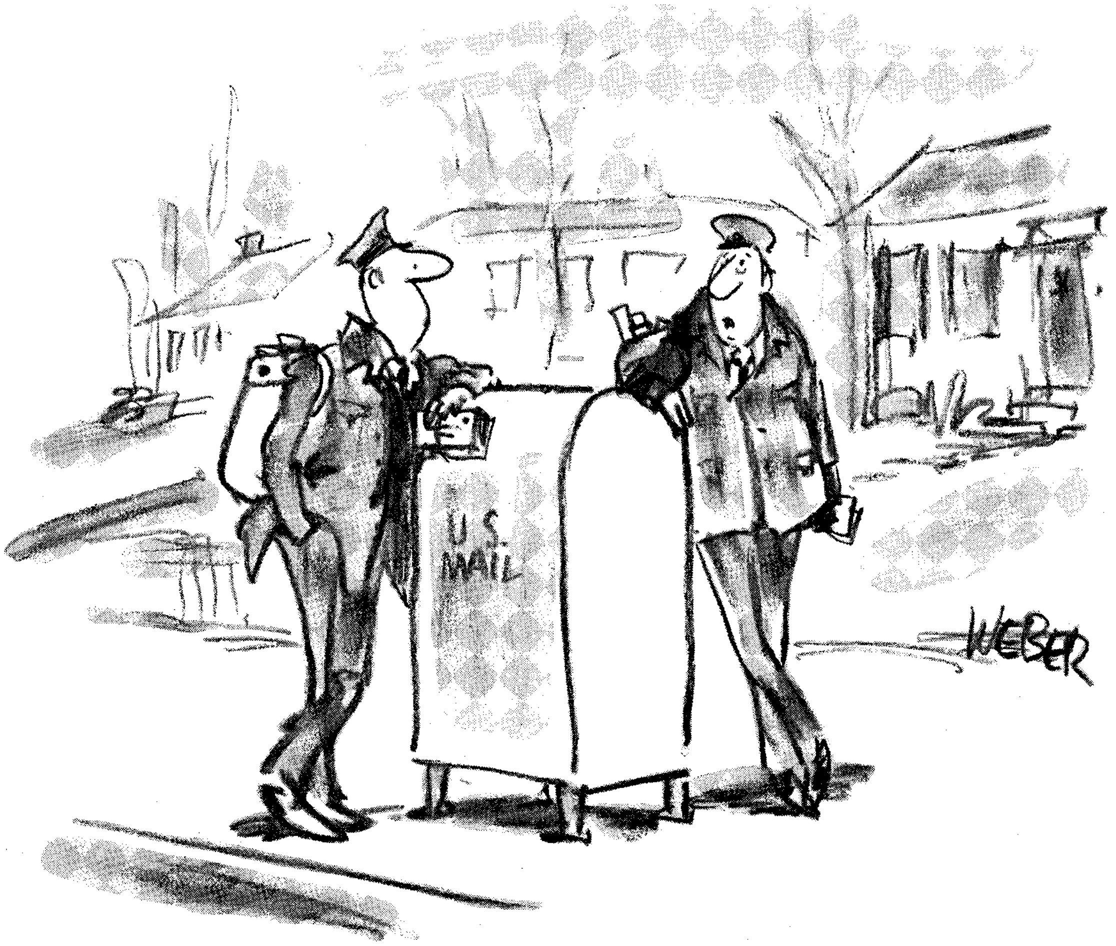
Shockers and Fairy Tales

OF the many paintings and sculptures by Jean Dubuffet in the United States, his "Four Trees" sculpture, at the Chase Manhattan Plaza, in the downtown financial district, ranks among his best. Made of epoxy and fibre glass, and decorated with the eccentric linear edgings and patterns characteristic of this artist's "Hourloupe" series, it is composed of irregular horizontal shapes that appear to float above deliberately clumsy bases—the "trunks" of the trees. The scale of the work in its setting of skyscrapers is exactly right—large enough to assert its presence, yet maintaining a human dimension that softens the surrounding cliffs of stone and glass. Its cool colors and pleasantly textured surface are physically relaxing. The total image, resembling that of giant mushrooms, evokes associations with illustrations of fairy tales. In summer it should serve as a shady arbor and have fountains of iced drinks flowing out of it. On school holidays it might be festooned with ropes of licorice and rows of old-time candy buttons on narrow strips of paper. The Thirty Years' War declared by Dubuffet against culture has culminated in a midsummer night's dream cradled in the embrace of one of the world's largest banks.

As has been customary with Dubuffet, the unveiling of "Four Trees," in October of 1972, was accompanied by an exposition by the artist of the significance of his sculpture and how to appreciate it. (Dubuffet is one of those artists who make things easy for reporters and reviewers by providing a vocabulary of insights into their aims.) In the case of "Four Trees," his statement is in essence a reconciliation. In it the ideologue of Art Brut and the author of "Anticultural Positions" and "Asphyxiating Culture," whose declared ambition has been to replace Western art with that of the jungle, the lavatory, and the mental institution, reveals the harmony of his creation with "the high-intensity activities" and "I would even say, poetry" of Wall Street. "I could not have hoped for a place better suited to this monument. . . . Indeed, this plaza, and the prodigious buildings which rise above and surround it, are the dramatic illustration of an extraordinary celebration of reason, logic, and calculation."

Dubuffet's newly proclaimed enthusiasm for the rational and the practical places his work, it seems to me, in clearer perspective than does his normal attitude of cultural insurrection. For the past ten years, Dubuffet has been engaged in the series to which he gave the name "L'Hourloupe," the sounds of which suggest to him "some wonderland or grotesque object or creature, while at the same time they evoke something rumbling and threatening with tragic overtones." The "Hourloupe" fantasies, he says in connection with the Chase Manhattan Plaza opus, constitute a "parallel world" to that of the everyday rational reality. In brief, Dubuffet conceives art to be a kind of Disneyland—a notion that is, of course, in no sense subversive but is, on the contrary, the traditional middle-class view of art as a relaxation from the serious business of life and the rigors of competitive enterprise.

Dubuffet's "Remarks on the Unveiling of the Group of Four Trees" is printed, in French and in English, in the catalogue of his current retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Despite this unambiguous document, however, the museum doggedly refuses to relinquish the myth of Dubuffet's radicalism. In the introduction to the catalogue, Thomas Messer, director of the museum, invokes the "anguished outcries from the world of institutional culture" that resound like pistol shots throughout the Dubuffet story, and he concludes that the artist is still laying waste the foundations of Western forms and that his "lifework is of one piece." Consistent with this view, Margit Rowell, the Guggenheim curator who organized the show, begins her presentation of Dubuffet's "art on the margins of culture" by testifying that "over the span of his thirty-year career, Jean Dubuffet has refused to be . . . coöpted by the culture which in 1943 he set out to undermine." Rowell takes note of the oddity that this sworn foe of art is being honored this year by retrospectives in New York and Paris, but she argues that he has somehow forced himself on the civilization he hates and



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that "he remains nonetheless a thorn in twentieth-century culture's side."

Since no "anguished outcries" are emanating from the Guggenheim (on the contrary, the Dubuffet retrospective, according to Messer, "had been sought by the Museum for a long time" and the show is the largest ever assembled there), it must be assumed that the Guggenheim is not part of "institutional culture." Nor, by the same measure, are the National Endowment for the Arts and the Association Française d'Action Artistique, both of which provided grants to make the retrospective possible. Considering that the Museum of Modern Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Los Angeles County Museum, the Walker Art Center, the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, the Tate Gallery, the Stedelijk Museum, and the Museum of Fine Arts in Montreal have, beginning as far back as 1960, presented retrospectives of Dubuffet (in some cases, two), one wonders in which portion of the anatomy of culture that Dubuffet thorn is lodged. No artist since the Second World War has had a quicker rise to fame: within two years after he began to paint seriously—in the mid-forties, at the age of forty-two—he had an exhibition at a leading Paris gallery, and three years later he made his début in New York at the Pierre Matisse. No one has received more consistent support from the international chain of official art agencies, and he has done equally well with the collectors who form part of the same cultural framework; at any rate, no owners of Dubuffets known to me have rings in their noses. What, then, can be the explanation for these pretended shrieks of pain, especially since indignation about art has not been in vogue since the last war? This question is interesting apart from the actual qualities of Dubuffet's art—qualities that will become visible only when his work has been lifted out of its nest of propaganda.

Apparently, institutions of contemporary culture find a need to sponsor activities that will make them seem opposed to themselves. Modernism is a revolutionary movement, and if this revolution is no longer being continued in fact, it must be continued in fiction. To create the illusion of an adversary force, everything that has been overthrown must be overthrown again and again. Dubuffet is at one with his museum directors and curators in boldly challenging the *nineteenth* century. To appreciate the work in the Guggenheim retrospective, one must keep in mind that art as Dubuffet found it when he entered the art world had already made all the moves on which his reputation rests. It is precisely in appropriating the fruits of old revolts that he represents revolt in the museum. The aesthetic subversion that ended with the Second World War lives on in Dubuffet as revolutionary pantomime.

In the past, culture consisted of impulses toward a center of inherited values—religious, moral, political, aesthetic. It was this concept of culture that T. S. Eliot had in mind when he called for an organic culture that would be on guard against including "too many" freethinking foreigners. In the twentieth century, however, culture has moved in the opposite direction—toward the frontiers where the familiar and accepted touch upon the alien. Today, the mark of cultivation is a capacity for penetrating previously dark areas (geographical, social, and psychological), for assimilating forms regardless of when or where they originated. The limit of modernist culture is man himself. The days of anguished outcries at the sight of strange creations are long past. Our institutions are upset not by new forms but by confrontation with facts, as in connection with the de-accessioning procedures of the Metropolitan or, to come closer to our topic, the rancorous cancellation of the exhibition of Hans Haacke by the Guggenheim a couple of years ago because it called attention to slum tenements and publicly named their owners. To be, like Dubuffet, a sworn enemy of cultural institutions is, it appears, not at all disturbing to the representatives of those institutions, though to expose aspects of the actual character of the culture is an act on the verge of high treason.

For all his anticulturism, Dubuffet's art exists entirely within the matrix of established modernist forms and ideas. His work is the exact antithesis of that of the naïve or untrained artist, and of the individual who creates in the grip of an obsession. Miró, for instance, imitated the mental state of psychotics, Dubuffet only their compositions. Art Brut, with which Dubuffet has identified himself, is the product of an attempt to render what is seen or felt with whatever means are at hand. Dubuffet mimics this in his crude scrawls and his assemblages of waste. His art, however, is completely motivated by artistic objectives; it has no concern with reality, visual or subjective. Nothing in his variety of modes is based on observation, except the observation of recent styles in art. His aesthetic is a shrewd, self-conscious compendium of methods of composition that have been liberated from all external demands. His successive formats, modes, and mediums—the Guggenheim catalogue lists twenty-four separate phases—have this in common: all allow immediate production of art works, like the music schools that promise you can play a tune the first day. For subtleties of the hand or originality of conception, Dubuffet has substituted formulas for fabricating objects authenticated by modernist aesthetics—for instance, paintings based on the accidental behavior of their materials, or assemblages featuring textures produced by combining leaves, banana skins, and bits of bark. The "brutal" artist concentrates on one work at a time, in which he finds absolute meaning or satisfaction. Dubuffet, on the other hand, sets in motion processes capable of yielding undetermined quantities of products in one medium or another.

THE outstanding impression induced by the Guggenheim retrospective, which presents some three hundred samples of the artist's thousands of paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, illustrated books, models for monuments, stage properties, and animated personages of the "Coucou Bazar," is that Dubuffet's output comes as close as possible to having been created by a crowd. The non-stop improvisations of the "Hourloupe" decorations of the past ten years—initiated, we are told, by doodlings with red and blue ball-point pens—bear a significant resemblance to the miles of calligraphy with which youngsters cover New York subway trains. For any one of the categories of works in the master list of Dubuffet's products, an equivalent could have been substituted without altering the artist's total statement.

In principle, Dubuffet has been an advocate of anonymity in art—a principle he has advanced with maximum personal publicity. He made his reputation by allying himself with a body of creations without signatures—the art of the mentally ill, whose "authors" he has celebrated as "obscure individuals, alien to the milieu of professional artists." For his own part, Dubuffet as an artist has never been either obscure or alienated. As champion of art by anybody, he has directed his fire against art by somebody; that is to say, the figure of the artist. His stated hostility to Western culture is, ultimately, hos-

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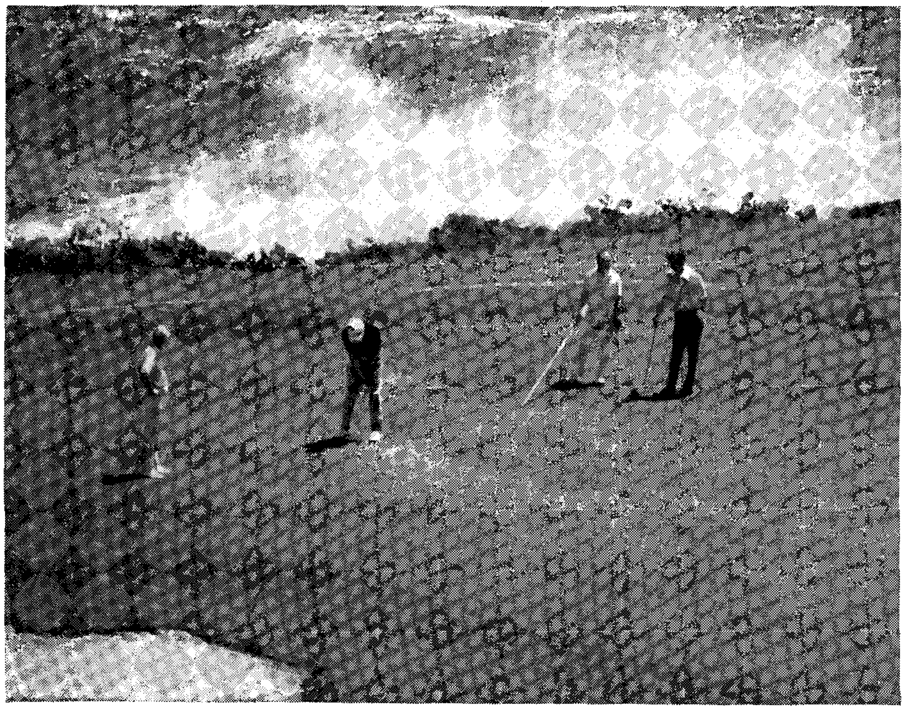

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tility to the human product of that culture—the autonomous individual and his unique sensibility. "I feed on the banal," he has written. "In my paintings I wish to recover the vision of an average and ordinary man." Though this may be inconsistent with his interest in the art of psychotics, it is a way of reiterating his repudiation of artistic intelligence as a force in the ongoing cultural transformation. Dubuffet's exaltation of ordinariness, and sub-ordinariness, fits him—as it does Warhol, who has also expressed the ideal of being like everybody else—into the pseudo-radical philosophies of anti-élitism which have been bringing art into accord with the aesthetics of big business and the mass media.

THE descending spiral of the Guggenheim Museum is the ideal site for a comprehensive overlook of Dubuffet's contribution. The works are most satisfactorily seen as groupings of images and objects by the spectator in motion, instead of being scrutinized individually. Dubuffet produced them in sequences, like frames of a film, and the movement of the spectator in drifting down the ramp is the next-best thing to animation of the images. Observed while passing, the retrospective, through which there echoes in one's imagination Dubuffet's uninterrupted anti-cultural monologue—"My operation is to erase all categories and regress toward an undifferentiated continuum;" "I am convinced that art has much to do with madness and aberrations;" art "is a duet between the artist and his medium;" and so on—can be seen as a twentieth-century parody of Kenneth Clark's celebrated film survey of the treasures of civilization. One begins at the top level of the ramp with the most agreeable of Dubuffet's creations—the sophisticated three-dimensional painted shapes of his most mature period, the "Hourloupe" abstractions, domestic objects (tables, chairs, telephones, water glasses, teaspoons, candelabras), kites, landscapes, plants (including the maquette for "Four Trees"), personages made of polyester resin or epoxy and covered with random tattooings of contours and colored stripes, like the face paintings of savages. The "Hourloupe" red, blue, and black doodles are a version of Pollock's dribbles of paint, but their indentations, curvatures, convexities represent the high point of Dubuffet's originality to date. Some of the "Hourloupe" sculptures are genuinely elegant and inspired by a childlike gracefulness; "Landscape with Flag," "Candelabra Tree," "Biplane Tree,"

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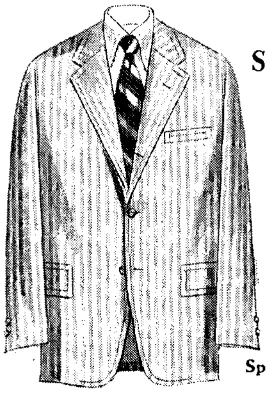

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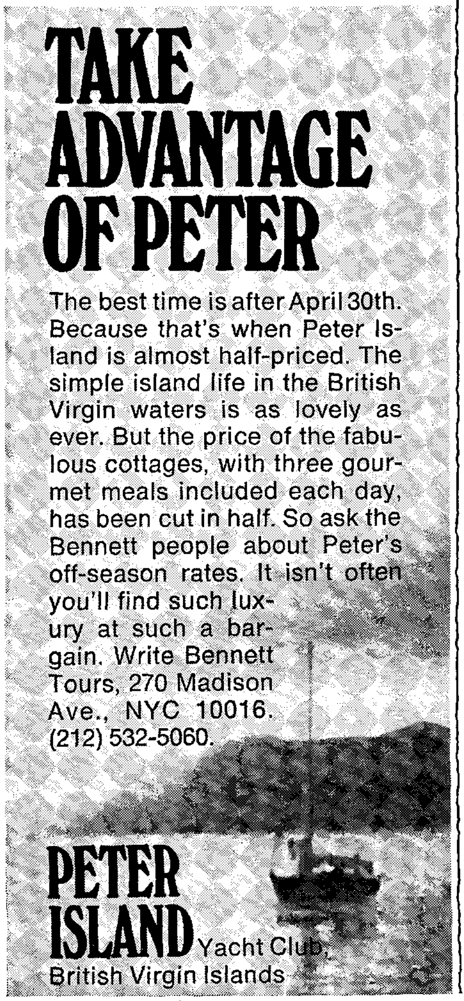

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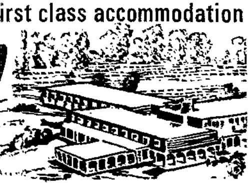

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"Monument to the Phantom" are reminiscent of the best of early Arp. In these works Dubuffet lets himself go lyrically, instead of yielding to sadistic impulses, as in the squatting nudes of 1950. But the earlier compositions were also a species of doodling; Messer is right in seeing Dubuffet as all of a piece. The descending ramp is a travelogue showing his adventures in automatism and whimsey: paintings of cows and beards, blank expanses of earth, imprintings of botanical materials, blottings, scribbles, caricatures, figures scratched or molded in thick pastes, boards enamelled with pigment containing odd junk, figures made of pasted-together scraps of newsprint and butterfly wings. One cannot avoid being impressed by Dubuffet's tirelessness and the variety of his improvisations. But the variety is in the modes of making and occurs on the surface of the things made. There is nothing in Dubuffet's approach to create a resistance to any suggestion that presents itself. The individual works lack tension; their charm, where it exists, seems a matter of luck. Even the violent imagery of the "Corps de Dames" series results simply in a gallery of ghastly pinups. Dubuffet invents; he does not explore. He sets down his pictorial ideas; he does not develop them into persuasiveness. Perhaps this accounts for the endless verbal voice-over that has accompanied his inventories of objects.

—Harold Rosenberg

◆

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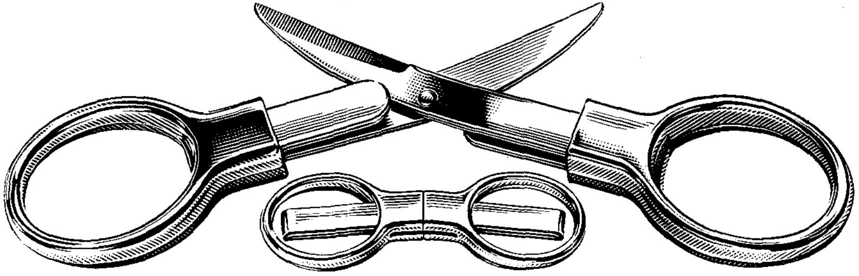

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

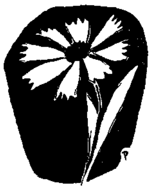
NEW YORK, N.Y.,
MAY 29, 1973

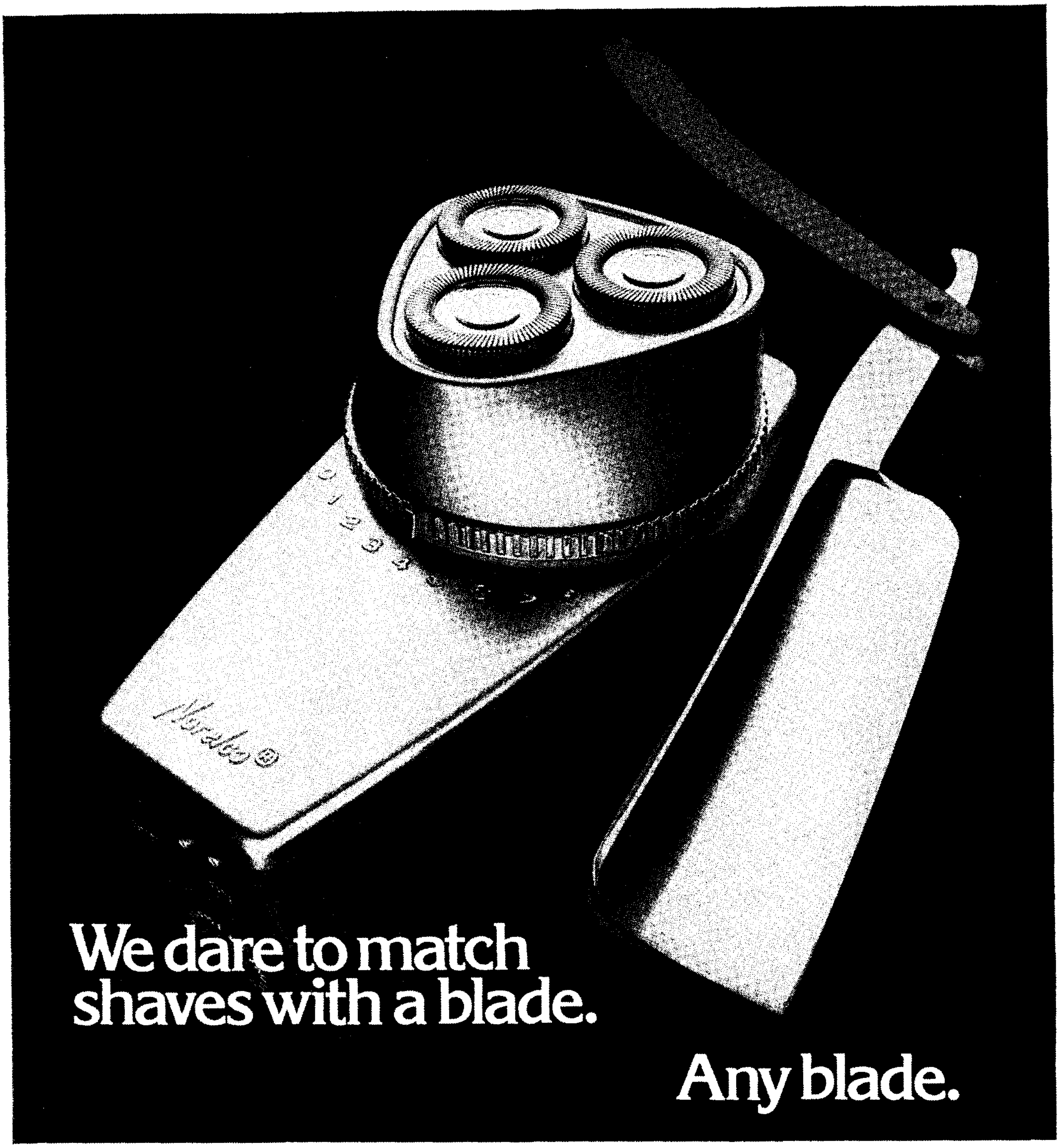
THE EDITORS, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN February, 1969, I wrote for these pages, under the heading of Annals of Jurisprudence, an account of the taking and subsequent disproof of the confessions of George Whitmore, Jr. A nineteen-year-old, severely myopic black dropout from the eighth grade, Whitmore had left his family's home, on an automobile dump in Wildwood, New Jersey, and was looking for work in the Brownsville slum of Brooklyn when, on April 24, 1964, he was arrested by police investigating the assault and attempted rape of Mrs. Elba Borrero, a practical nurse, who had been attacked in the street during the early morning hours of the previous day. Identified by the victim in what police termed a "show-up" and the Supreme Court was later to declare an inherently prejudicial and un-Constitutional procedure (detectives told Mrs. Borrero they had picked up someone they wanted her to look at, and then showed only Whitmore to her through the peephole of a station-house door, without a traditional lineup of men to choose among), he was then questioned for twenty hours. Out of that interrogation—or, rather, series of interrogations—came three confessions. In addition to saying that he had attacked Mrs. Borrero, Whitmore provided the detectives with detailed admissions of the murder, ten days before, of Mrs. Minnie Edmonds, a Brownsville cleaning woman, and of the widely publicized "career-girl murders," on August 28, 1963, of Janice Wylie, a *Newsweek* researcher, and Emily Hoffert, a teacher, in an apartment they shared on East Eighty-eighth Street in Manhattan.

The subsequent demonstration that these confessions had been coerced and were, in one instance after another, patently fabricated by the interrogators (another man, Richard Robles, was subsequently convicted in the Wylie-Hoffert killings, and many of the known facts of the murder of Mrs. Edmonds proved to be at variance with the details contained in the statement taken from Whitmore) did not set him free; neither did the Supreme Court's 1966 Miranda decision (in which his confessions are cited as the sort of horrible example that led Chief Justice Earl Warren to mandate specific restrictions on police interrogations). Whitmore continued to live, in prison and out of it, under the indictment of the Borrero case—even after the evidence against him had been reduced to Mrs. Borrero's identification alone. The weakness of this evidence was described by Judge Charles D. Breitel, of the New York Court of Appeals, in a dissenting opinion on one of Whitmore's appeals. Judge Breitel took particular notice of "the contradictory descriptions in the police records." The original alarm, based on information provided by Mrs. Borrero a few minutes after the attack, called for the arrest of a male Negro between twenty and twenty-five years old, five feet nine inches tall, weighing about a hundred and sixty-five pounds; Whitmore was then nineteen and looked younger, weighed at most a hundred and forty pounds, and was five feet six inches tall. Moreover, his face was unmistakably disfigured by acne pockmarks, but this distinguishing feature was not mentioned in the alarm.

Last April 10th, after more than three years spent in jails and more than five under the restrictions imposed by bail in the Borrero case, George Whitmore was returned to the State Supreme Court in Brooklyn to hear the Kings County district attorney, Eugene Gold, concede that the case was "hopeless," and move for his freedom at last on behalf of the people of New York. The twenty-eight-year-old man who left the courtroom to begin a new phase of his life was, of course, a much different person from the bewildered and frightened teenager I first saw locked in a station-house cell and about to be charged with three murders and an attempted rape. Whitmore has filled out physically to some extent, and has a modified Afro haircut. He married in 1967, while out on bail, and has two daughters, but the marriage broke up after Whitmore, destitute and unable to find work, was arrested two years ago in Wildwood for burglary. This time, there was no question about his guilt—he was caught inside a grocery store he had broken into to steal food for his family—and he was sentenced to serve a year in the Cape May county jail. It was after completing this term, less time off for good behavior, that Whitmore lost the final appeal of his Borrero conviction, by a four-to-three vote in the New York State Court of Appeals, and he was returned to Green Haven Prison to complete the sentence





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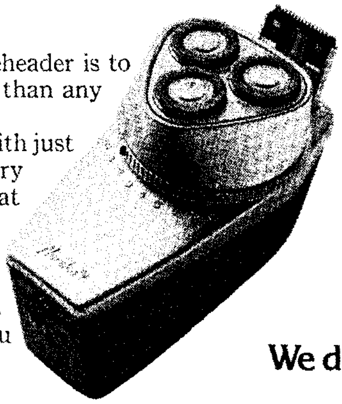

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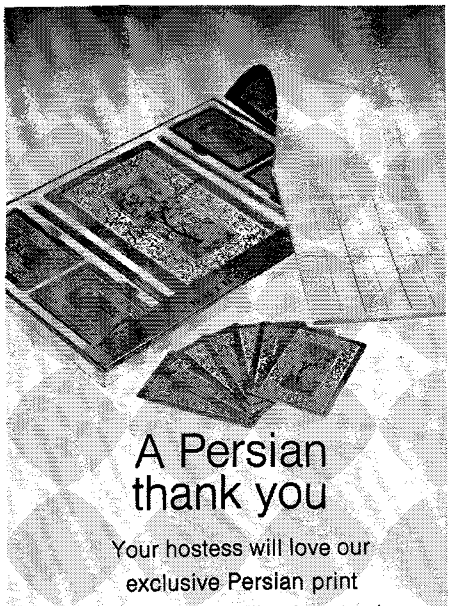

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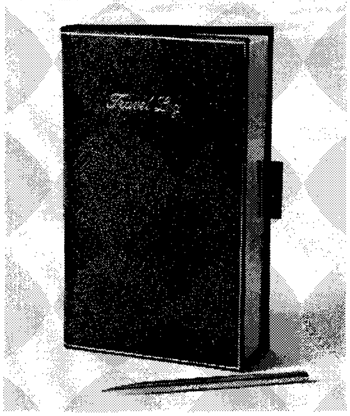
imposed in that case—five to ten years. When he was released, he had served, crediting his pretrial detention, about enough time to have been eligible for parole anyway.

The chances are that Whitmore will be recompensed in some measure for his time. His attorneys have filed a five-million-dollar false-arrest-and-malicious-prosecution claim against the city—although they may be expected to settle it for much less (and Whitmore will have to share whatever he receives with them). Also, as the principal in a nationally known "wrong man" case, he has become something of a literary property—although there may be some question of how much of this "property" Whitmore himself now owns, since one of his attorneys persuaded him several years ago to sign away his permission rights for a thousand dollars and stenographic aid in an appeal.

In many ways, Whitmore has been astonishingly lucky. For example, if a detective had not happened to notice in Whitmore's wallet a picture of a white girl and to mistake the girl for Janice Wylie, Whitmore would not have been interrogated and charged with this most notorious of New York killings. The probability then, as a prosecutor active in the case later conceded, was that, as just another ghetto murder defendant, he would have been convicted routinely and without public attention of both the Edmonds murder and the Borrero attack and sentenced to the electric chair, or, at least, to life imprisonment. Whitmore's second stroke of good fortune was that the Wylie and Hoffert girls happened to have been murdered on a historic date—August 28, 1963, the day of the civil-rights march on Washington—and it was therefore possible more than a year later for several people who had become interested in the case, including me, to substantiate an alibi for him among friends who remembered watching the march on television with him in Wildwood. Whitmore's final lucky break involved another reporter, Selwyn Raab, of Channel 13's "51st State" program. Following leads provided by an investigator hired by defense attorneys, Raab traced Mrs. Borrero's sister-in-law, Mrs. Celeste Viruet, to San Juan. The luck came in when Myron Beldock and Arthur Miller, the two defense attorneys who accompanied the reporter to Puerto Rico, discovered that the headwaiter at their hotel was Juan Borrero, Mrs. Borrero's estranged husband. The defense had hoped that Mrs. Viruet, who had



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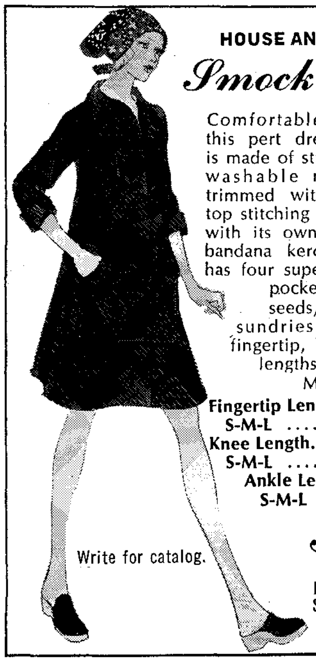

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caught a fleeting glimpse of the man who attacked her brother's wife, might be able to substantiate the police-alarm description of a man totally different from Whitmore in appearance. This hope went unrealized, but Juan Borrero and his sister did provide the information that eventually freed Whitmore. Interviewed separately, they agreed that several hours after the attack Mrs. Borrero had been called to look through books of police arrest photographs. Mrs. Borrero, they said, had told them that she had identified a "mug shot" from the books as the man who had attacked her. The identity of the suspect Mrs. Borrero picked out is not known, but it could not have been Whitmore, because he had never been arrested before, and no such picture of him then existed.

It was after confirming this final contradiction of the identification that District Attorney Eugene Gold ordered Whitmore brought down from Green Haven Prison for the proceeding that set him free at last. "Identification testimony, which most people think is very strong, very persuasive, really isn't," Mr. Gold conceded to a reporter afterward. Perhaps not, but it had taken seven years, after all other evidence against Whitmore had been disproved, to overcome its weight. At the end of the hearing, I asked Whitmore whether he had noticed the legend "Great is truth and mighty above all things" (from the Book of Esdras, in the Apocrypha) engraved above the judge's bench in the courtroom. "It sure took truth a long time to get mighty, though, didn't it?" he said.

For the time being, Whitmore, who, remarkably, is neither bitter nor vengeful as a result of his experience, has returned to Wildwood to live with his brother. "I've found out for myself," he said, "how hard it is to get used to making my own decisions and taking the responsibility for them." I asked him whether he thought his own problems might ever lead him back into trouble, and he thought about the question a few seconds before he shook his head. "I think I'll make it," he said. "I think I'll profit from my experience."

I hope our system of criminal jurisprudence does, too.

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U.S. JOURNAL: THE MIDWEST

DO THE FOLKS OUT THERE REALLY CARE?

A MAN I know who manages a radio station in Kansas approached his staff recently with what had struck him as a novel promotional idea—offering the listeners a Watergate-free day. The station would advertise in advance a day on which the people out there in Radioland could stay tuned from dawn until signoff without fear of hearing so much as the word "Watergate." No new allegations. No further developments. No ramifications. No Watergate. As the station manager told me about the idea, I could see that when he first thought of it he must have had to restrain himself from shouting the modern broadcasting equivalent of "Eureka!" Fresh radio promotions are not easy to think up. I had spent that very day on the road, in fact, listening to one station in central Kansas conduct some kind of treasure hunt (further hints available at participating merchants) and another one, in Kansas City, telephone innocent citizens to ask if they knew how much money was in the jackpot. A couple of people on his staff had reacted to the Watergate idea with great enthusiasm, the station manager told me, and a couple of others had seemed horrified by it. They said it would amount to managing the news. They reminded him that the station would be placed in an awful position if some really important Watergate development came along while the newscaster was sworn to silence ("President Nixon resigned today for reasons we cannot go into until tomorrow morning at six-thirty on the Wake-Up News & Weather"). "Of course, I was only trying it out on them," the station manager told me. "We never really could have done it." He paused, and stared across the room wistfully—an advertising man who had thought of an absolutely brilliant soap slogan only to realize that it was obscene.

I think it would have been a successful promotion. Most of the talk in the Midwest about how the press was making unfair accusations against the Nixon Administration began to fade when many of the accusations turned out to be true. But one widespread view of the Watergate coverage is that the press, whether fair or unfair, could at some point just shut up. When two local news executives appeared before a church group in Kansas City recently, those in the audience seemed interested not in whether the visitors knew any inside Watergate stories but in why the press couldn't write about something good instead of chewing over Watergate all the time. There are, of course, businessmen in Kansas City who would neglect their businesses rather than take a chance on missing Sam Ervin interrogate a witness, but the first remark a lot of Midwesterners make when asked about Watergate is that they are sick of it. I was driving along a highway in Missouri recently, listening to a string of Watergate developments on the radio, when the newscaster, in announcing a commercial break, said, "Coming up after that: Watergate and Howard Hughes." By now, a lot of radio listeners must have the feeling that there is nothing left except maybe "The Watergate Buggers Meet Abbott & Costello."

In the midst of a conversation about Watergate I had with an elderly man in Kansas recently, he said, "I tell you one thing—my wife is sure disgusted."

"With the government?" I asked.

"With the television," he said. His wife, it turned out, was one of the people angered by the decision of the networks to preëmpt the afternoon soap operas for coverage of the Watergate hearings. Interest in "current events" is, like symphony subscriptions, one of the indexes a Midwestern city traditionally uses to demonstrate how much more sophisticated it is than Easterners might think, and, as a native of Kansas City, I was naturally proud to see, during the first week of the hearings, a headline in the Kansas City *Star* that said, "Soap Opera Watchers Less Hostile Here." By comparing complaints to the national networks with complaints to the local television stations, whose calls had been running only three or four to one against the hearings, the *Star* was able to conclude that "Kansas Citians seem to be less enraged with the Watergate telecasts than are television viewers nationally." I later saw an item on the same subject in the Los Angeles *Times* and discovered that the tone of complaint calls to the television stations there had been so harsh that the nicest remark a C.B.S. spokesman could think of to make about them was that not all of them were obscene. If there is still someone in the White House concentrating on how to build the New Majority, he must be banking heavily on enraged "As the World Turns" loyalists.

As someone who comes from the Midwest, I have been feeling a bit defensive about some of the pieces appearing in the national press and on the network news shows—what used to be called the Eastern Communications Conspiracy until a better conspiracy came along—about how the folks out there don't seem to care much about the Watergate affair even now that it has been revealed as an attack on the entire political process. There is no doubt that merchants in Junction City tend to talk less about Watergate than lawyers in New York or reporters in Washington, but I don't think it necessarily follows that the merchants have less reverence for the institutions of the Republic. The sheer quantity of talk about Watergate among some people in the East cannot be accounted for only by concern for the Republic, or even by McGovernite vengeance; it is partly caused by the Watergate affair's enormous value as gossip. New York lawyers and Washington reporters are familiar with the people involved. A lot of their conversation has to do with whether or not Mitchell will go to jail or how Kissinger will be affected or what Connally's role will be. A citizen who has never been particularly interested in, say, how Haldeman's power compared with Mitchell's power has less to talk about. The only public figure affected by Watergate who engages the personal interest of the people in Kansas is Senator Bob Dole, who was apparently forced out of his post as chairman of the Republican National Committee by the White House and can now wear his troubles with Ehrlichman and Haldeman like a Purple Heart.

I met one man in Kansas who had been caused some consternation by the relative lack of Watergate talk. He is an artist who lived much of his life on the West Coast and now lives in a small town in central Kansas. He reads every word he can find on Watergate in the available daily papers, which is quite a bit. Both the Kansas City *Star* and the Wichita *Eagle*, for instance, carried the full text of the President's statement explaining how some cover-up might have evolved from his order to keep the Watergate investigation from exposing certain national-security operations. He reads the New York *Times*. He waits impatiently every week for his ration of Watergate tidbits in *Newsweek*. He is loath to leave the house while the Watergate hearings are available on his television set. Like a lot of people in Washington and New York, he loves to talk about the ironies and the symbols and the can-you-imagines ("Can you *imagine* the chief legal officer of the United States sitting there while someone proposes to . . ."). He admits that one element in his absorption in Watergate is pleasure in seeing old enemies brought low; he voted for George McGovern and

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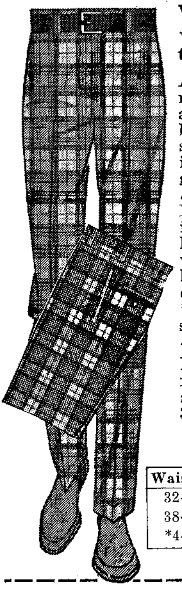

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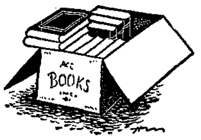
he has despised Richard Nixon since the Jerry Voorhis campaign. But he would be interested in Watergate anyway, since he is fascinated with government and the people who run it. Not many people in his town want to talk about the fine points of Watergate with him. They will agree that the whole business is depressing, but when it comes to discussing the ironies he always runs the risk of having the subject changed rather suddenly to the extraordinary amount of rain the state has had lately. He was very happy to see me. We sat at a local café and talked about Watergate. We speculated about the involvement or lack of involvement of minor characters. We pointed out twists and ramifications and small items that could have been missed in the New York *Times* with so much going on. He treasures the notion of Judge Sirica. What an irony, he said, that the people at the White House were brought down by someone who really was what they had claimed to be—a law-and-order man. "My wife is a teacher here," he told me. "Every day when she comes home I say, 'Are they talking about it yet? Are they talking about it yet?' And she says, 'No, they still say it's just the same old dirty politics.' " We did some more speculating and traded a few more ironies before I had to leave.

"THE same old dirty politics" is a common remark made about Watergate by Midwesterners when they do discuss it. So is the variant "The only difference is that these guys got caught." Those are the kinds of remarks that were reflected in the Gallup Poll taken just after the President's April 30th television address on Watergate—a telephone poll indicating that although half of the respondents believed that President Nixon had participated in a coverup, fifty-eight per cent of them thought there was little difference in corruption between the Nixon Administration and previous Administrations. The poll led some commentators to the conclusion that Americans are either dangerously cynical about government or basically uninterested in the integrity of what is supposed to be their political system. The polls since then have shown an increasing tendency to take Watergate seriously. Sixty per cent of the people questioned in a *Time* survey thought Watergate more serious than past scandals, and other polls have turned up a significant number of people who voted for President Nixon but would now hesitate to vote for a Republican. But the *Time* poll also indicated that even if the President were shown to have known about the Watergate coverup he would win another landslide of sorts—sixty-three per cent of the population would still not favor impeachment.

I would guess that answers to the early polls varied quite a bit according to party affiliation and political sophistication. A lot of Americans think of themselves as Democrats or Republicans and label their neighbors in the same way, even though the affiliations are likely to be the consequence of nothing more political than where people's ancestors happened to live before the Civil War. Even now that a lot of savvy Republican senators have begun trying to put some distance between themselves and Watergate, the Republicans gathered for morning coffee in a small town are likely to respond to any riding about Watergate they get from the Democrats present not by discussing the threat to the Constitution but by bringing up the Bobby Baker affair. People obviously vary in their ability to grasp the implications of Watergate, and just how this scandal does differ from past scandals is not simple to explain. More explanations are constantly being given. In Hutchinson, Kansas, I noticed, the editor of the local paper, Stuart Awbrey, devoted a long column one Sunday to a discussion of Watergate he called "How Big a Deal?" He took up one by one the points made by Hutchinson citizens who were always telling him that it was not a terribly big deal—that there have always been scandals, that nobody was hurt, that the persistence of the press amounts to an attack on the Presidency—and concluded, "What we are living through is no mere scandal of high corruption and low criminals. Nor is it a personal attack on one individual, or group of individuals. We are faced with a challenge to our system and our society. How it is answered could determine whether the republic still is intact."



I don't think the fact that most people wouldn't consider knowledge of a Watergate coverup grounds for impeachment means that Americans take the rules of the political system lightly. (I suspect that a poll taken during the height of the domestic turmoil over Vietnam would have indicated that a lot of Americans were theoretically willing to give the government wide latitude in dealing with wartime dissenters, but when the government took that latitude juries almost invariably found the dissenters not guilty.) I don't think the absence of Watergate conversation in some places means the absence of shock. I do think that most Americans would prefer not to dwell on abstract Constitutional matters unless, like the jurors, they cannot avoid them. A lot of citizens are cynical about the Watergate scandal, and a lot of citizens are apathetic. But the more I have talked to people in the Midwest about it, the more I believe that some of what passes for cynicism and apathy may be dread.

A man who runs a television talk show in Kansas told me that when people object to Watergate discussion on the show the kind of thing they say is "If you people don't quit talking and writing about this, something awful is going to happen." Reporters thrive on turmoil, and it is sometimes hard to keep in mind the extent to which most other people thrive on the opposite. A lot of people in the Midwest want to think that the Watergate scandal is over. The principal perpetrators have been identified, after all, and their threat is presumably checked. People sometimes speak of the Watergate affair in the past tense. Watergate is more of that bad news people are always accusing newspapers of running to the exclusion of everything else. A lot of people don't distinguish among various types of turmoil—ghetto insurrections or rock concerts or stock-market panic—and the Watergate affair seems potentially the most dangerous turmoil of all. To the extent that Watergate has become a personal rather than an abstract issue for some citizens—the extent to which they think of it as affecting, say, the stock market or the Administration's ability to cope with inflation—the trouble has the appearance of having been caused by the continuing investigation and publicity rather than by the crimes themselves. The investigation now threatens to affect the stability of the government—the one issue that every citizen considers personal. When I brought up the subject of Presidential impeachment during a conversation with a young man in Missouri recently, he shook his head quickly and said, "Things are messed up enough as it is."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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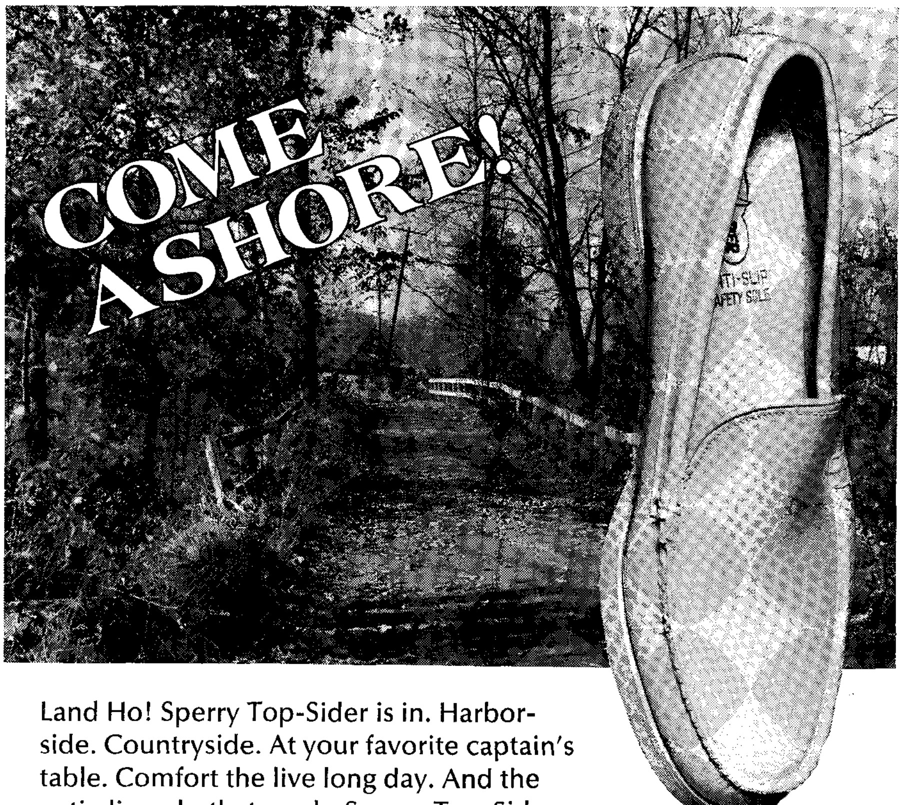

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SCENES FROM COUNTRY LIFE

THE last event of the Broadway season proves to be its most spectacular—a production at the Circle in the Square Joseph E. Levine Theatre of Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," with a cast so eminent that it might have been assembled in a daydream: George C. Scott, Julie Christie, Nicol Williamson, Elizabeth Wilson, Cathleen Nesbitt, Barnard Hughes, Conrad Bain, and Lillian Gish. One is told that casts of such distinction were often to be encountered on Broadway thirty or forty years ago; I can't help wondering if this claim isn't based in part on the conventional temptation to touch up the colors of the past by turning old rarities into commonplaces. Be that as it may, the performers in "Uncle Vanya" are by no means simply celebrated names stalking a stage in order to be gawked at and applauded. Under the direction of Mike Nichols, they make up a company that invests a great play with more than its usual power to move an audience; from one moment to the next we are swept by gusts of strong, contrary feelings, precisely as the playwright wished us to be, and at the final curtain we are left, like most of the characters in the play, in a state of exalted emotional dishevelment.

Funny, sad, hopeful, despairing, silly, and indomitable are the lives being led in "Uncle Vanya," in a big, ramshackle house in the decaying Russian countryside, and we perceive that, dark as things may be at present, they will soon be growing darker. In the view of Dr. Astrov, who comes as close as anyone in the play to serving as a spokesman for Chekhov, life in the abstract is admirable, but as led by individuals it amounts to a steady wasting away to no purpose of whatever good qualities we may possess; reason is always at the mercy of feelings, feelings are at the mercy of chance, and chance is blind. Dr. Serebryakov, a retired professor of art history who is aging and ill and as fiercely egocentric as a child, dominates the household in "Uncle Vanya" and emerges triumphant from the ruin of other people's expectations; just so, says Chekhov, and we needn't be astonished when a man like Dr. Astrov feels himself growing coarse and incapable of love, or when a lacerated Uncle Vanya babbles in vain his maudlin longing for a second chance.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Williamson, as Dr. Astrov and Uncle Vanya, offer a classic contrast in acting styles. It is in the nature of Mr. Scott's talent to hint at an immense force being held in check, and it is equally natural for Mr. Williamson to be flamboyant—to seem to be giving more of himself away in baroque gesture than we, perhaps out of some lingering puritan fastidiousness, are at first willing to accept. (I emphasize the naturalness of Mr. Williamson's flamboyance because I do not see it as a defect in his skill—nothing could prevent his purchase of a bus ticket to Perth Amboy from becoming a melodrama of almost unbearable intensity.) Mr. Williamson's performance deservedly brings down the house, but Mr. Scott is a match for him, and so, for that matter, is Elizabeth Wilson, in the painful role of Sonya, the plain spinster who loves Dr. Astrov and whom he cannot love. Miss Wilson conveys with unfaltering accuracy the horror of hopes that have been held too long, the embarrassing coquetries of a body that is growing old unused. Julie Christie is Elena, the listless, timid wife of the tiresome professor. It is always difficult to enact a character whose chief attribute is a vacancy of spirit combined with exceptional physical beauty. Miss Christie is to be congratulated on having triumphantly overcome every handicap that youth, beauty, and high intelligence have bestowed on her.

One of the hazards of all-star casts, I begin to see, is that praise threatens to become a litany. With a haste in inverse proportion to my admiration, let me say that Barnard Hughes, Conrad Bain, Lillian Gish, and Cathleen Nesbitt play to perfection their roles as, respectively, the professor, a penniless highborn hanger-on, an old servant of the family, and Uncle Vanya's tireless, tedious mother. (In the program notes, it is mentioned that Miss Nesbitt was invited by Lady Gregory to join the Abbey Players in 1911. I am told that, in her ninth decade, this beautiful woman's only complaint about her role in "Uncle Vanya" is that she wishes she had more work to do.) My criticism of Mr. Nichols' direction is limited to deploring one or two tricks that he has made too much of, including Uncle Vanya's irritating manipulation of a newspaper prop at the start of the play and the strumming of a guitar by Mr. Bain which struck my ear as far, far more country-and-western than Russian. I also felt uneasy about the translation, which is credited to Albert Todd and Mr. Nichols and is marred by such contemporary American vulgarisms as "Let's face it." This sort of "punching up" of the text in the name of being colloquial only puts us at a distance from Chekhov and the Russia of 1900 instead of drawing us close to them.

The setting of "Uncle Vanya" is by Tony Walton, and he has evoked with grave artistry the comeliness of an estate that has known better days. He has also designed the costumes, which are superb—the pert furred hat and cape with which Elena sets out for Kharkov assures us that she will gladly take the lover there that Dr. Astrov has predicted for her. The suitably melancholy lighting is the handiwork of Jules Fisher. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Bygones

IF dramatic ancestry is a matter of interest, then "You Can't Take It with You" will do as the collateral forebear of Steve Tesich's domestic farce "Baba Goya," which has now closed after a limited run at the American Place, and which made the second treat this season (after "Freeman") for the theatre's subscribers. The play wavers between originality and comedy, on the one hand, and whimsey and facetiousness, on the other, with comedy winning often enough to make a lively evening. The setting is Queens, which has now replaced Brooklyn as the Borough of the Automatic Chuckle, and the dramatis personae include a tough, wisecracking middle-aged woman (the Baba Goya of the title); her fourth husband, who thinks he is dying of some unspecified complaint and puts an ad in a local newspaper, with his wife's blessing, for a replacement; her adopted son, now a policeman and plunged in a stupefying depression; her daughter, back home after a marriage and a divorce, who spends a great deal of time striking poses and bawling at the top of her lungs, out of remorse for having voted Republican in the last election (Mr. Tesich's politics are banal and intrusive); an old man who once answered Baba Goya's ad for a husband and has been cast, to his annoyance, as the family grandfather (this character is a nuisance); and, best of all, a young Japanese who has been arrested by the cop for stealing a camera and brought home and handcuffed to a radiator, where he remains, often ignored, through one family crisis after another ("I find this hard to believe. You'd think I'd be the center of attraction around here"). The plot, filled with incident, doesn't add up to much, but it has an appealing slapdash air about it, and Mr. Tesich has written a lot of funny cracks and funny situations.

Fortunately, much of the funny stuff was assigned to Olympia Dukakis, as Baba Goya, and her strong performance and comedy and clowning held the whole show together. Also strong was the performance of that American Place stalwart Randy Kim, triumphant leading man of last year's "The Chickencoop Chinaman," as the captive Japanese. The production, under Edwin Sherin's direction, was good. John Randolph was extremely cheerful as the husband whose illusory fatal ailment sets off the action; R.A. Dow was amusing as the cop with the glooms; and the always reliable Lou Gilbert did all that could be done, I suppose, with the role of the bogus grandfather. Karl Eigsti, as usual, provided an excellent setting.

THE Negro Ensemble Company's presentation of "Yin Yang," a student-workshop production that ran for three evenings at the St. Marks, was a collage of songs (solo and chorus), recitations, scenes, and dances on black themes, all of them dealing, directly or indirectly, with the struggle between Miss God (chubby young woman in white wig) and Miss Satan (slim young woman in red wig) for everybody's soul. What set this project apart from any number of others by well-trained, engaging, and promising beginners was that the words—witty, mocking, suddenly touching, and always poetic—were by Joseph A. Walker, who wrote "The River Niger," and that the gorgeous music was by his wife, Dorothy A. Dinroe-Walker.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

SACRAMENTO, Calif., May 2 (UPI)—Gov. Ronald Reagan said yesterday that the Watergate spies should be considered criminals because they "are not criminals at heart."—*The Times*.

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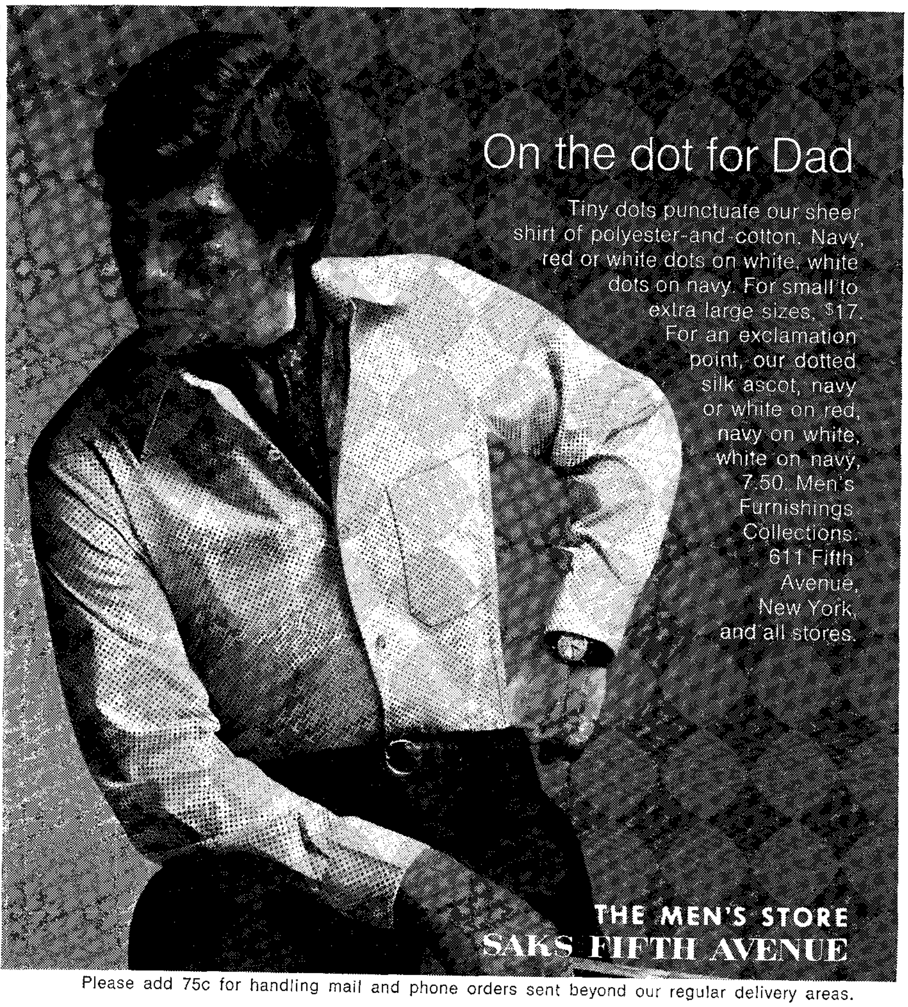

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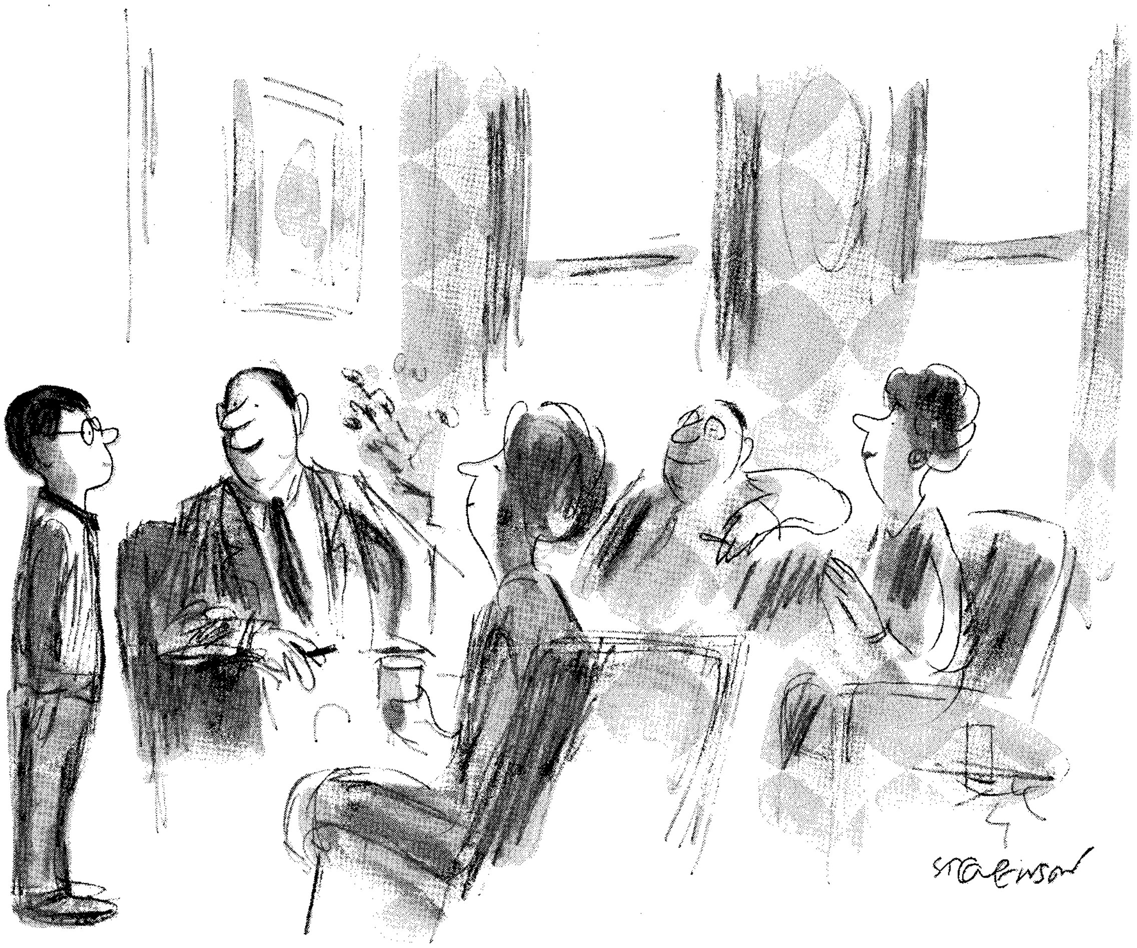
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE study of modern design, which was long conducted as a kind of morality play about the forces of hallowed Functionalism versus those of damnable Ornamentation, has shifted ground. The statements of such "moderns"-before-their-time as Horatio Greenough, A. J. Downing, Walter Crane, and William Morris are being reappraised in the light of their actual productions, which make it apparent that functionalism is often in the mouth of the designer rather than in the eye of the beholder. As time takes us farther away from the Bauhaus period, we can see that form follows fashion even as it strives to fulfill function, and that functionalist furniture is no less contaminated by the art, science, politics, and emotional tone of its time—i.e., by style—than the furniture of eighteenth-century France or of the Federal period in this country. The furniture of the second-generation functionalist Charles Eames, which is currently the subject of a reverent exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, is no freer of style than its predecessors, but it differs from them in one significant respect. This is its break with the aesthetic bonds that had previously restrained designers, however advanced in their thinking. Although lip service was paid by Breuer, Le Corbusier, Mies, and Aalto to the idea that beauty is the inevitable concomitant of function, they all hedged their bets—as God must have done when designing some of the better-looking animals. Eames and his collaborator Eero Saarinen, however, actually put the beauty-follows-function proposition to the test. The now historic chair that they submitted in several versions to the Museum of Modern Art's Organic Design in Home Furnishings Competition of 1940—a molded-plywood shell covered with foam rubber and upholstery and supported by four splayed stick legs—is as pure an exercise in the application of new materials and technologies to the problem of seating as can be imagined, and should effectively put to rest (at least as it regards chairs) any notion that what is rational is always beautiful. But at the time of the competition this grotesque piece (the forerunner of the grotesque molded-plastic shell on stick legs that was designed by Eames in 1950 and is now a standard fixture of airports, bus stations, cafeterias, libraries, offices, etc.) was hailed as a triumph of advanced furniture design and as an answer to the domestic requirements of up-to-date people. In the catalogue of the exhibition of the winning entries held at the museum in 1941, Eliot Noyes, the director of the department of industrial design, observed unhappily, "We are not as modern as we think. In private, at home, most of us still live in the clutter of inheritance from the nineteenth century. Much of this out-of-date and rigidified furniture is no longer in tune with today's aesthetic requirements and is certainly far from suitable to our needs." The competition was designed to remedy that situation, and, as a way of dramatizing the horrors from which it proposed to liberate householders, the museum put on view a dismembered big, heavy, old-fashioned easy chair, incarcerated in a cage along with a poster of Gargantua the Great. This sign was appended to the cage:



"Come on, Doug. Tell the FitzSimmonses how the Wankel works."

> OVERSTUFFED ARMCHAIR
>
> *Cathedra Gargantua*, genus Americanus. Weight when fully matured, 60 pounds. Habitat, the American home. Devours little children, pencils, fountain pens, bracelets, clips, earrings, scissors, hairpins, and other small flora and fauna of the domestic jungle. Is rapidly becoming extinct.

The Eames-Saarinen chairs, in contrast, weighed only twenty pounds and yet offered, according to Noyes, "more comfortable support." (A true equivalent of the overstuffed easy chair wasn't achieved until 1956, when Eames came out with his celebrated swivel-base black-leather-and-molded-rosewood-plywood lounge chair and ottoman.)

The Eames-Saarinen chairs were for sale at Bloomingdale's at the time of the exhibition (the competition had been sponsored by twelve department stores, and the winners received contracts with manufacturers as their prize), at prices—$75 for a desk chair and $89 for an armchair—that were high for 1941. At a dinner honoring the prize-winners which was held at the museum in September, 1941, Michael Schaap, then president of Bloomingdale's, made a speech in which he confessed to "a feeling of more than pleasure—a sensation of actual pride, in coming to this home of beauty and of art, to say a word on behalf of the stores that have been privileged to cooperate in this enterprise with this splendid institution." He went on, "Trade has for ages been looked down upon as too sordid for the active participation of the educated and the cultured. Here in this dynamic home of modern art, the answer has been given on behalf of the museum, and here in the cordial cooperation of these stores and in the entwining of their restless energies with this museum's exhibition of organic design, the answer has been given to the reproach that the department store is capable only of the sole pursuit of gain." (This makes particularly funny reading if you've recently been to Bloomingdale's and seen its current stylishly eclectic furniture displays or attended one of its Beautiful-Peopled evening parties.)

In the thirty-odd years since the organic-design exhibition, momentous changes have occurred in the interior design of our places of work, transportation, and recreation, and even of worship, which have been modernized in accordance with the International Style of architecture. But our homes—even those in modern high-rise apartment buildings—have resisted modernization, and have become, if anything, more anachronistic than they used to be. Noyes' observation about "the clutter of inheritance from the nineteenth century" is as descriptive of today's homes as it was of the homes of 1940. People rich enough to afford them have antiques, the poor have plastic imitation antiques, and the middle class has Bloomingdale's. Except that nowadays—and this is the difference between the forties and the seventies—no one moralizes about the situation or proselytizes for change. Far from looking out-of-date, the most determinedly retrograde of our interiors look the most contemporary, while the occasional modern apartment one sees looks rather quaint. Anachronism has

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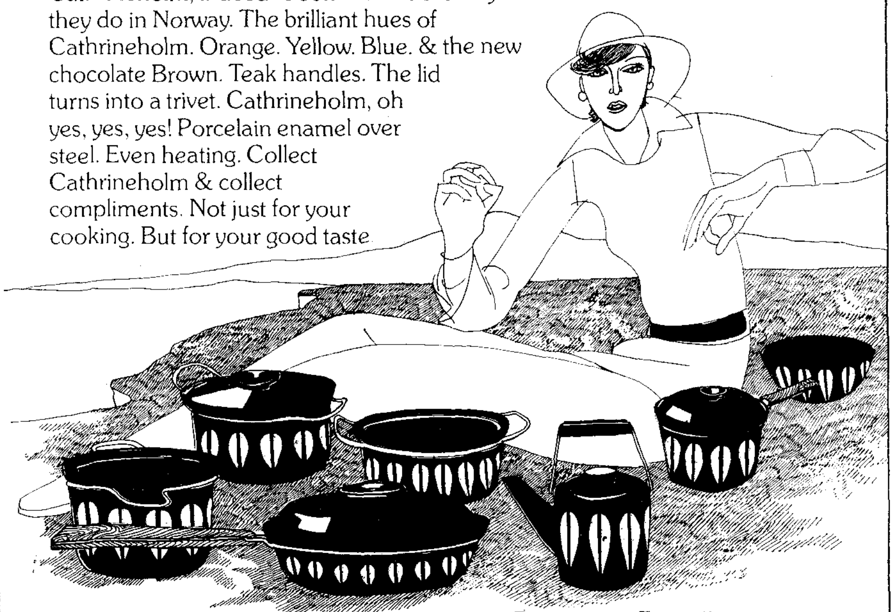

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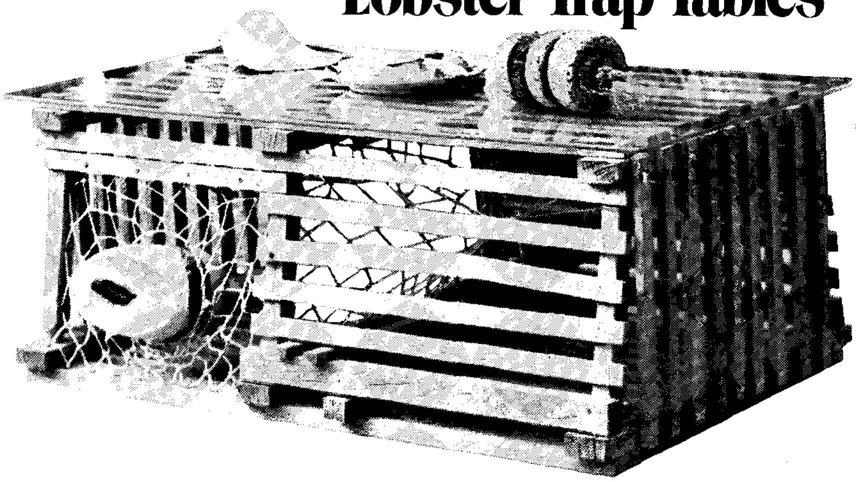

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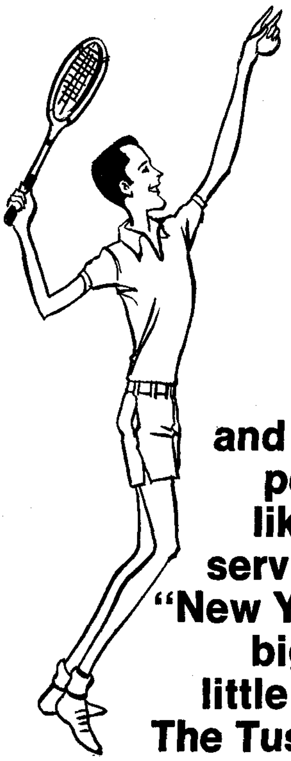

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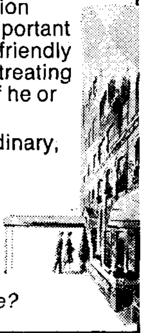

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become the substance of such style as we can now be said to have in domestic design—as it was in the Victorian age, with which we are striking up the tranquil relationship of grandchildren to grandparents, in contrast to the stormy child-parent relationship of the early modernists and their immediate predecessors.

But the Victorian and other recent revivals are tangents rather than causes of the failure of "organic design" to penetrate the American home. The "coldness" of functionalist furniture has been cited as a factor in its rejection by householders, and so have the disturbing shapes of some modern pieces (such as those of Eames and his imitators). The more traditional-looking and "warm" Scandinavian modern style that enjoyed a period of domestic popularity during the fifties and the early sixties is rarely seen anymore outside prosperous public institutions; people were unwilling to pay the high prices of the imports or to accept the cheaper but inferior American imitations. But behind these and other objections to modern furniture which have been advanced lies a more fundamental repudiation. The early modern architects and designers saw in the spare, machined geometries of their buildings and artifacts the expression of a new social order; absence of ornament was equated with the projected disappearance from the world of wealth and class distinctions. During the twenties and thirties, functionalist furniture and architecture were associated with the most advanced social and cultural tendencies; little flowers on china were held in the kind of abhorrence by modernists that popery was by Calvinists. "Make It New" was the title of a book Ezra Pound published in 1934—and "Make it plain," "Make it cold," and "Make it geometric" were corollary demands of the period. The year 1934 also saw the publication of Lewis Mumford's "Technics and Civilization," which introduced the term "machine aesthetic," whereby objects are stripped of "all the barnacles of association, all the sentimental and pecuniary values which have nothing whatever to do with aesthetic form;" accordingly, "the newest, the cheapest, the commonest objects may, from the standpoint of pure aesthetics, be immensely superior to the rarest, the most expensive, and the most antique." The various museum exhibitions of machinery and common objects that were held in the twenties and thirties and the Museum of Modern Art's design collection illustrated and celebrated the machine aes-

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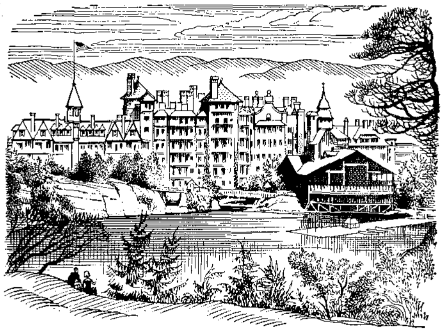

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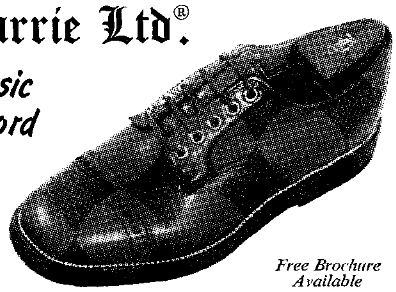

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thetic and were pervaded with a kind of messianic zeal.

The postwar building boom brought the International Style into the national prominence that now distresses many critics of the urban landscape, and obscured the fact that the ideology of modernism had not survived the war. The fear and mistrust of the machine that had filled the writings of D. H. Lawrence and other anti-modernists were confirmed by the shattering events of that war. The fanciful automobiles that appeared in the fifties, with their unfunctional appendages of fins and breastlike bulges, make sense when they are seen in the light of the all too functional Nazi gas chambers and the tastefully designed machines of death produced by both sides. Many of the people who before the war had been associated with the most progressive movements now regressed into the crafts that seemed their only alternative. (From these dispirited beginnings came the enormous, gay, pop-oriented crafts movement of today.) Others, such as Eames, permitted themselves to be appropriated by the manufacturers of furniture for the new glass office buildings and institutions, which, like their neoclassical predecessors, provided the empty symbolism that this country seems to require of its public architecture.

The term "organic design," which was coined by Gropius in a Bauhaus manifesto, has lost its meaning (it sounds like a disease contracted at health-food stores), and "modern" no longer means something desirable; "old-fashioned," "Old World," "handcrafted," and "decorative" are the terms that occur and recur in advertisements today. Advances in extrusion-mold plastics technology have led to the mass production not of plain, clean forms but of bizarre imitation-Gothic and imitation-Renaissance furniture—referred to as "Mediterranean" in the trade—which fills the homes of working-class and Middle America. In "Technics and Civilization," Mumford stressed that "the machine is a communist," for "there can be no qualitative difference between a poor man's electric bulb of a given candlepower and a rich man's, to indicate their differing pecuniary status," and he deplored the attempts by advertising agencies and stylists of his day to "pervert the machine process in the interests of caste and pecuniary distinction." The Mediterranean phenomenon, however, is not an imposition from above; rather, it represents the fulfillment of popular demand. It has become as easy for the machine to produce ludicrously ornate objects as plain ones, and the people have voted for the ornate. In writing about Mediterranean in the past, I have blamed its popularity on the low economic status of the people who buy it and who find a kind of compensation for their bleak lives in the aura of wealth and privilege that ersatz-aristocratic furniture exudes. I used to think that as people's economic situation improves, their need for ornament diminishes. But now, looking around the Victorian-modern living rooms of my friends (not to say my own), I see that the unfortunate are only (as usual) following the example of the fortunate. A retrograde spirit is upon us all—a spirit that Mediterranean accurately, almost sardonically, reflects. What could be more Mediterranean than Mr. Nixon himself?

The Eames exhibition takes us back to the time when Roosevelt was in the White House. The awkward, intransigent functionalism of the early pieces and the smoother but still unbeautiful designs that evolved from them recall the social idealism that animated prewar design—the belief that technology would free what Mumford called our "organic capacities" as it freed us from want and overwork. But, as events have proved, technology has largely freed our capacity for acquisitiveness. As we need less and work less, we buy more and waste more, and become less generous and responsible. That fat millionaires now sit in Eames lounge chairs and ghetto children mark up the molded-plastic Eames-derived bus seats (with significantly *ornate* lettering) does not diminish Eames's achievement. It only underlines our own incapacity for being modern.

—JANET MALCOLM

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FAMILY NIGHT IN HUDSON

[*Photograph caption in the Hudson* (*N.Y.*) *Register-Star*]

The Rev. James M. Fennelly right, and his wife will speak Tuesday evening at the Presbyterian Church Hudson. He has served in Tehran, Iran and in Beirut, Lebanon. He has also lived in remote villages while engaged in archaeological research. His topic will be "A Multi-media Visit through the Middle East." He will play some Persian Music, use the Arabic Call to Prayer, show slides, and talk about a stone goddess from 200 B.C. named Cybele (who will accompany him), the story of Anthony and Paul of Thebesas depicted in an Egyptian Ickon from the 17th Century, and tell the use of the Persian Magic Bowl and demonstrate its function. This will also be family night and will include a covered-dish supper at 6:30 p.m.

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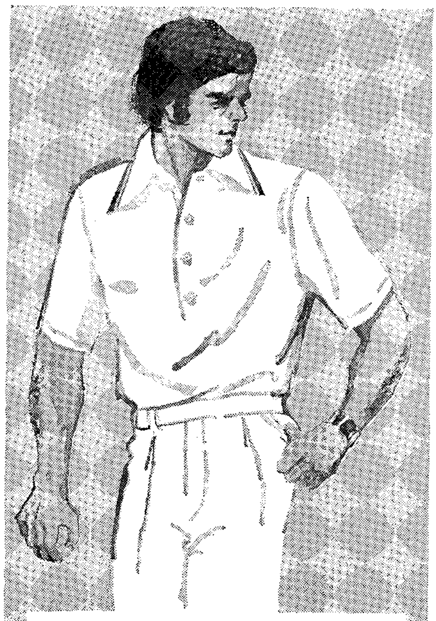

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THE RACE TRACK

Triple Promise

AS near as I can figure—and I'm a close figurer—there will be no more than six starters in the Belmont Stakes on Saturday. The probability of Secretariat's winning it as easily as he took the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness Stakes seems to have become a foregone conclusion. This feeling was heightened after his workout at Belmont Park the other morning, in which he did a mile in 1:34⅘—the same time hung up by Linda's Chief in winning the Withers Stakes a couple of days before. There is always something a little mysterious and theatrical about an early-morning workout: the extra to-do at the barn, much of it hush-hush, for nobody is supposed to know how far the horse is going until he gets out on the track; the trainer's huddle with the jockey; the canter that quickens as the runner nears the starting point, like a plane taking off; and, afterward, the trainer and the clockers comparing watches. Working alone, without blinkers, and ridden by Turcotte, who just let him step along, Secretariat did the first quarter in 0:23⅘, the half mile in 0:47, and six furlongs in 1:11. He eased up as he went on to the nine-furlong mark, in 1:48⅗, and he finished a mile and a quarter in 2:06. Lucien Laurin, his trainer, hadn't expected Secretariat to go quite that fast—a mile in 1:36 would have been fine—but the colt did it so effortlessly that Laurin and Mrs. John Tweedy, who directs the operations of the Meadow Stable, were deeply impressed, as was everyone else present.

Immediately after Secretariat worked, there were those who said that he had gone altogether too fast and that the effort probably had taken too much out of him. They didn't know that back in his stall he'd cleaned up a big dinner of oats and hay and wanted more. There are also a few pedigree experts who think he won't like the mile and a half of the Belmont Stakes, because he's by Bold Ruler, most of whose sons and daughters are anything but stayers. No doubt the carpers have overlooked the fact that his dam is by Princequillo, a noted sire of stayers, or maybe they are just old male chauvinists. Pedigrees to one side, it is my opinion that Secretariat has that something we call class, which will carry him any distance, with colors flying, and on to a Triple Crown.

As this is written, Sham, who was second in the Derby and the Preakness, is definitely a starter in the Belmont, but his trainer, Pancho Martin, who also trains Sigmund Sommer's Knightly Dawn, winner of the Jersey Derby on Memorial Day, hasn't decided whether he'll put Knightly Dawn in, too. Then, there is Arthur Appleton's My Gallant, winner of the Blue Grass Stakes, who earned a place after a winning effort at Belmont last week; Pvt. Smiles, who will carry the colors of C. V. Whitney; and Twice a Prince, the colt who got his legs tangled in the starting gate at the Derby. He also ran last Saturday, in a mile-and-an-eighth event, and finished an unimpressive fourth.

THE ninety-eighth running of the Withers mile was thrilling to watch, but it uncovered no threats to Secretariat. Linda's Chief, who led all the way, to win by three lengths from Stop the Music, is considered the best three-year-old on the West Coast. He's won four stakes out there, including the California Derby, and he ran second to Sham in the Santa Anita Derby. He looks awfully light to me. Perhaps it is his color, which is a very dark bay, but I'd say he is no bigger than he was this time last year, when he was racing here and winning all the stakes for two-year-olds. Neil Hellman, who owns him, hasn't made up his mind whether to put up the $12,500 in supplemental nomination fees to get him into the Belmont. Nor has John Gaver, who trains Stop the Music for the Greentree Stable, announced his plans. As it was, Stop the Music, who recently reeled off a mile in 1:33⅗, just couldn't catch Linda's Chief, although the latter was running the distance more than a second slower. But that's racing.

THE hot line to California, where Windy's Daughter comes from, will tell you that she is also headed for a tiara—the Triple Crown for three-year-old fillies. A couple of Saturdays ago at Belmont Park, she won the second circlet in the imaginary diadem—the Mother Goose Stakes, at a mile and a furlong—and she led all the way, just as she had earlier in the Acorn Stakes, at one mile, the first race of the series. Windy's Daughter, who is by Windy Sea out of Fleet Judy, is owned by Mrs. Paul Blackman and has won four of her five races here. Her big test will be in the Coaching Club American

Oaks, at a mile and a half, on June 16th, the closing day at Belmont Park. In the sixteen years the trilogy has been run, only two fillies—lovely little Dark Mirage and strapping Shuvee—have won it.

Year after year, the Metropolitan Handicap turns out to be one of the season's more exciting races. The renewal at Belmont Park on Memorial Day was no exception, though it was run on a sloppy track in dismal weather that reminded an old name-dropper of Ascot two years ago. Even so, there was a crowd of forty-three thousand in the stand. In that sort of going, weight can be a great leveller, and the eleven-pound advantage that the Cragwood Stable's Tentam had over Key to the Mint, who carried 127 pounds, figured big in the defeat of the Rokeby Stable's colt. It may be remembered, though, that Tentam won the Toboggan Handicap in much the same sort of footing at Aqueduct last month. No doubt a pull of nine pounds also helped the Bohemia Stable's King's Bishop make third place. Neither Key to the Mint nor Riva Ridge likes mud. Key to the Mint was raring to go, and might have won with a little racing luck, but Riva Ridge simply wouldn't try. He finished seventh of the eight starters. Many observers had expected him to be scratched before post time.

THE Rokeby Stable's Summer Guest is one of those exceptional individuals who can run on any kind of track. Racing on the grass for the first time, she won the Bowling Green Handicap, at a mile and a half, from eight of the opposite sex at Belmont last weekend. Away slowly, and well back for nearly a mile, she finished fast, to beat Red Reality by a length and a quarter. Astray was third. It was the third time in the last four years that a Rokeby horse has won the fixture; Fort Marcy did it in 1970 and Run the Gantlet in 1972.

FOR one reason or another, the better two-year-olds have been slow coming out. One did at Belmont Park last week—the Meadow Stable's Capito, who is a half brother of Riva Ridge. It was quite a performance, too, because he was under pressure for three of the five and a half furlongs to beat Ever Forward, and I hope it didn't sour him for future racing. Capito, by Sir Gaylord, is a bay, nicely made, and a bit bigger than Riva Ridge was when he made his first start, which he didn't win.

—AUDAX MINOR

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Swan Upping

THERE is no closed season on Swan Lake. Because few people can read Stepanov's ballet notation; because the choreographic text by Marius Petipa and Lev Ivanov, the third attempt at making a stage success of Tchaikovsky's score, involved musical alterations to the original and the participation of Riccardo Drigo; and because, as Brendan Gill was saying the other day, man is a meddler, and feels irresistibly tempted to tamper with things, the Tchaikovsky-Petipa-Ivanov "Swan Lake" has long been regarded as fair game by ambitious choreographers. Last month, the Metropolitan housed two different productions of the work, by the National Ballet of Canada and the Stuttgart Ballet, in which the poor birds were harried unmannerly through unfamiliar paces. The familiar, beautiful paces were set by Petipa and Ivanov in St. Petersburg in 1895; Nicholas Sergeyev brought them to London in 1934, and although Londoners meddled with them, they are restored in the Royal Ballet's latest production. They survive, too, in the American Ballet Theatre's presentation of the piece, and survive in black-and-white in the Harvard Theatre Collection, where Sergeyev's choreographic scores in Stepanov notation have come to rest.

The first two shots at "Swan Lake"—Julius Reisinger's in 1877 and Emil Hansen's in 1880, both for Moscow's *Bolshoi* Theatre—missed the mark. Then, for the Maryinsky Theatre, in St. Petersburg, Petipa devised the carefree dance suite of Act I and the glittering formal ceremonies and national divertissements of Act III, while Ivanov, his assistant, composed the more lyrical, "symphonic" Acts II and IV. The contrasted styles reflected a drama concerned with a romantic dream and a glittering delusion—and on another level they compounded a great role for the ballerina who is the heroine of both. Petipa's contribution passes in daylight and then beneath the blaze of chandeliers; Ivanov's elegiac acts are soft-lit by the moon. Why should anyone wish to alter what they made so well? Some answers are suggested above, and for another we must consider the story.

"Swan Lake" is about a prince, Siegfried, who falls in love with a maiden, Odette, whom the sorcerer Rothbart has transformed to swan shape during the hours of day. His spell can be broken only by a vow of faithful love. On the moonlit lakeshore, Siegfried swears to be true; day dawns, and Odette becomes a swan again. At a ball that evening, the Prince rejects all the suitable matches his mother parades before him, and plights his troth to Odile, the sorcerer's daughter, who is indistinguishable in appearance from Odette. He has broken his vow. Back by the lake, he joins Odette in a suicide by drowning; in a final tableau, we see them reunited in a Kingdom Beneath the Waves. This German romantic tale, with its echoes of "The Flying Dutchman" and of "Lohengrin," can obviously be made to yield many kinds of allegorical meaning. One might imagine a version in which Siegfried is a fundamentally good fellow caught up in a society with a false sense of values. In Act II, he finds in Odette a symbol of higher ideals struggling to escape from Rothbart's oppression. In Act III, by clever distortion, the ideals are made for a while to seem reconcilable with the corrupt materialism of the court, until Siegfried discovers the fraud, comes to self-knowledge, and, in Act IV, joins his Odette in the fight for truth and a better world—leaders together of an underground resistance. This was not exactly the version danced by the Bolshoi Ballet when first it came West from Moscow, in 1956, but the company did charge "Swan Lake" with its special qualities of fierce emotional projection, passionate involvement in the action, and very clear definition of character. The Moscow way with the classics is to galvanize them into life by a bold, gleaming, flamboyantly dramatic approach to the dance. Petipa-Ivanov was hotted up in Act III by the revisions of Alexander Gorsky and emotionalized in Act IV by the new choreography of Asaf Messerer. At the close, Siegfried fought the sorcerer and triumphed. The Bolshoi "Swan Lake" was a heroic drama in which courageous youth overthrew the old tyranny. Meanwhile, in Leningrad, the Kirov company adopted a very different approach. Giving but a token nod now and again to the narrative, and performing in neutral, unemphatic décor, the dancers ignored acting, ignored blazing dramatics, ignored spectacle, and concentrated on lyrical dancing purely executed in all its glory. They preserved what Fokine had revolted against, and what Balanchine has also preserved—classical dance-in-itself, in which the plastic imagery carries all the "expression," as opposed to the more openly vivid emotionalism of dance drama. Another influential production of "Swan Lake" was Vladimir Bourmeister's, first seen at the Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko Lyric Theatre, in Moscow, in 1953. Bourmeister went back to Tchaikovsky's original score, before Petipa and Ivanov had adapted it, and he concentrated on telling the story in as theatrical a way as possible. From these varied versions, all of which have travelled widely, and from their derivatives depend the numerous modern workings and reworkings of the piece.

The Canadian "Swan Lake" is by Erik Bruhn, and is about a young man whose sex life is in a muddle, chiefly because he cannot decide whether his mother is a kindly, maternal body, just a little tiresome in her insistence that he should settle down and get married (something he has no taste for), or whether she is really a dazzling, glamorous creature who can bring him every kind of happiness if only he will obey her wishes. In this production, Rothbart is replaced by a Black Queen, an alternate image of the White Queen who is Siegfried's official mother. At the end, Pseudo-Mother turns nasty, the swan maidens become maenads, and Siegfried, Orpheuslike, meets his death. It is all a bit of a muddle, in fact, made more so by the scraps of original choreography, the dances borrowed from the Bolshoi, and the two pas de deux by Nureyev that have gone into it. When the ballet was first done, in Toronto, there was a certain odd fascination in watching the Freudian plight threaded through the familiar tale; it was perverse but curious. Now, played less boldly, in calmer, more conventional accents, it seems merely wrongheaded. Mr. Bruhn's ensemble inventions, especially the waltz of Act I, are neat and clearly laid out; his opening sequence left a fresh, clean, "Danish" impression; he is a decent but unremarkable choreographer with an honest sense of style.

John Cranko's version of "Swan Lake," for the Stuttgart company, rouses stronger but contradictory feelings. On the one hand, Mr. Cranko must be praised for having devised a production that shows off his dancers at their most spirited and, as only choreography done "on" particular artists can, inspires them to new achievement. The show opens buoyantly and maintains a pretty flashing level. In tone, it follows the Moscow line, and aims at limning characters and telling a story—one, however, that ends unhappily, with the Siegfried drowned and the Swan awaiting the arrival of the next prince. There are some ingenious innovations: the national dances of Act III are assigned to the four prospective brides; Siegfried is no princeling but heir to an obviously important throne, perhaps that of Bavaria (there is sumptuous décor by Jürgen Rose), and much depends on his marriage. So far so good—apart from schoolboy larks like a first entrance for Siegfried cribbed from Rossini's "Comte Ory" and a dreadful stage-comic of a tutor. On the other hand, there is the choreography to consider. Mr. Cranko notes that "I have tried to base my own work on the classic/romantic style of Petipa, working freely and in my own manner." For much but not all of Act II, Ivanov has been retained. Elsewhere, the classical style has been not enriched but sullied by cheap additives suggestive of ballroom adagio dancing or of ice-skating. Mr. Cranko shows no sure command of Petipa grammar or Petipa geometry; he commits solecisms in almost every sentence. He becomes a choreographic Mrs. Malaprop, whose derangement of etiquettes is far from nice. This is flashy "classicism" for the masses, and on that level it is effective—and preferable to correct but lifeless classical pastiche. The company danced with verve. Both Marcia Haydée and Birgit Keil gave expert performances of Odette and Odile. On the first night, Egon Madsen, as Siegfried, showed surprising technical weaknesses in inventions that need a "Russian back" to carry them through; Richard Cragun in the role proved stronger. In the pas de six that Mr. Cranko has composed for Act I, and as the Princess of Naples in Act III, Joyce Cuoco's virtuoso balance while turning drew gasps of astonishment. During the "Black Swan" pas de deux of Act III, Odile dances her variation to Siegfried's traditional music. The spatchcocking in of other music for Siegfried and the latching together of Odile's entrance music and the pas de deux produce some horrid wrenches of key; and the waltz of this act is barbarously broken up into sixteen-measure periods by intrusive fanfares. Tchaikovsky's "Elegy for Strings," composed in 1884 and later incorporated into his "Hamlet" music, has been added to the score of the last act, where it lies uneasily among numbers more regularly patterned for dance.

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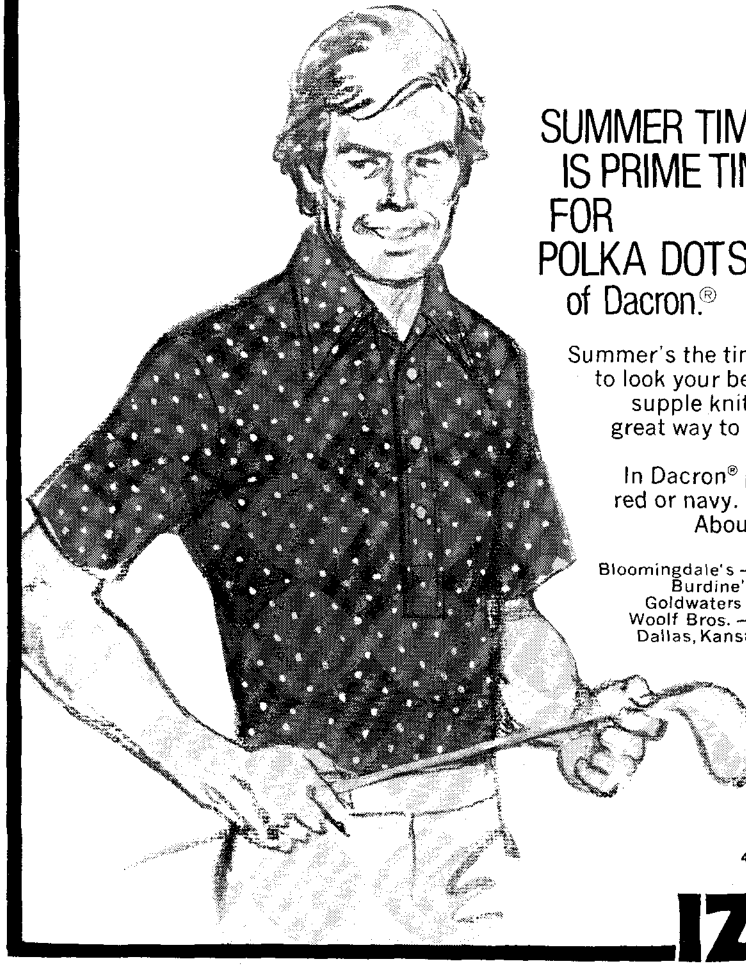
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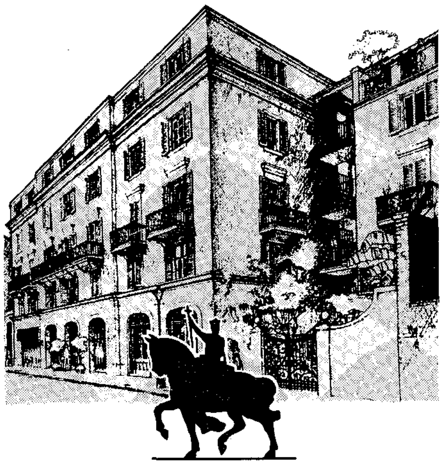

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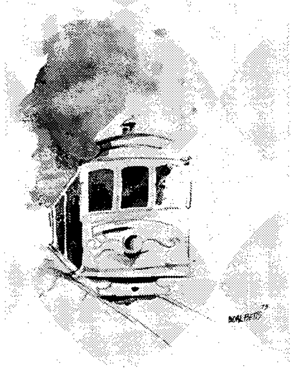

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raises fewer questions. It is a fluent, successful dance drama, freely choreographed in the Soviet manner and consistent in idiom, and it exhibits his flairs for telling a story in dance, for communicating emotions, and for pacing numbers and placing climaxes to maximum theatrical effect. The personal tensions that run through the social dances at Tatiana's birthday ball are clearly and effectively portrayed. Pushkin, not Tchaikovsky, is given as the source, but in fact the dramatization of Pushkin's verse novel leans heavily on the opera: a similar organization into scenes (two of Tchaikovsky's are ingeniously made into one) and a similar conversion of the elegant, gentle satire into lyrical sentiment. Mr. Cranko, like Tchaikovsky, omits the nightmare of Chapter 5, which could have provided a striking dance episode. The score, assembled and orchestrated by Kurt-Heinz Stolze, is a Tchaikovsky anthology (nothing from the opera "Onegin") of pieces passionate and pieces decorative that accompany the drama fitly and, unlike Tchaikovsky's carefully architected ballet scores, make no style demands of their own. The lovely Miss Haydée was direct, affecting, and eloquent in every line as Tatiana; Miss Keil was charmingly merry, then sad, as Olga; Mr. Madsen made a romantically vulnerable Lensky. Heinz Clauss's Onegin was suitably moody and stern—it was Mr. Cranko's lapse into underlining that made him, at the country ball, not merely bored and haughty but positively boorish, in a way Pushkin's hero could never have been.

TO see what classical choreography can and should be, one had only to cross the plaza to the State Theatre, where in the new "Cortège Hongrois" Balanchine paid his latest tribute to Petipa's "Raymonda" and at the same time honored Melissa Hayden on her retirement from the New York City Ballet. The score of "Cortège" is drawn mainly from the Hungarian divertissements that end the Petipa-Glazunov ballet, but the Grande Valse from Act I is also included. There are sixteen "national" and sixteen "classical" dancers, plus two leading couples, similarly distinct. They are smartly dressed by Rouben Ter-Arutunian in dashing green-and-white costumes (which swear at the blue flanking columns unhappily inherited from "Ballet Imperial"), and Balanchine gives them dashing things to do. He is one of the three choreographers of our day—and the most masterly of them—who command what I called the grammar and geometry of the language that Petipa perfected. On occasion, in "Cortège," he quotes Petipa verbatim; mainly, he creates his own compositions in that elegant, exacting, and precise tongue. Its rules are strict, but within them there is limitless opportunity for individual utterance, achieved by new combinations of timing and texture, accent and placing. One can, of course, bend, amend, and break those rules to achieve a new vocabulary and syntax for a new work—as Balanchine has often done. His works are so satisfying partly because implicit in each is a code that sets bounds to what movement is possible, and what would be uncouth. In "Cortège" he composes purely, and perfectly, within the canon of Maryinsky academic-cum-national steps. The final Apothéose centers on Miss Hayden, ringed by the company and applauded for all she has achieved.

The City Ballet's other new work is "An Evening's Waltzes," by Jerome Robbins, set to five of the six numbers (lifted from "Cinderella," "War and Peace," and the score to the film "Lermontov") that make up Prokofieff's Suite of Waltzes, Opus 110. An elegant wisp of a set by Mr. Ter-Arutunian. A swirl of light, attractive costumes in very subtle shades. Three solo couples and sixteen other dancers. Waltzes neither noble nor sentimental. No more than a fleeting hint, on occasion, of that sense of doom which flecked the revelry by night in both Balanchine's and Ashton's "La Valse." Rather, a distillation, in fluent, arresting imagery, of diverse three-four movements and the diverse three-four emotions that go with them. "Seductive Waltz! . . . Voluptuous Waltz!," as Byron wrote, and also a rather sneaky, sinister waltz danced to "diabolic" strains from "Lermontov." Everything cunningly understated, so that we seem to be looking on at a series of waltz dreams. As nearly always, Mr. Robbins' work leaves me with mixed feelings: ready, unstinted admiration for the skill, the mastery, with which it is all done, but also a disquieting suspicion, difficult to define, that there is something slick and a shade opportunist about it.

AFTER much exposure, this season, to modern dance in close, uncomfortable Village quarters, accompanied by music emerging from loudspeakers with varying degrees of distortion, it was a pleasure to watch the work of the Juilliard Dance Ensemble show to advantage in the well-equipped

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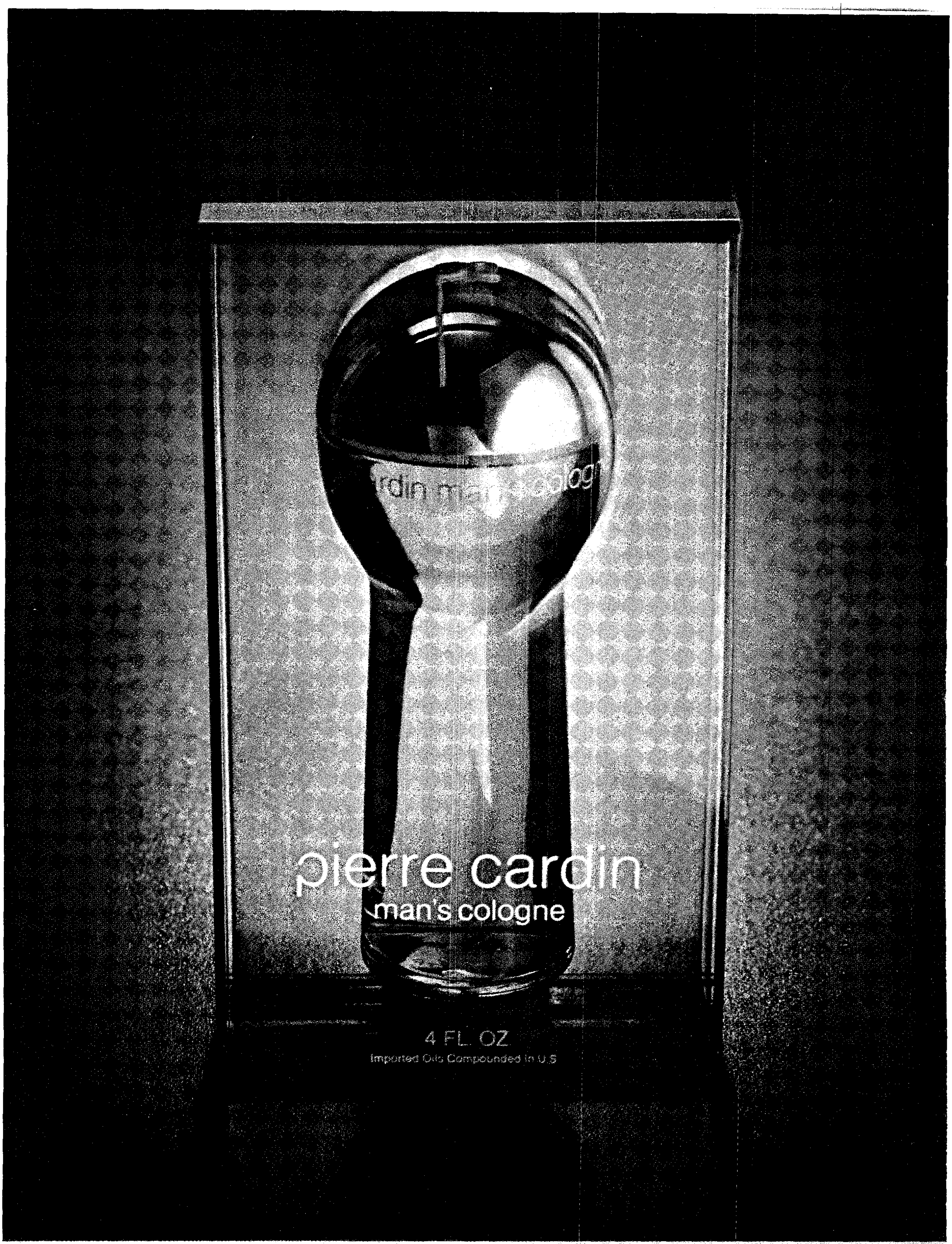
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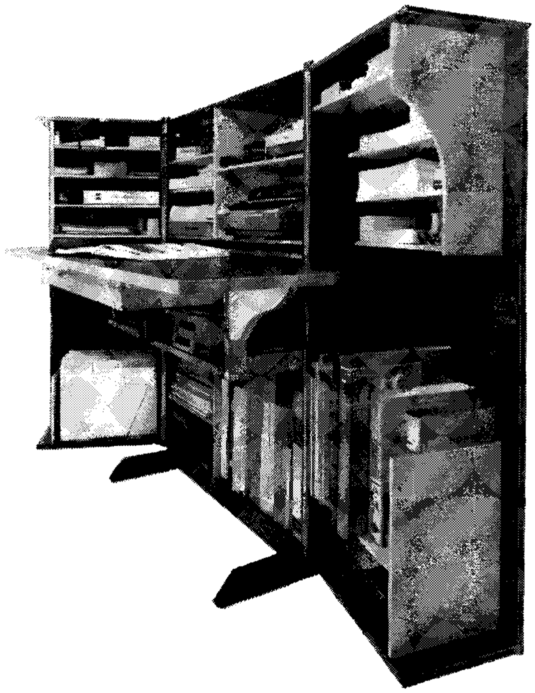
Juilliard Theatre, accompanied "live" by excellent players. I did not see all the program. Kazuko Hirabayashi's "Black Angels" is set to George Crumb's score of the same title, for amplified string quartet—which is music so arresting and was (by Martin Foster, Laurie Carney, Robert Becker, and Daven Jenkins) so arrestingly played that it was hard to give due attention to Miss Hirabayashi's elaborate, proliferous inventions. Many choreographers have been drawn to Crumb, and it is easy to hear why, for his "gestures" are graphic and rich in emotional evocation. Miss Hirabayashi's dances—skillful, shapely compilations, for a large ensemble, of what might be termed academic-modern movement—had plenty of atmosphere but not the terse economy or singularity of the score. In this piece and in Daniel Lewis's "Irving the Terrific"—an elaborate production number built around a small central idea—the Juilliard dancers appeared to be excellently trained, assured, and fluent modern movers.

Squatting on the floor of the American Theatre Laboratory listening to canned Mendelssohn and watching Lar Lubovitch's "Clear Lake" at very close range, I wondered what impression this "scattered fantasy" might make when provided with décor, costumes, and a pleasing musical accompaniment. Proximity threw all attention on the quality of the movement—and, frankly, I found it hard to understand from that why Mr. Lubovitch's work has drawn so much notice. There were nice feelings perceptible in "Clear Lake," which seems to explore emotional bonds that sprang up between the members of the company while they lived, one summer, beside a New England lake. The piece has a fresh, honest tone to it. But the choreography is neither polished nor interestingly rough. It looked rather amateurish. Mr. Lubovitch's "Joy of Man's Desiring" is a set of dances laboriously set, phrase by phrase, to a Bach anthology, and made more than mildly interesting only by the tense lyricism of Jeanne Solan's performance in the Air from the Third Suite. And the first part of "Scherzo for Massah Jack" (the work that Mr. Lubovitch wrote this season for the American Ballet Theatre), reduced here to pure dance, amounted to little.

The happiest "studio hours" of the season were those I spent in Merce Cunningham's spacious, airy, and very agreeable Westbeth studio, attending both the open rehearsals for his Dance Company's Brooklyn season and the



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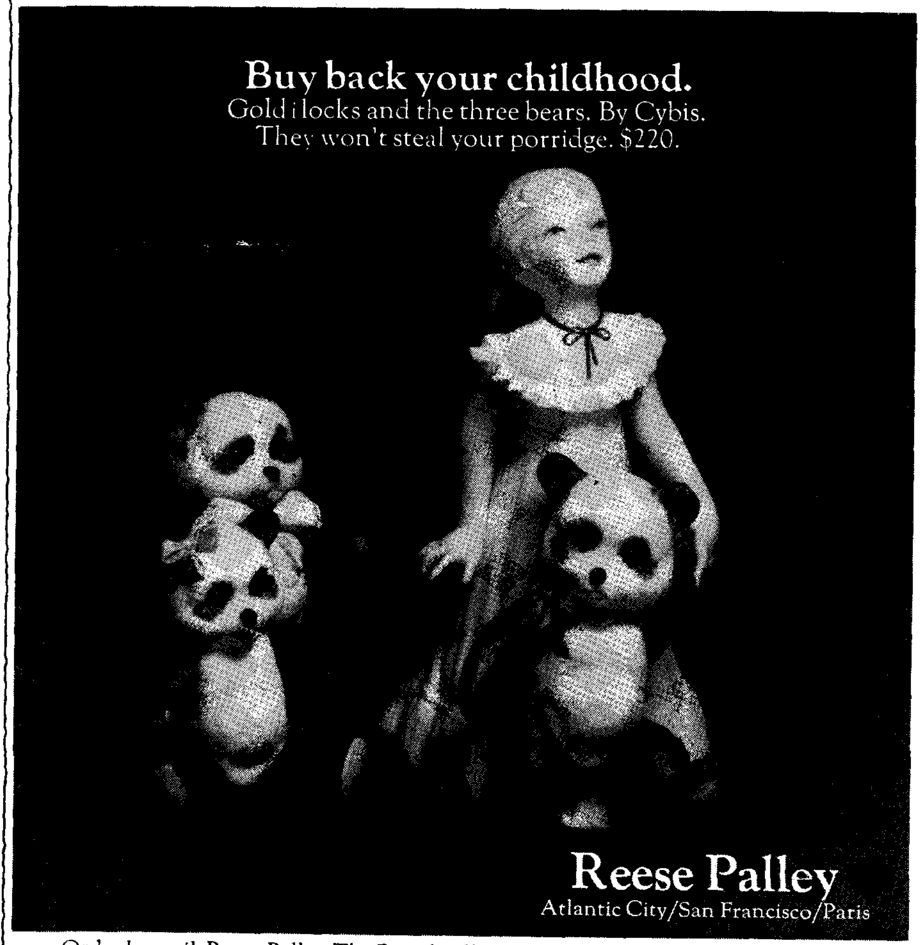
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studio "events" in their own right. Mr. Cunningham deserves a whole essay. Since there is not room for that, let me at least record that he has been composing with a beauty and a precision of line and form that surpass anything he has done before. New York, they often tell us, is the dance capital of the world. Sometimes, in the field of modern dance, it seems more like a high-heaped junk yard of good intentions and rude execution—until something like this comes along. No need here of décor, costumes, or music. Indeed, I enjoyed Mr. Cunningham's pure, warm, personal, nobly danced plastic poems in the unadorned bareness of the studio even more intensely than when they were decked with sound and settings in the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

THIS is also the time when the music schools give their end-of-year concerts. One at the Manhattan School was dull: no bright new minds among the composers represented by their graduation compositions—only competence in orchestral handling, and able playing from the student orchestra under student conductors. Juilliard students, under Richard Dufallo, gave a rewarding concert that included shiny, dapper, alert performances of works by Hall Overton, Gunther Schuller, Yannis Xenakis, and Luciano Berio, and ended with the sexiest piece of music I have ever heard. Heard and seen, I should say, since Jacob Druckman's "Animus II" is a piece of music theatre enacted through the hall while it is sung and played by mezzo-soprano and two percussionists. (There is a CRI recording, with Jan DeGaetani in the lead, but a record can capture only part of the experience.) The singer leads, lures, stimulates, cajoles the two instrumentalists, who respond to her siren song with trembling, quivering, pattering, shimmering, excitable eruptions of fierce or flickering sound and sometimes a low vocal moan of desire. At one point, the two attack the vast gong and the palisade of tubular chimes that bar their way to her while she teases them from beyond it. Electronic music adds its provocative commentary on the progress of the drama. Mr. Druckman calls the piece "the celebration of a sybaritic ritual." Perhaps it is all rather shameless; it is also delicately and subtly constructed in its musical and dramaturgical incidents. And, lustrously, voluptuously, wittily performed by Barbara Martin, with Barry Jekowsky and Joseph Kuhn as her rapt accompanists, it proved immensely exciting.

—ANDREW PORTER

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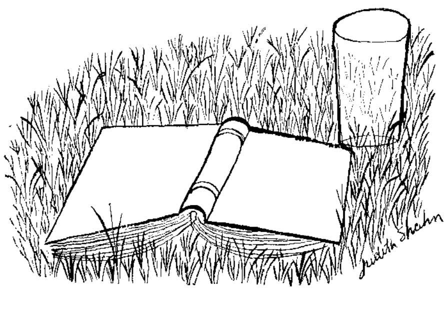
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

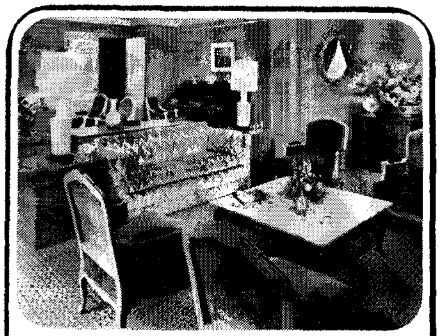
JUNE 1

THE Watergate hearings are about to be resumed in the Senate Caucus Room, and there is pressure on the Select Committee chairman, Senator Sam Ervin, from Archibald Cox, the special prosecutor, to recess the hearings at least until the grand juries and the courts have finished their work—Cox's fear evidently being that the nationally televised hearings may taint the criminal proceedings by too much pretrial publicity. To this the Chairman responds with the assertion that it is far more important to get the facts before the public than to put a few men behind bars. The Chairman is also under some pressure, from both inside and outside the committee, to reverse the entire pattern of the hearings, which has been to question the foot soldiers first and then move on to those in the high command. The Chairman rejects the reversal of schedule as illogical, and perhaps it is, but the motive of those who advocate it is to determine as quickly as possible whether or not the President bears any direct culpability beyond that which he has already acknowledged. This, it is felt, is of prime importance to the orderly conduct of domestic and foreign affairs, under either President Nixon or, if he resigns or is removed from office, his successor. Even if the evidence justifies the House in avoiding a vote on impeachment, Watergate has already had an immobilizing effect on both our executive and legislative branches. No one of competence has as yet judged the nature of its impact overseas, because other governments either have been careful to refrain from comment or have said that it is a strictly internal affair of ours and would lead to no change in relations—a polite attitude but, in the circumstances, hardly a credible one. (No one attributes to Watergate the lack of progress in the just completed Nixon-Pompidou talks in Iceland, however, for the French government has rarely in the past fifteen years found common ground with us.) It is the practice of diplomats the world over to keep a close watch on the standing of chiefs of state with their own people. Particularly in democratic societies, this is an aspect of power fully as important as the stability of the national currency, the size of the gross national product, or the capability of the military establishment. When Nixon and Henry Kissinger first undertook their new departures, the Administration enjoyed the confidence of the people, and even, despite the large Democratic majorities in both houses, that of Congress, and, indeed, its standing improved because of its diplomatic initiatives. Now the President is in deep trouble at home, and his stack of blue chips is less imposing. To make his position still more difficult, he has, in his latest efforts to account for what he maintains was his unawareness of the squalid and illegal activities of certain subordinates, reverted to Cold War rhetoric—to claims of the dangers we face from unnamed domestic enemies of our "national security," and to renewed assertions of his determination to have this country discharge its obligations as global policeman.

In any event, no other government, hostile or not, has thus far given any indication of an intention to take advantage of Nixon's plight or to criticize his assertions of our preëminence among nations. There may be a number of explanations for their restraint. For one thing, few governments in the world today have a secure place in the affections of those whom they govern. For another, many capitals may fear the development of Watergates of their own. French authorities have been in the business of wiretapping ever since the art was developed. A month or so ago, the more serious British newspapers were advising their readers not to be smug about developments here. While there was, they said, no evidence in London of corruption at the top, there was abundant evidence of it a few levels below—for example, in collusion between building inspectors and crooked or incompetent contractors. (This was before there was any reason to think that another Profumo case might be in the making because of the sexual habits of some men quite close to the top.) The Italian press said that if only it could gain the kind of access to information still enjoyed by the American press, there would undoubtedly be plenty to expose. Little on the subject has been heard from the totalitarian countries, some of which, one might think, would use the affair to illustrate the wickedness of the American system. (Some analysts of Communist behavior here believe that the press in Communist countries has found the story simply too complicated to be grasped by readers who lack a close understanding of how this government is organized and of how it is supposed to function.) None of this means, though, that negotiators will refrain from seeking, at what seems to them a propitious time, whatever advantages are to be found in the Administration's present insecurity. They may also wish to defer binding agreements until it is clear whether or not Nixon will remain in office until January, 1977, and, assuming that he does, whether or not he will have the support of this Congress and the one to be elected next year.



Although it remains the general hope here that impeachment will be avoided, there is increasing talk of it, and a feeling that it will be inevitable if the witnesses who have not yet testified before the Ervin committee or any of the other investigative bodies establish Presidential culpability beyond the oversights and negligence he has conceded. But there are not many, even among those who have always opposed Nixon or have lately come to do so, who hope for such a development, both because it would further unnerve the country and because it would open to serious question the essential assumption that we as a people have the ability to govern ourselves and to exercise good judgment in our choice of political leadership. A few maintain that the nation would demonstrate its soundness if it took steps that came hard but were therapeutic and in the interests of democracy. But, even in the absence of incriminating testimony followed by impeachment proceedings, there is reason to reëxamine some basic assumptions. Both Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon have been among the biggest winners in American history, and both demonstrably abused or misused the powers granted them by their countrymen. It is already clear that Nixon, whether or not he was an accessory before or after the fact of Watergate, delegated authority to Cabinet members and to White House aides who were manifestly unworthy of it. Still, though it might ease the national conscience, it seems unlikely that the removal of the President would result in improving the quality of leadership. Evidently, Spiro Agnew was not party to any of the acts now under scrutiny, and perhaps was totally unaware of them, but nothing in his record suggests that he has acquired an ability to create or restore confidence, and he lacks any significant experience in foreign



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affairs. For all that, the House would be derelict if, given clear evidence of Presidential lawbreaking or participation in schemes to conceal lawbreaking on the part of others, it declined to order impeachment proceedings, and the Senate would be similarly derelict if it did not deliver the necessary two-thirds vote for the President's removal; such failures would merely extend complicity to the representatives and senators who did not discharge their Constitutional obligations.

In the event that no hard evidence of Presidential lawbreaking comes to light, thus allowing Nixon to avoid removal, he and the country will still face some very difficult years. He has already started to build a new Administration, but he is very far from completing the job, and there will be no easy way to persuade the country that his second team will be any more trustworthy than his first; even if he and the new appointees accomplished any such feat of persuasion, there would still remain the question of why his original judgments had brought him to the brink of disaster. There are, though, some people here who see signs of a man chastened by experience and acquiring new perceptions in his judgment of men. In his first term, Nixon was as guilty as Harry Truman ever was of "government by cronyism," and Nixon's cronies were for the most part men with far more experience of moneymaking in the corporate world than of policymaking in the public service. To be sure, there were exceptions—Henry Kissinger, George Shultz, and William Rogers come to mind—but the White House inner circle was drawn largely from advertising and related occupations, and the member with the largest influence of all, the now indicted ex-Attorney General John Mitchell, evidently had no idea that he was accountable to anyone but himself and his former law partner Richard Nixon. Among those who have observed at close range both John Mitchell and the new Attorney General, Elliot Richardson, there is little doubt that Richardson, though he is not anyone's beau ideal of a statesman, is a far better choice for the job than Mitchell ever was, and Richardson's naming of Archibald Cox as special Watergate prosecutor is almost universally approved. Those who know General Alexander Haig, who recently came in as a kind of White House chief of staff, regard him as a man of high intelligence and probity—qualities that have been in short supply in the White House for the past few years. En-

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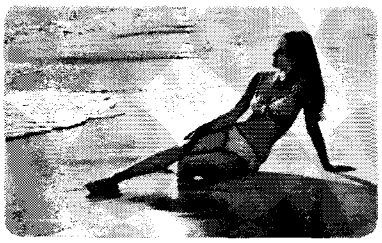

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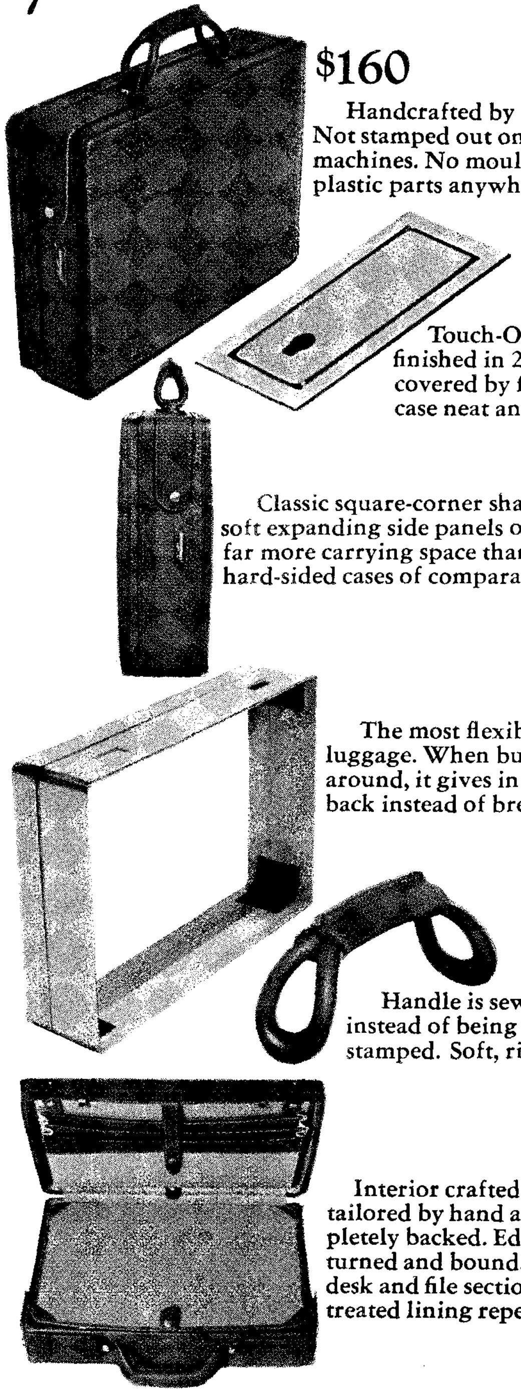

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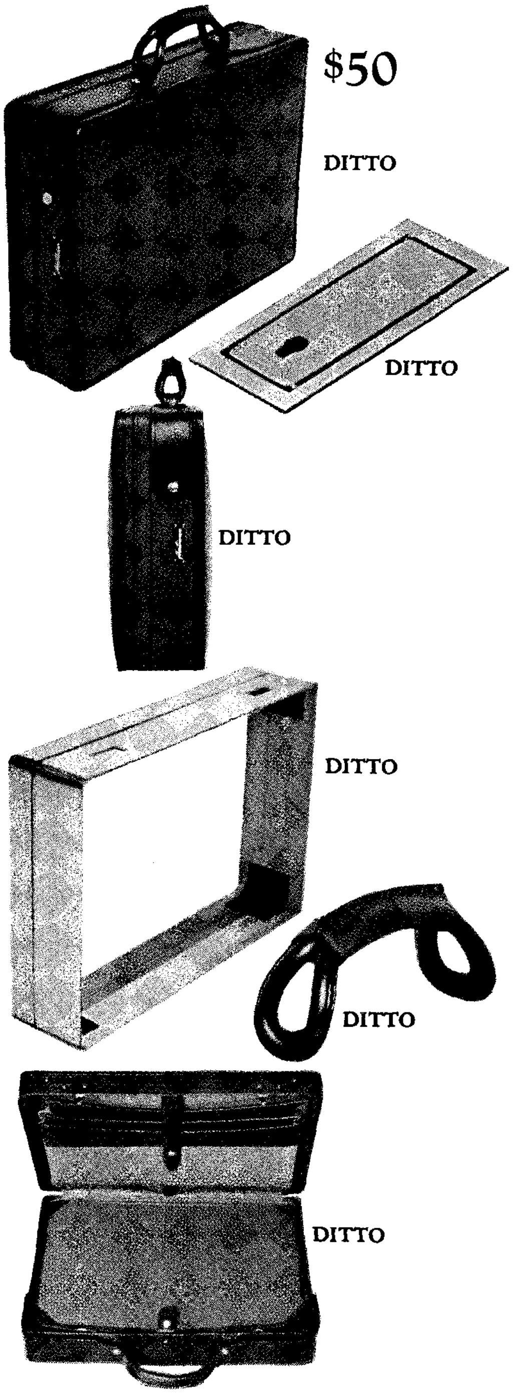

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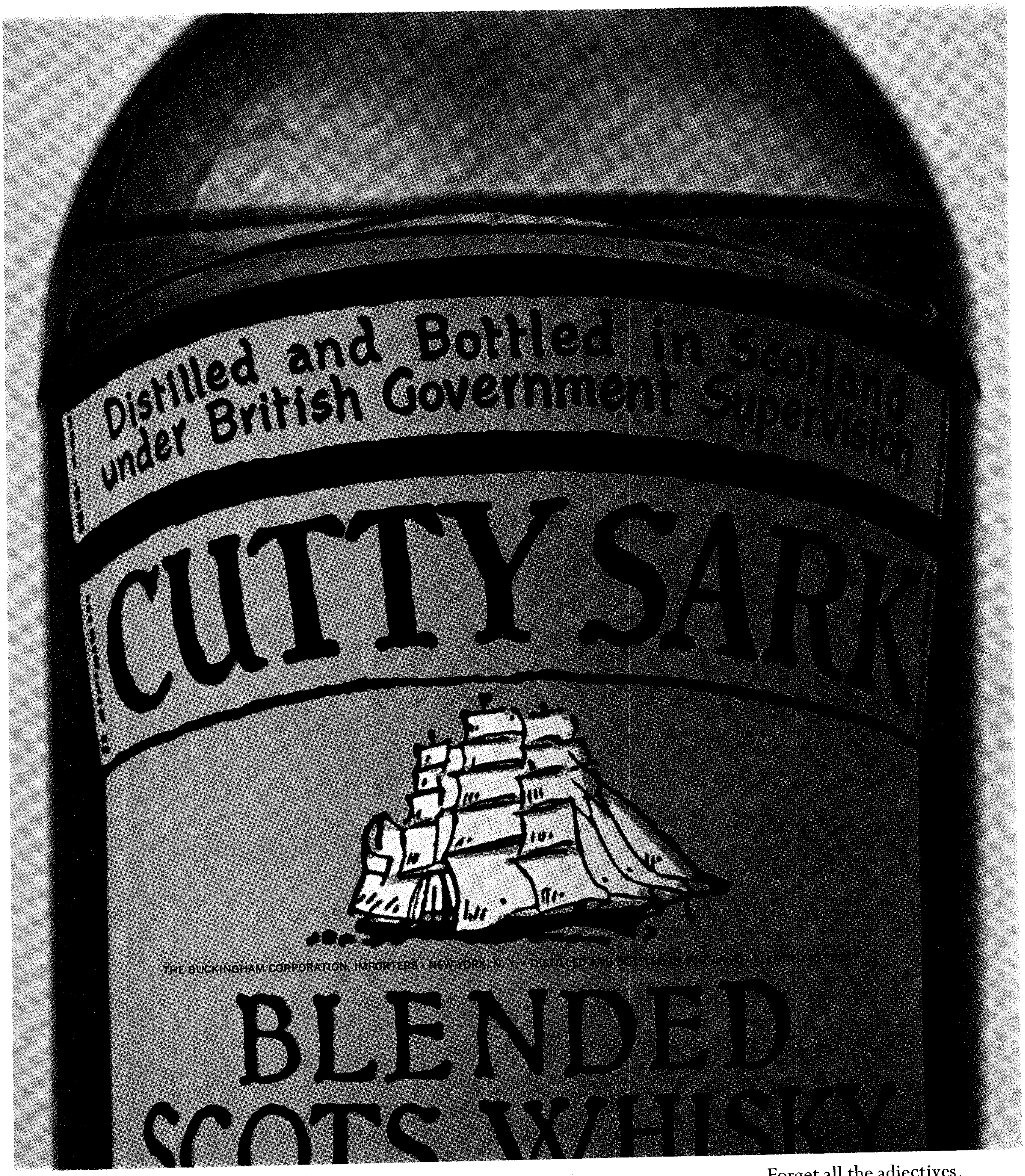
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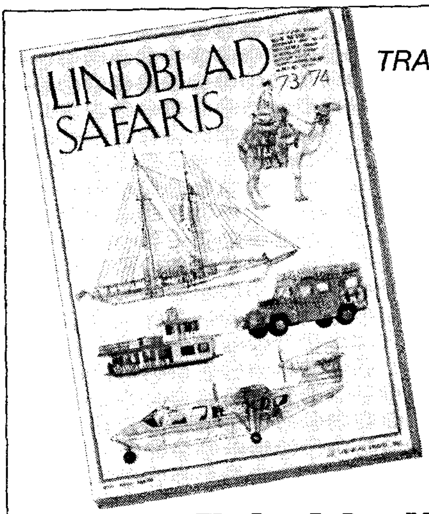
thusiasm for John Connally, whose new duties have yet to be explained, is largely limited to his fellow-Texans, but at least it can be said of him that he has had a lot of experience in public life and has a record that shows no evidence of malfeasance.

But the rebuilding has barely begun, and even if the President surrounded himself with men of pure and noble character, it would benefit him little in his dealings with Congress. His critics there are growing in number and boldness—clearly signalled by the heavy voting in both houses for cutting off funds for the further bombing of Cambodia—and the concern of most legislators is with policy rather than with personnel. Until recently, many in both parties were restrained by the size of the Nixon vote last November; his critics often constituted majorities, but not large enough majorities to override Presidential vetoes. Now that the polls show Nixon enjoying the approval of only a minority, there is little political need for restraint, and Administration loyalists are contemplating a resort to the filibuster to head off the Democrats and the dissenting Republicans. Thus, a side effect of Watergate may be a redress of the imbalance between congressional and Presidential power, which is what many reformers have been calling for at least since 1965 but have been unable thus far to get, and if such a redress now comes to pass, historians may have to give credit to felons on the White House payroll. A possible way out for the President—assuming, again, his continuance in office—would be to tailor his policies so as to satisfy and disarm his opponents; he has several times in the past shown himself capable of pursuing such a strategy, but it may strike him as a bit late in the day to do so now, and doing so might bring him not praise but new charges of hypocrisy and of betraying his closest associates. The reformers who have lamented the supremacy of Presidential power might be gratified by its end—even if they had burglars, bribers, and spies to thank—but there might come a day when they would regret the development. For the recent anguish over the near-sovereignty of the Chief Magistrate has been largely caused by the way the last two Presidents have made foreign policy and undertaken military intervention as they have seen fit. Few people have not at one time or another shared this anguish, but the perhaps unfortunate fact is that the courts have not held it un-Constitutional. The roles assigned by the Constitution to Con-



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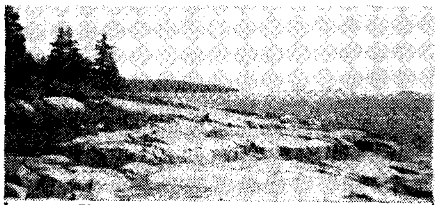

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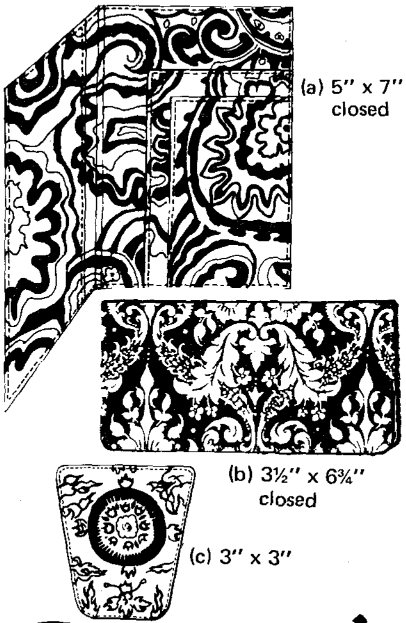

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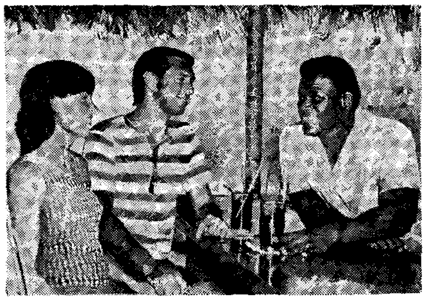

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gress are only the control of the purse, the right to declare war, and the advice-and-consent rights given the Senate on appointments and treaties; these have an imposing sound and might have an imposing effect if it were not for the fact that the President is the sole spokesman for the entire country and, as clearly stated, the Commander-in-Chief of its armed services. Congress could not possibly assume either of these roles unless it were overwhelmingly of one mind, which it is not and never has been and, short of a totalitarian reorganization of American society, never could be. No single member has a mandate except from one of the fifty provinces he represents; only the President can claim the authority to speak for all. Even if the claim is spurious—even if he and the people have parted company—it remains Constitutionally defensible, and to that degree valid; there is little balance in this aspect of the system of checks and balances.

CERTAIN observers have described it as fortunate, from Nixon's and his party's point of view, that this scandal emerged at the beginning of a Presidential term rather than close to its end; the public memory, they contend, is so short that by 1976 Watergate will be pretty much forgotten, particularly if in the next three years the Administration is able to score some triumphs in stabilizing the economy and in establishing a less dangerous set of relations with the Communist nations. But others contend that while the public tends to focus more sharply on the events of the year or so before elections than on older ones, Watergate is a very special case—one with too many ramifications to be quickly forgotten. Moreover, it is unlikely to come to an end in a month or two or three, and may, indeed, last through the next several years. In sheer magnitude, there has been nothing in our history to match Watergate. Most earlier scandals have been the product of cupidity on the part of a few individuals, whereas the stakes in Watergate have been primarily power, and the money to achieve power, and it has reached farther and higher in the bureaucracy than anything remotely resembling it. Although the Ervin committee has been low-keyed and responsible in its approach, the television coverage, which has really only just begun, has made the hearings fully as dramatic a television production as the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954, which remain vivid in millions of memories almost two decades later. The

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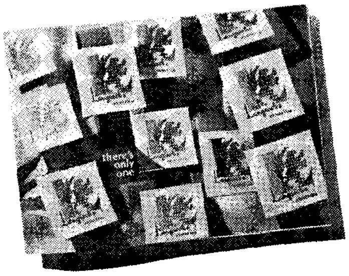

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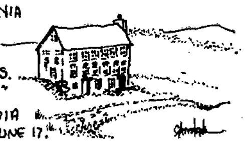

Army-McCarthy affair contributed to the downfall of a single senator and a few men who had worked for him; Watergate has all but destroyed a half-dozen or more high government officials and at least as many of humbler rank. Also, it is held largely responsible for the new lack of confidence in the dollar in money markets abroad, and it seems bound to have an even stronger impact on international affairs. Before the lightning struck, the President had proudly announced that this was to be the "year of Europe," and that it was his hope to have our Western allies subscribe to the "new Atlantic Charter" drawn up by Henry Kissinger (seen by many as a device for renewing American dominance and for obtaining more substantial economic and military contributions from the participating countries), and to follow this with a summit meeting with Soviet leaders and others in Eastern Europe. The Western leaders never seemed very fond of the idea, and Watergate may lead to outright rejection of it; the Communist leaders may not be put off on this account alone—the masses don't know about Watergate, and the leaders probably don't care—but the whole Nixon-Kissinger plan will fail if our traditional allies sour on it. The common opinion here is that this particular plan will go down the drain, accompanied, in all likelihood, by a lot of other plans.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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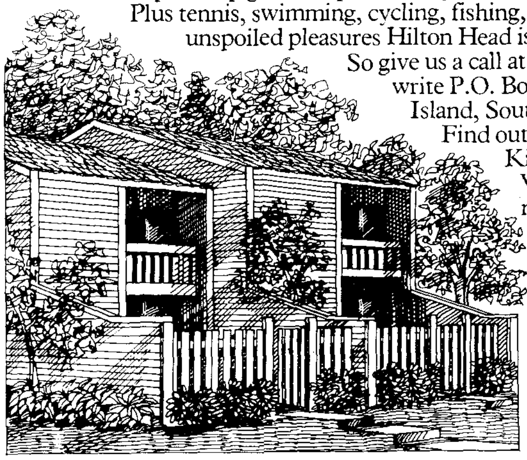
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BOOKS

Anthologizing England

POETRY doesn't travel well across the Atlantic. For some reason, only our biggest (and sometimes least typical) poetic figures get published in England, and only England's giants see print over here. Thus, we can but welcome an anthology that promises—as does "The Oxford Book of Twentieth-Century English Verse," edited by Philip Larkin—to bring us the best voices and the best poems of this long English century, which began with Victoria and the Empire a seeming age ago and continues today on a lone, diminished island off the coast of booming Europe.

In his brief preface, Larkin—who, it should be noted, is himself considered the preëminent British poet of the post-war era—explains that his anthology is made up of three classes of work: "poems representing aspects of the talents of poets judged either by the age or by myself to be worthy of inclusion, poems judged by me to be worthy of inclusion without reference to their authors, and poems judged by me to carry with them something of the century in which they were written." This almost comically elastic recipe for making an anthology has permitted Larkin—to the obvious rage of at least one critic—to preserve the well-kept secret of his own poetic preferences; it has also resulted in a remarkably catholic book, in which more than two hundred poets are represented by just under six hundred poems. Given the long sections rightly required by such figures as Hardy, Eliot, Graves, and Auden, this means that many poets, and especially the younger ones, are allotted but a single poem. In fact, the book is heavily weighted in favor of earlier writers, including many minor ones; slightly over half the poems were written by poets born *before* 1900, and nearly five-sixths of them were written by poets born before 1920, leaving a scant hundred to the "younger" poets, who now range up to fifty-three years of age. Surely something must be wrong; either the first half of the century was much richer than the third quarter in poetic invention (which is arguable) or Mr. Larkin has deliberately focussed on the proved talents of the older writers at the expense of the less weathered younger ones.

But, of course, the only true test of any anthology is in the reading, and that was the test I applied to Mr. Larkin's selection. My own criteria for an anthology are that it should contain nothing that is lax, flaccid, or discursive, unless laxness is part of an ironic poetical plan; that the poems should sizzle with the effective compression of a place, an event, or an idea, or with an eeriness that subsumes an event in its obliqueness and thus takes compression's place; that war-horses—standard anthology pieces—should be allowed only if they meet the requirements I have already stated, and then only if in this respect they are unique in the author's work; and that mere reporting is inadmissible unless it is *sui generis.*

In general, "The Oxford Book of Twentieth-Century English Verse" does not meet these standards. Perhaps if it did it would be, as W. H. Auden once said, "too depressingly slim." But there is little excuse for the inclusion of the first poem in the book, a sentimental example from Wilfrid Blunt's "Love Sonnets of Proteus," or the twenty-first, Hardy's "Voices from Things Growing in a Churchyard," with its lumpy, grotesque refrain, or the thirty-fifth, Alice Meynell's trivial "The Rainy Summer," or the fifty-first, Sir Henry Newbolt's now faintly comical Scots-dialect "Master and Man" ("Do ye ken hoo to fush for the salmon?"), or the fifty-third, Eden Phillpotts' repulsive and hackneyed "Man's Days," or the sixty-fourth, Kipling's sainted "If—," or the sixty-ninth, Yeats' threadbare "The Lake Isle of Innisfree," or the ninety-sixth, Laurence Binyon's masterpiece of imperial cliché, "For the Fallen," or—but enough. Let me content myself with saying that there are too many such poems in the book, too many poems whose currency has worn their freshness thin and whose historicity does not redeem them—yet.

In the interests of evenhandedness, I should say that Mr. Larkin has done justice to some of the big figures. His Hardy, Yeats, and Kipling selections, despite the cavils noted, seem broad and fair, as do his later choices of Graves and Eliot, though I could wish he had included Graves' magical "Warning to Children." And he includes certain poems of great power and stature by relatively minor poets, like John Davidson's "Thirty Bob a Week" and "A Runnable Stag," and

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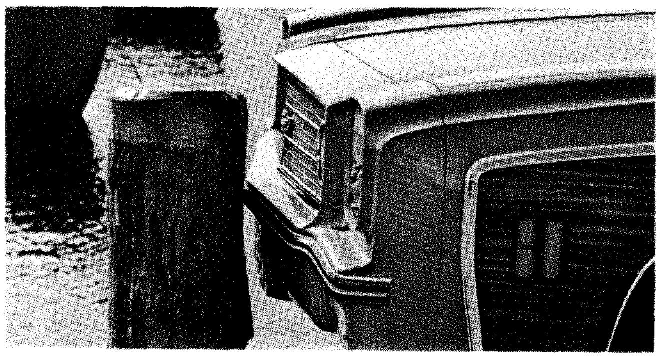

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Henry Reed's much later and marvellous "Naming of Parts."

But if the earlier pages of this anthology are crammed with a surfeit of rather blowzy Edwardian and Georgian period pieces, how does the most recent age—the postwar years—fare in contrast? Not well, as I have already suggested: scarcely a hundred poems are allotted to those who made their reputations after the Second World War, including Larkin himself and the Movement poets, whom he led. I quarrel mildly with Larkin, in fact, for including a couple of his own weaker animal poems—for that matter, there are a number of sentimental animal poems by divers hands in the book—but I feel much more vehement about his omission of a number of younger poets, including, just at random, Ian Hamilton, John Fuller, Tony Harrison, George Mackay Brown, Christopher Middleton, and Seamus Heaney, and about his inclusion of such para-poets as Roger McGough. I'd also deplore the lack of scope given to Geoffrey Hill, who is widely believed, since the publication of his "Mercian Hymns," to be the coming man in English verse, and to quite a number of his contemporaries. I am sorry that I keep on picking bones, but I don't even think that many of the poems chosen to represent these younger poets are among their best; for a better selection, see Edward Lucie-Smith's Penguin anthology, "British Poetry Since 1945."

In short, Larkin's "Oxford Book of Twentieth-Century English Verse" is a mixed bag. Decidedly worth having, because it fills a void and because it contains a large number of good poems. Decidedly annoying, because it seems to distort the shape of the century and to give a muddy picture of the development of British verse since the war years. And decidedly worth revising as soon as ever its editor can.

—L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SUMMER BEFORE THE DARK, by Doris Lessing (Knopf). Although it is exceedingly difficult to accept the lesson of this novel about a forty-five-year-old woman's rite of passage through a state of moral and physical collapse—redemption through breakdown—it is impossible not to admire the book's intelligence and its profound understanding of the psychology and cultural dilemmas of modern women. But Miss Lessing is not merely a writer of political tracts—though her admirers and critics both

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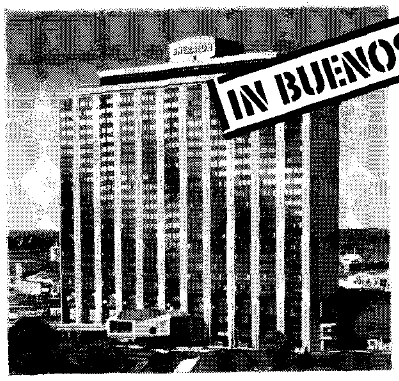

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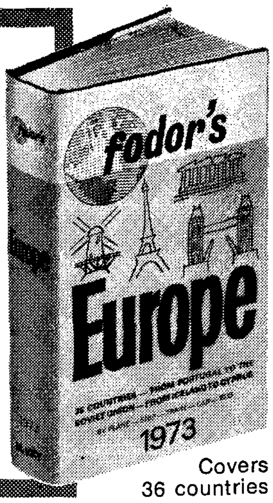

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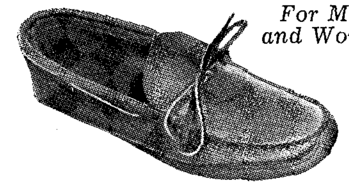

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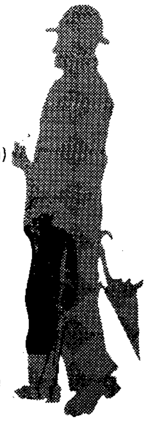

often describe her as such. She has an unusually subtle grasp of the emotions that bind people together (or don't), and is able to create not only a fictional world that is as complex and perturbing as the one we live in but characters who are able to think about that world in a thoroughly interesting manner. What is wrong here—and in much of her work—is that the whole is less convincing than its parts. It seems perfectly plausible that Kate Brown, in ripe middle age, should decide to reject her life as taken-for-granted wife and increasingly unnecessary mother of four—a machine "set to manage and arrange and adjust and foresee and order and bother and worry and organize. To fuss." But it seems implausible (and artistically too pat) that the shattering of this convincingly substantial woman should be precipitated by a job that lasts (conveniently) for only a few weeks and by a feckless lover who gets sick (also conveniently) almost as soon as their liaison begins, and that the only foil for the woman to test her feelings against should be a caricature of a London flower child who is about as interesting as a boiled potato. Here, too, as in her earlier novels—though not, for some reason, her short stories—Miss Lessing's ideas are leaps and bounds ahead of her writing style, which is cumbersome and knotty.

RECOVERY, by John Berryman (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The first draft of an unfinished novel by the often honored poet who died, by his own hand, in January, 1972. It is conspicuously (almost assertively) autobiographical. The hero is an alcoholic of wide fame as a teacher and writer, the intended subject is the etiology of his disease, and the action involves his immersion (for the third time) in group therapy at a psychiatric hospital. It is in every sense fragmentary, and it is tedious (session after session, followed by solitary soul-searching, memories, and evasions), repetitious, and static. The publishers append the author's notes and a short story (published, to some acclaim, in 1945) called "The Imaginary Jew." The notes are incomprehensible, and the story seems slight and dated. There is also, as a kind of introduction, a memoir of Berryman by Saul Bellow that is affectionate and truly moving.

VIRGINIA FLY IS DROWNING, by Angela Huth (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). A rather glibly bitter

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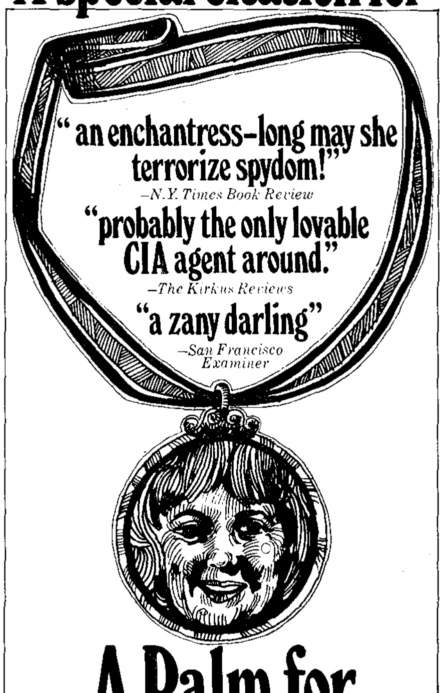

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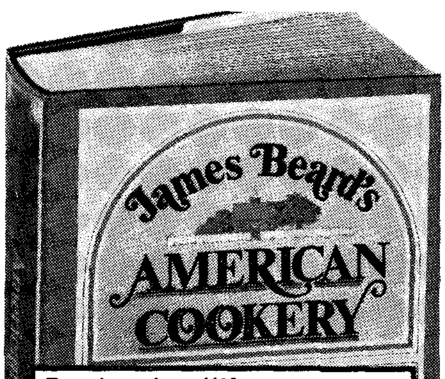

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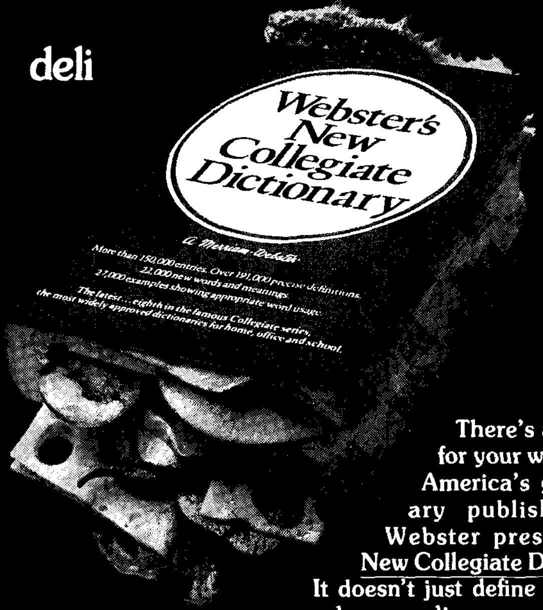
but easily digestible confection about a thirty-one-year-old English virgin who lives in Surrey with her awful old mum and ineffectual old dad and spends a great deal of her time mooning about in a world of romantic fantasy. The book is somewhat akin to (but not nearly as good as) Cynthia Buchanan's hilarious first novel, "Maiden," and though it doesn't add up to much, it has its moments.

GENERAL

MY YOUNG YEARS, by Arthur Rubinstein (Knopf). This autobiography runs from the author's birth, in Lodz, in 1887, down to May, 1917, when the young virtuoso embarked for a concert tour of Argentina. At that point, Rubinstein says, "my young years were over. . . . I had gained the necessary hold on my career." The delights of the book reflect the author's temperament: his eagerness for life, his enthusiasm for art and ideas, and his essential good humor. These qualities pervade a story of struggle, of poverty, of broken romances and broken-off family relations, and it becomes very clear how difficult it can be for a child prodigy to grow up to become a man as well as a mature artist. The book is crammed with marvellous anecdotes about the musical world, the aristocracy, bohemia, and solid middle-class music lovers which, taken together, create a tapestry of the Western world before the First World War. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE WINTER SOLDIERS, by Richard M. Ketchum (Doubleday). A brisk, readable account of the winter of 1776-77, in which George Washington and his battered army took one defeat after another and then came back with a pair of smart little victories in New Jersey (Trenton and Princeton), whose long-range effects, as Mr. Ketchum points out, were very great: Washington's successes and the British retreats demonstrated to American loyalists and waverers (on whose support the British counted) that the British could not guarantee their security. Mr. Ketchum is also interested in these events as illustrations of character—of Washington's daring amid despair, of Greene's ability to learn from his mistakes, and of the courage and energy of other, less well-known figures.

NAVIGATING THE RAPIDS, 1918-71, by Adolf A. Berle, edited by Bea-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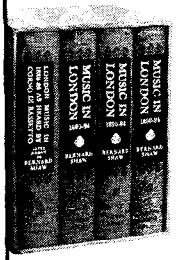
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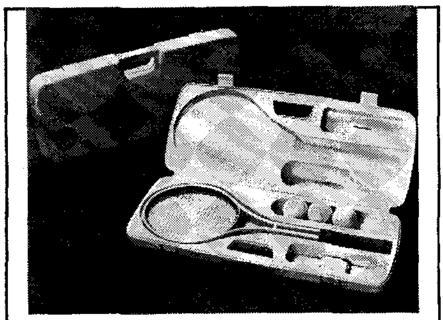

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trice Bishop Berle and Travis Beal Jacobs, with an introduction by Max Ascoli (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). More than eight hundred pages on public affairs—letters, diary entries, and so on—by a man who was deeply engaged in New York City government, in local and national politics, in the New Deal, in Latin-American policy, in Second World War foreign policy, in the evolution of economic institutions, and so on and on. Mr. Berle began as a lawyer, teacher, and theorist but seemed invariably to get involved in concrete practicalities—Indian land titles, say, or the Henry Street Settlement. Thus, he had a wide acquaintance with reality by 1932, when he was recruited for Franklin Roosevelt's Brain Trust. His papers record not only gossip and his personal impressions but feuds over power and personality, as well as differences of opinion. They tell an enormous amount about policymaking in twentieth-century America.

NO PEACE, NO PLACE: EXCAVATIONS ALONG THE GENERATIONAL FAULT, by Jeff Greenfield (Doubleday). The author, a former aide of Robert Kennedy and Mayor Lindsay, can write informatively about many things, and his observations on the postwar generation convey a strong sense of atmosphere and place: the Brooklyn Paramount during one of Alan Freed's Rock and Roll Revues, the living room during the early days of television, May Day at Yale. But the subjects he touches on so briefly here—the social history of rock, the way the children of the fifties and sixties were programmed by their TVs, the deënergizing of the Movement—all deserve more space and more complex treatment than he has given them. The best part of the book by far is the section on rock, and one wishes the author had stuck to what he says was his original, more modest project—a history of the early days of rock and roll.

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